An OSD–SJW Archives Project

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These digitized microfilms are copies of the school's publication.

The Canadian Mute, 1892–1913

and

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1920 – 1921

THE CANADIAN

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Ontario School for the Deaf, Belleville.

VOL. XXVIII. BELLEVILLE, OCTOBER 1, 1920 NO. 1

ONTARIO SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA

UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. R. H. GRANT
Minister of Education, Toronto.

Officers of the School:

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,	*Superintendent*
J. W. PEARCE	*Bursar*
W. W. BOYCE, M. D.	*Physician*
MISS E. A. WILLOUGHBY	*Matron*
MISS A. P. SCOTT	*Assistant Matron*

Teachers:
ORAL

W. J. CAMPBELL
Supervising Teacher Senior Oral Dept.
MISS CATHERINE FORD
Supervising Teacher Junior Oral Dept.

GEO. F. STEWART	MISS K. SCOTT
MISS I. B. PARKS	MISS E. NURSE
MISS B. [illegible]	MISS L. CARROL
MISS L. [illegible]	MISS B. SUNTER
MISS E. [illegible] B. A.	MISS I. MALCOLM
MISS F. CURRY	MISS A. STIRK
MISS G. SPRINGER	MISS S. E. WARD
MISS V. HANDLEY	MISS B. A. WILSON

MISS G. BRADLEY

MANUAL

MISS GEORGINA LINN
Supervising Teacher Manual Department

D. R. COLEMAN, M. A.	MISS ADA JAMES
MRS. SYLVIA L. BALIS	MISS NINA BROWN

MISS A. P. SCOTT, *Teacher of Domestic Science*
MISS L. G. WILLIAMS, *Teacher of Sewing*
Teacher of Fancy Work

MISS I. MCBRIDE, *Stenographer & Clerk.*	*Instructor of Printing.*
WM. NURSE, *Storekeeper & Associate Supervisor*	ALEX. MORRICK, *Master Shoemaker.*
	Engineer
W. [illegible] *Supervisor of Boys* [illegible]	S. W. PARKS, *Master Carpenter.*
MISS CLARA [illegible] *Trained Nurse and Instructress in Home Nursing*	J. N. [illegible] *Master Baker*

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this School is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province *who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.*

All deaf persons between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious disease, who are *bona fide* residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven year[s] with a vacation of nearly three months during the [summer] of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay will be charged the sum of $50 per year for board. Tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf persons whose parents, guardians or friends are UNABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT CHARGED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Baking are taught to boys. The female pupils are instructed in General Domestic Work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of Sewing Machines and such Ornamental and Fancy Work as may be desirable. Manual Training in woodwork for boys, and Domestic Science for girls have been introduced.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

☞ The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

POETRY

"They Say"

"They say"—ah! well, suppose they do;
But can they prove the story true;
Suspicion may arise for naught
But malice, envy want of thought.
Why count yourself among the "they"
Who whisper what they dare not say?

"They say!" But why the tale rehearse
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;
And is it not a noble plan
To speak of all the best you can?

"They say." Well, if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrong redress
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore,
Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

"They say." O pause and look within
See how your heart inclines to sin.
Watch! lest in dark temptation's hour
You, too, should sink beneath its power.
Pity the frail, weep o'er their fall,
But speak of good, or not at all.

—New Haven Register.

MISCELLANEOUS

Doing His Best

"Yes, dear, if you can only keep that situation we shall get along very well."

"Keep it! I must keep it." Robert spoke with determination. "It will take me a long while, mother, to forget the walks I have taken up and down these streets looking for something to do. If my very best trying will keep it, you may be sure that there I shall stick."

"Your best trying will include a great deal when others have a right to your time and efforts."

"Of course, mother, I shall keep honestly in view the interest of my employer."

Robert had found a situation at the muslin counter of a large dry-goods house. It took him some little time to acquaint himself with the qualities of goods which he sometimes patiently thought were more in the line of women's work. But he remembered that a person who cannot do what he likes must do what he can. Unable through force of circumstances to chose his employment, he wisely resolved to do his best with what came to his hand. As to what that best might be, he soon found that his opinion slightly differed from that of his employer.

"You needn't be so particular in measuring the goods for a customer," said Mr. Merrill one day. "All these are assumed to be a yard wide."

"But she asked me the width," said Roberts.

"Then you should have simply said that they are a yard wide goods."

"But some of them fall a little short, sir."

"What is that to you?" Mr. Merrill spoke with a little impatience. "It is your place to sell goods, not to be too particular about the width of them. There isn't one customer in a hundred that will go home and measure her goods if she thinks that in a general way the width is all right."

"In the general way." Robert knew what was meant, for he had heard some of the ways by which some of the other clerks, without telling an exact falsehood, clearly avoided telling the exact truth. "I don't feel at all sure I've got a place," Robert concluded in great discouragement after, during the first few weeks, he had several times given offence to his employer by acting firmly upon his own sense of what alone is up to the very letter and spirit of fair and honest dealing. The time seemed to have come to him, which comes to so many, in which a choice must be made between worldly gain and the loyal standing by the fixed principles of right and wrong in which he had been trained.

"It seems to me this piece of goods is not the same make as the last I bought of you." The question was asked by a lady who frequently came to Robert's counter and always made liberal purchases without haggling over prices, or giving unreasonable trouble.

"No, ma'am, it is not," said Robert.

"Have you any more of the same?"

"No, we have sold it out."

"Do you think this," pointing to a piece she had been examining, "is as good? It doesn't seem so to me, but if you assure me that it is, I will take it."

Robert caught sight of his employer within easy hearing distance. Mr. Merrill had a way, a good way it is too, of keeping his own eye over his own interests, and for one moment the boy hesitated. Quickly to his mind came the thought of going home to tell his mother that he had lost his situation for which he had searched and waited so for nothing else in the place, he felt sure, was open to him. The leaving Mr. Merrill's would mean leaving his home and his widowed mother to find employment elsewhere. By a few smooth words and a trifling evasion he could easily lead Mrs. Denby to believe he thought what he did not think. That was one side of it.

But there was a better, higher, nobler side and Robert will never cease to be thankful for the grace granted him in a moment of sore temptation.

"No, ma'am" he quietly answered, "I do not think the quality quite up to what you bought last."

"And yet it is the same price?"

"Yes. The other was a lot of goods Mr. Merrill happened on at a forced sale and he was able to put them low. I really think, however, that this is worth as good as you can get for the money."

"I will look a little further," she said, and went out. Robert, without looking, had felt the angry eyes of his employer, and he now heard his angry voice.

"Is that the way you drive off my customers? This is one of the best I have. She brings in no end of country friends."

"I'm sorry if I have driven her off," said Roberts, "but I did the best that I could."

"Best you could!" The low tone which Mr. Merrill was obliged to maintain, through danger of being overheard, lent an added rancor to his words.

"Have you forgotten that your pay depends largely upon the amount of sales you make?"

"No, sir, I have not."

"It looks as though you had. Well, have you thought of looking for another place in which to do your very peculiar best?"

With a weight at his heart Robert turned to attend to the wants of another customer. He had feared this, and yet had hoped that time would have been given him in which he might have been able to so recommend himself, by faithful and unremitting attention to duty, as to lead Mr. Merrill to overlook the matters of conscience in which he more and more saw they could never agree. But here it was. He was ready to do his very best by Mr. Merrill, but he must do his best by himself also—must persevere in the serving of the only great best, which means, first and foremost, faithful service to the Lord. Surely he would reward such service by taking care of His own. And while still keeping eyes and wits on the alert for the duties of the hour Robert was able to resolve within himself that nothing should ever turn him from the full measure of that service. And close upon the examination came the peace growing out of the added resolution to accept such fortune as might come to him as its result, even though it might be far from what he would have chosen for himself. And in telling it the story that night to his mother he found great comfort in her loving words.

"That's right, my boy. Do your own best, and be ever sure the Lord will do His best by you. Perhaps Mr. Merrill will not turn you off."

"Perhaps so," said Robert. "Mrs. Denby came back later and bought a good lot of the goods, and Mr. Merrill heard her tell me that she would take anything I recommended." At the end of the month it would have been easily guessed by anyone who closely observed Robert as he went to Mr. Merrill's office that his mind was not greatly perturbed as to what might be the result of the interview. Mr. Merrill paid his salary without comment, and was turning to other things when Robert said:

"You spoke of my looking for another situation at the end of the month, sir."

"Did I?" Mr. Merrill looked as if he had forgotten. "Oh, yes, we had a little difference of opinion about one or two small matters. But we will let it pass. I do not mind saying you have given very good satisfaction."

"Thank you, sir. But I will give you the month's notice if you please."

"What's that?" Mr. Merrill gazed at him in surprise. It was he who was accustomed to giving the month's notice. Could it be that this boy was leaving his employ of his own will and pleasure?

"Mr. Denby has offered me a place in his hardware store."

"H'm," Mr Merrill took a moment for rather chagrined thought as Robert closed the door. "This is Mrs. Denby's work, of course. They know that perfectly reliable boys are not found every day. I know it too. But in spite of my knowledge I have let this on slip through my fingers."—Sydney Dare in the Inland.

The Verse on the Mirror

BY S. L. HARIVST.

"Why, what have you here?" asked Nora Graham of Nellie Moore, as she noticed a small slip of paper on which a few lines were written, attached to the frame of her friend's mirror.

"Oh, that is my quotation slip," Nellie replied, looking up from her sewing. "Every week I write out a verse of poetry or some other quotation I like, and pin it where I can see it often. Then I read the words over at different times, until I manage to memorize them, and they help me very much. One of the teachers at the Academy suggested the plan to us some time ago, and asked us all to try it."

"Well, you have a cheerful little selection this time," commented Nora, as she read the words aloud.

Look up and not down,
Look out and not in,
Look forward and not back,
Lend a hand

"It is an easy way to memorize poetry, too," she added; "I think I will try the plan myself, for it seems to be a good one."

And a "good one" it is, indeed, as many people have proved who have tried it.

To store the memory with gems of good poetry or prose is one of the best things a young person can do. It enriches the mind and assists greatly in the formation of true, noble character. Then, too, the method outlined in the first paragraph is so very easy, is it not? Just the writing out of a few lines and placing them somewhere in your room where they will meet your eye frequently. Then gradually they will become impressed upon your memory, and prove to be valuable possessions. The sooner you commence, too, the better, for in early youth it is easier to train the memory than at a later time.

Quite often in our reading we come across a short poem or a prose selection we like very much. We read it over perhaps once or twice, then lay aside the paper or book and soon forget the words. But by following Nellie's method we make the thoughts our own, and can retain them for many a day. The

(Continued on page 6)

THE CANADIAN

Eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Ontario School for the Deaf

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

GEO. F. STEWART, - - - - EDITOR.

OUR MISSION:

First—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

Second—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf subscribers.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils now in the School, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

SUBSCRIPTION:

Fifty (50) cents for the school year, payable in advance, postage prepaid by publisher. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postal notes, or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us, that mistakes may be corrected without delay. All papers are stopped when the subscription expires, unless otherwise ordered. The date on each subscriber's wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

☞ Correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted—if we know it.

ADVERTISING:

A few select advertisements will be inserted. Rates made known on application.

Address all communications and subscriptions

THE CANADIAN,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO.

FRIDAY, OCT. 1st, 1920.

School Has Begun Again

Wednesday, Sept. 15th, was the opening day of our School, and throughout that day the pupils were [illegible] vince. The present number in residence is about 210, which is about the usual number. Quite a few pupils finished their course here at the close of last session, but about the same number of new pupils has been enrolled, thus maintaining the average attendance.

On Thursday morning a tentative classification, subject to needful changes, was made and before eleven o'clock the work in every class room was begun and we hope it will be continued with good success and without untoward incident of any kind throughout the session.

The new pupils seem to be somewhat above the average in intelligence and mental capacity, and we are hoping that all of them will prove not only good students but good boys and girls as well. All of them are in good health and spirits, and seem to be quite happy and contented. A few of last year's pupils have not returned yet for various reasons, most of them satisfactory, though not so in a few instances. Two or three more new pupils are yet expected. We hope their parents will bring or send them at the earliest possible moment. Every day's delay not only lessens the child's chances for a good start, but to some degree interferes with the work of the other pupils in the classes in which they are placed, and delays the completion of the organization of the lower classes. Better late than never, but better soon than later.

Some parents who brought new pupils here were very reluctant to leave them, lest they should be very homesick and would fret until they became ill. As is always the case, it was a needless borrowing of trouble. There are few indications of homesickness, and all the pupils seem to be well and happy, and to be quite at home here. Among the most contented ones are some of the children about whom their parents worried most.

The Late Dr. McDermid

It was with the deepest regret that the deaf throughout Canada heard the tragic news of the death by drowning on Aug. 6th of Dr. Howard J. McDermid, Superintendent of the Manitoba School for the Deaf. Dr. McDermid had gone with a number of friends to spend the week-end at his cottage on the shore of Fox Lake. Late in the evening he went in alone for a swim and soon after he called to some men at the cottage that "the water's fine; come on in." One of them started at once for the shore, but when he arrived, Dr. McDermid was not in sight. Every effort was at once made to find the body, but it was not recovered till the next morning.

Dr. McDermid had been suffering from an ear trouble that caused him to have attacks of dizziness, especially in the darkness. It is thought the water may have had some effect on this organ to bring on an acute attack of dizziness or possibly complete unconsciousness. This theory is supported by the fact that there was no indication of a struggle for life being made and that his glasses were still in position when the body was recovered.

Dr. McDermid was just 35 years of age, and is survived by his wife and two children. He was the son of the late Prof. D. W. McDermid, who was at one time a teacher in the Ontario School for the Deaf, and left here to assume the superintendency of the Manitoba School.

At the request of the managers, Miss Ford took ten deaf pupils to the Central Exhibition at Ottawa to give a demonstration of the method of teaching speech and lip-reading to the deaf, and the quality of the results obtained. Great interest was manifested by all who witnessed it. The class was greatly hampered by lack of suitable accommodation, so did not give as many demonstrations as they otherwise would have done. The Ottawa Journal thus referred to the class in its issue of Sept. 16:

Something unusual in the way of a "side-show" is being offered free to visitors at the Exhibition Grounds today by Miss C. Ford, of the the teaching staff of the Government School for deaf children at Belleville, who is in the city with ten of her pupils. She has been sent to the city for the purpose of giving the public an idea of how deaf children are educated.

Pupils at the Normal School yesterday afternoon witnessed the remarkable demonstration of conversation by lip-reading, when Miss Ford staged an exhibition of how the pupils were educated. Though the process of educating deaf children is a slow and tedious one, the demonstration of the various stages and achievements in teaching these unfortunates was a remarkable one.

About 250 pupils are enrolled in the government school at Belleville, where the deaf children of the province are educated at a cost that is next to nothing. The course lasts anywhere from six to twelve years, according to the brightness of the pupil.

Demonstrations are being given in the Ontario Government moving picture tent at the Exhibition Grounds this afternoon and evening.

Pupils at the Normal School were greatly delighted by the demonstration and the principal, Dr. J. F. White, tendered a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Ford and the deaf children.

The Rainbow

One afternoon it rained hard. It thundered and lightened. The children were frightened. The clouds were black and it was dark. By and by the rain stopped and it was light again.

The children went out of doors. The sun came out from behind the clouds.

They looked up to the sky and saw a beautiful rainbow. It was violet, blue green, yellow, orange and red.

The Convention

The sixteenth annual convention of the Ontario Association of the Deaf was held in the I. O. O. F. Temple, Hamilton, on June 26 to 30th, and was a most enjoyable and successful event, the total attendance being over 200. Saturday evening was devoted chiefly to happy reunions, in renewing old acquaintances and forming new ones. On Sunday, services were held as usual throughout the day, the speakers at the three services being Messrs J. R. Byrne, Wm. Nurse and J. T. Shilton.

On Monday morning the President, Mr. George W. Reeves, presented his annual address, which was a very full and exhaustive summary of events of special interest to the deaf since the last convention, and contained many suggestions relative to matters that pertain to the welfare of the deaf, some of which elicited earnest discussion at this and subsequent sessions.

Monday evening was a public session, when addresses of welcome were given by his worship, Mayor Booker, Mr. J. J. Greene, the kindly "father of the deaf" in Hamilton, and Rev. Canon Forneret. Monday and Tuesday afternoons were devoted to sports, which were greatly enjoyed.

The Treasurer's report showed the finances of the Association to be in an excellent condition. The total receipts were $595.60, expenses, $293.11, balance, $302.49.

The election of officers resulted as follows:

Hon. Patron, R. Mathison, M. A.

Hon. President, C. B. Coughlin, M. D.

President, P. Fraser, Toronto.

1st Vice-President, H. Lloyd, Brantford.

2nd vice-President, A. S. Wagoner, Hamilton.

Secretary, Wm. Nurse, Belleville.

Treasurer, C. Ryan, Woodstock.

General regret was expressed at the retirement of Mr. Reeves, who positively refused to again be a canditate. As an expression of esteem and appreciation for his indefatigable efforts on behalf of the deaf, he was presented by the members of the Association with a beautiful wrist-watch, while Mrs. Reeves was presented with an umbrella. We regret that we are unable to give our usual full report of the Convention on account of lack of space for reasons given elsewhere.

A Social Gathering

A very pleasant evening was spent at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terrell, 132 Macdonell Ave, Toronto, on October 2nd when between thirty and forty of the deaf of that city, chiefly intimate friends of the two principal guests to be, assembled undercover to help make the event a memorable affair. It was a surprise party gotten up in honor of the twentieth anniversary of our dear old friends, Mr, and Mrs. Robert Murray Thomas of Oakville. For sometime previously their friends in Toronto had been quietly getting up the event, but on the appointed date, when everything was ready for the fireworks, the unexpected happened. Through some misunderstanding Mr. and Mrs. Thomas did not turn up at the time appointed, much to the disappointment of all present who, for the time being were in a quandary as to what to do. However every one present got busy and made life merry throughout the evening. The ladies had provided a tempting repast to which all did ample justice and after thanking Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terrell for their hospitality the gathering broke up at a late hour.

During the evening twenty dollars in gold was collected by those present and given to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas when they came in next day to attend our Communion Service. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas were so overcome by this unexpected token of love that they hardly knew what to say but heartily thanked the liberal givers for such thoughtful rememberance.

It should not be forgotten that the home of Mr. and Mrs Thomas in Oakville has always been a haven to all who happen to visit them, so this gift was but a slight token of our love and appreciation. Long may Mr. and Mrs. Thomas live to enjoy the friendship and good will of their legion of friends everywhere.—H. W. R.

What, indeed, does not that word cheerfulness imply? It means a contented spirit; it means a pure heart; it means a kind, loving disposition; it means a generous appreciation [of] others and a modest opinion of self.

PERSONALITIES

Mrs. A. Shepherd of Toronto returned home on October 6th from a two months' vacation spent with relatives and friends in Detroit, Chicago, Green Bay, Wis, Clarinda and Council Bluffs, Iowa and Omaha, Nebraska and reports a glorious time travelling through five states and visiting two Schools for the Deaf, the one at Omaha and the other at Council Bluffs. She also attended the National Association of the Deaf at Detroit. Her little son accompanied her.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts of Toronto were in Burkton over the week end of Sept. 25th, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Stark, Sr. (nee Miss Lizzie Ormiston.) Mr. and Mrs. James Ormiston, Raglan and Miss Agnes Ormiston of Brooklin were also the guests of their daughter and sister at the same time, thus making a very interesting company.

Miss Muriel Kennedy of Toronto has returned from a very pleasant two weeks' holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Young in Chicago.

After attending the National Association of the Deaf in Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts of Toronto visited relatives and friends in London, St. Thomas, Jarvis, Hagersville, King City and Purpleville.

Not Forgotten

Many of our friends in Hamilton have often made a pleasure trip to Oakville and whenever they did they always found a warm welcome for them at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Thomas, so that they conceived a plan to show their gratitude and here is how their plan worked out: Instead of going to the annual picnic in Toronto on July 17th, they made for Oakville and put in the whole afternoon cutting up wood until they had enough to keep Mr. and Mrs. Thomas in comfort for the coming winter. The boys worked, like trojans wielding the saw and axe while the ladies piled-up the wood and made a spread to satisfy the sharpened appetites of all. All this work was done cheerfully and with a will, thus showing that a Samaritan kindness is not forgotten.—H. W. R.

—*Mrs. J. R. Cook was a welcome* guest of her old friend. Mrs. A. A. McIntosh, Oakville, last July before returning to her home in Winnipeg.

—The death occurred on Sept. 4th in Toronto of Mrs. Catharine Grant McIntosh in her 89th year. The deceased was mother of A. A. McIntosh of Park Ave., Oakville, and a sister of the late Sir James Grant, M. D. of Ottawa. In spite of her advanced age Mrs. McIntosh took a keen interest in patriotic work and knitted 350 pairs of socks for Canadian soldiers.

A Tribute to Personality

This is an age of machines. It puts emphasis upon organizations. It deals in vast aggregations.

Nevertheless, individualism counts for more than ever. Every machine came out of the mind of a person. Every organization had its genesis in the conception of an individual. And every aggregation is made up of units that are essential to its power and efficiency.

I was in the office of a great manufacturing plant not so long ago. A young fellow of perhaps twenty-eight or thirty passed through the room. When he had disappeared, the manager turned to me, and asked:

"Did you see the young man who just passed through the office?"

"Yes," I replied.

"How much do you think we pay him?"

"I cannot even guess, for I do not know what position he fills."

"We pay him three thousand dollars a year," the manager said. "We give him two thousand dollars for what he does and one thousand dollars for what he is."

Seeing my look of surprise, he went on to explain that this particular employee had a remarkable personality. He was so winsome, so universally popular among the men throughout the factory, so enthusiastic over his work, so optimistic, so loyal to the firm in times of labor agitations, and had such extraordinary elements of leadership and influence, that he was actually worth one thousand dollars to the firm above the amount that he actually earned at his desk. A great tribute to personality.—Bishop Berry in "Christian Endeavor World."

Ontario Association of the Deaf

OFFICERS.

Hon. Patron - R. Mathison, M.A., Toronto
Hon. Pres. - Dr. Coughlin, Belleville.
President - Geo. W. Reeves, Toronto.
1st Vice-Pres. - H. E. Groome, Toronto.
2nd Vice-Pres. - Thos. Brassaw, Hamilton.
Corresponding Secretary - Wm. Nurse, Belleville.
Recording Secretary - Ed. Cuddy, Toronto.
Treasurer - Chas. A. Ryan, Woodstock.

SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Hon. President - Dr. Coughlin
President - Wm. Nurse.
Manager

THE CANADIAN

SCHOOL MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

FRIDAY, OCT. 1st, 1920.

Please Accept our Excuses

We shall have to ask for the kindly forbearance of our readers with regard to the size of our paper and the lateness of its issue. Our printing instructor resigned at the end of last session, and no successor has yet been found for the position. As a result we have had depend entirely on the pupils who have been learning printing. This issue of THE CANADIAN has been set, made up, and printed by these boys without any aid whatever, and while not perfect, it is, we think, very well done and is a credit to the boys who have temporarily assumed the management of the office. It is good evidence of the thoroughness and practical character of the instruction they have received. A four-page paper was as much as we thought they should be asked to get out, as all the work has to be done during the two hours of shop-work in the afternoons. We will have to continue the four-page size till a printing-instructor assumes charge. On the day before we expected to go to press with this number, an accident occurred which put the printing press out of commission for a few days. This is the reason why our readers are getting the paper several days later than usual.

— Last Saturday night my sister, Kathleen, left home for Vancouver. Her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lappin, took her there. I intended to bring my camera here when I came, but I did not because I wanted Kathleen to have it to take some pictures of Vancouver. I hope they will enjoy her trip. Willie McGovern.

On June 28th, many deaf people came to Hamilton from Toronto and other places to the Convention. I went to see them at the I. O. O. F. Hall and shook hands with them. Oh! my hand was nearly broken. Mr. Reeves talked to us about some things and then he invited us to the basement. We each had a dish of ice-cream and some cake. On June 29th we went to the Hall and Mr. Nurse and some other men gave addresses. On June 30th my friend came to my house to take me to Dundurn Park and we saw the deaf people again. The Toronto boys played baseball with the Hamilton boys. The Toronto team won by 11 to 10. My two friends invited Mary McQueen and me to have refreshments and then we went to the Hall. On June 26th we went to Waterloo Park by the boat. I beat the Toronto girls and won three prizes. My family were very proud and they were much surprised when I showed my prizes, which were a fountain pen, a white comb and a black mirror. We had such a good time at Wabasso Park. On June 30th the other people went to the Beach but I didn't because I was very tired. I hope I will meet the deaf people at a convention in Hamilton again. Muriel Allen.

The reward of one duty is the power to do another.

Believe what you can understand first, and then it will not be so difficult to believe what you can't.—H. E. Fell.

PUPILS' LOCALS

Written on Sept 28th, 1920.

Demonstration at Ottawa

I had a grand time during my holidays and I am going to tell about the last part. The managers of Ottawa Exhibition wanted us to give a demonstration of our school work and I was asked to go there as one of a small class of pupils. I left Toronto on Sept. 10th and stayed here till Monday afternoon, then went on to Ottawa, arriving there in the evening. The Union Station in Ottawa is very beautiful. We mortored from the station to St Georges House, where we slept and had our meals. There were many orphans there. On Tuesday afternoon, we went to the Ottawa Central Fair Ground but didn't give an exhibition of speech and lip-reading because Miss Ford could not find a place where we could do so. We went around the fair for several hours. On Wednesday afternoon, we went to the Normal School, where there are many teachers. We gave an exhibition of speech and lip-reading class. I wrote a short story about Uncle Tom's Cabin. On Thursday afternoon, we went to the Ottawa Exhibition and gave a demonstration of good work in a large tent where the Government gave free exhibitions of moving pictures every day. I wrotes a story about Neil and her Grandfather. After the exhibition, we went to the show in the same tent. After the show, we again gave a demonstration. On Friday afternoon, we went to the exhibition and found that the tent had been blown down by the wind so we could not give the demonstration again. We we visited the Parliament Buildings which are not completed yet, and the mint and we enjoyed seeing how bullion was made into coins. We had a good view of Hull and Quebec. I wished I had stepped over into Quebec. We saw the locks on Rideau River and Chateau Laurier. On Saturday morning, we went to the Experimental farm and saw the Observatory. In the afternoon, we left Ottawa for here and I was glad to see the people again. I like Ottawa very much, as it is a lovely city. I came across several deaf people there. I prefer the scenery on the way from to Toronto to Windsor to that from Belleville to Ottawa.—Lucy E. Buchan.

—Last June, my father, Aunt Martha, Cousin Willie and I went on a boat for a pleasure trip to Detroit and stayed there for four days. On June 26th, my Cousin Willie and I had a great time. We went on a ride bicycle to Belle Isle Park. It is a beautiful park. We saw many kinds of animals in the cages. We went on a roller-coaster. It was about 100 ft high. We went back to Detroit on a car, and went to the show there. We met my father in Detroit, then went to a cafe, and at about 11 o'clock in the evening we went to Windsor. We had a very good time. We went back to Sarnia next morning.—Olive Johnston.

—My sister works in Kingston. She told my mother that she thought we would go back to business college for two months again. She used to go to business college in Kingston two years ago. She and her chum came home in a car from Kingston three weeks ago. I think they will go back to Kingston this week.—George Hunter.

—I am pleased to tell you about our vaction last midsummer. My sister and I went to Ottawa the first of July. There was a big crowd of people on the way to Ottawa. I guess they were going to have their holidays. We left New Liskeard at noon and arrived at North Bay at 6 p.m. We stayed there till the half past nine o'clock train for Almonte came. My uncle and aunt live there. We landed there at 4.05 a.m. Pretty early eh! Our cousin met us and took us to his place. We stayed there for two months and had a great time. We moved to Ottawa and stayed there for two days. I saw many pretty buildings down there. I was glad to see them as I had been reading about the new Parliament buildings. There was an Old Boy's reunion there from July 24th to the end of the month. Many people came from the east and from Montreal North Bay, Sudbury, California and many other points. Some people came from California in their car. They were two weeks on the trip. One came from Winnipeg with the car. We had a lovely time there. We went home on the flier. We left Almonte at 5.05 a.m. and arrived home at five o'clock p.m. Then were busy as bees getting ready for School.—M. Loretta Whalen.

—We are at school again and are glad to see our friends. My family and I had a good time through our vacation last summer and we had many auto ride through the cities and towns. One day we went to Lake Erie for a picnic and a swim and we took many pictures. They were fine. We had a real a good time down there and it was very late when we got home. We will visit a lot of places next summer.—Dorothy Foster.

—Leone and I went to Detroit for the convention on Aug. 9th. We were glad to see many deaf people. There were 2,000 deaf people at the Detroit Convention. We visited auto-factories, Belle Isle, Tashmoo park, etc. We went to Tashmoo Park is the big boat about 9 o'clock a. m. on Aug. 18th, and arrived about 12 o'clock. We played some games. Leone ran a race and won first prize. She got $1.00. We arrived again at Detroit at night. We had a lovely time at the Convention.—H. Myrel Jackson.

—Two weeks ago, my three brothers, father, mother and I went to a picnic near Sturgeon Point. In the afternoon my oldest brother took me for a motor-boat ride. On the way the water was very rough. We reached Thousand Islands Park where we had lunch and some ice-cream. My oldest brother and I went to a large house named "Greenhurst". We danced all the evening. The dance broke up about eleven o'clock and then we went home. We were tired but we had a lovely time.—Nellie Patrick

—Last summer we had very good crop at home. Oats were five feet and eight inches high. After haying, father, mother and I motored to Guelph and spent a few days at Miss Mary McQueen's home and she was glad to have us to come and see her. On Sunday we were invited to go to Stratford but we were told that a service for the deaf was to be conducted by Mr. P. Fraser, of Toronto, at Kitchener, so we went there instead. I was very much disappointed at not going to Stratford as I would like to see what sort of a city it is. But father says We shall go there some time. We enjoyed our visit in Guelph where we spent the time pleasantly. We saw Miss Lizzie Carter in Guelph too. We came home all right and were tired after our long ride. I had a grand time during my vacation.—Helen Middleton.

—Last summer in August, my sister and I got an invitation from our girl friend to a kitchen shower which was held at her house for her cousin, who was getting married the next month. Her name was Miss Desmond. We went there at eight o'clock and many people came. Many kitchen presents were put on the table. About nine o'clock, after playing games, Miss Desmond was blindfolded and walked to the table where presents were. She was very much surprised upon seeing them. She picked each one up and thanked the one who gave it. After the presents were all opened. We got home about twelve o'clock, after dancing a while and having refreshments. We enjoyed ourselves so much. The day before I came here, she was married. I saw her with her relatives passing our house. She seemed so lovely and she had a lovely bouquet of flowers. She and her bridegroom went to Toronto and London on their wedding trip. I had never been at a shower in my life before.—Maud McKee.

—On the first week of July in the afternoon, a party of Michigan tourists went through Bothwell and they motored through Ontario to advertise trucks and cars and to further the Good Roads' movement. They left Windsor that morning and Tilbury had a big celebration. Then Chatham prepared dinner for them and they went to London, which prepared supper for them in the Y. M. C. A. The first car, that came was a large pathfinder, decorated and labelled "Pilot No 1." The man in it put red flags into the ground to mark the road for the rest of the party. Next came a car filled with men who had a motion picture camera and some pictures were taken by them. Then came huge trucks. Some carried tubes, some tires for cars, some were kitchen trucks, one had a shower bath and another a fire protection equipment. Another truck had the electrical fixtures and they had everything that they needed. Many, many beautiful large touring cars, which were decorated with flags, then followed. It was very pretty to see the long line of cars and some people of Bothwell thought of the wonderful trip ahead of the party.—B. Brewer.

—On July 25th my family all motored to Lake Timiskaming bridge. It is very long bridge and it took two and half years to construct it. It was finished on July 24th. This bridge is twenty-five miles from my home. When I went there, I saw many small islands on Lake Timiskaming. On July 26th we all motored there again for a picnic. We had a good time.—Mary E. Whalen.

—Last July my mother and I spent two weeks with our aunt Nellie in Flint. On Aug. 4th we packed our baskets and Aunt Nellie took mother, cousin Jim and me in her auto to Winidate. It is thirty-five miles from Flint to Winidate. Some of Aunt Nellie's other relations rode in their auto from Detroit to Winidate, where we met them.; At twelve o'clock we had dinner. It consisted of lemonade, coffee, some kind of cakes, tea, sandwiches, etc. We had our pictures taken then. In the afternoon we went fishing. There are some pretty summer houses in Winidate. After supper we bade the others "Good Bye" as we knew that we could not see them again. We arrived at Flint about ten o'clock. We had a lovely time.—G. Christian.

—On Sunday morning, my friend, Albert, invited me to ride in a large boat. We sailed across Lake Ontario through smooth water, which gave us much pleasure. We journeyed a long time till we arrived at Grimsby Beach. His friend met us and gave us a hearty welcome. He is his chum, who fought in France with him a few years ago. We had a good time. It was a large and beautiful farm and we stayed all day. In the late afternoon, we returned to the boat and sailed back to Toronto. We could not see land for a while, as the water was very rough, which made us sick. We arrived at Toronto safely. We had enjoyed ourselves and I thank ed him for inviting me to go with him to visit his chum's farm.—J. H. Tate.

—Last summer I went to the city to look for a job. Finally I got a job in a printing office. It was called "The Meredith Printing Press." I worked in it in a week, then my boss said he did not need me any longer. I said that it was all right. I earned $1 a day. I looked for another job again for few days and went to the Employment Bureau in the Quaker Oats factory. The boss was pleased to have me there. I worked overtime and earned $7.75 a day. I wanted to work to earn money enough to get ready for school. One day I went through the Quaker Oats factory with my father and I saw many other machines. Before I came to Belleville on Sept 15th, I rested for my home for three weeks. I had a grand time.—Joseph Meyette.

—Last July some of Mary Campbell's family came to Cornwall from Avonmore to see me. We had not expected them, but were very glad that they came. My mother talked with Mary's mother while I packed my clothes in my valise and got ready to go back with them to Avonmore. I was glad to see my chum Mary. It is about 18 or 20 miles from Cornwall to Avonmore, and we enjoyed the auto ride very much. We arrived at Avonmore safely. I stayed there for one week. Mary's sister taught me how to milk the cows. I learned to milk them but I did it painfully. Mary's sister's husband, nicknamed "his own business,"—and I were afraid of them. I thought that they would kick me. I like to milk. I had a good time on the farm at Avonmore. I would like to live on the farm better than in the town. Mary will stay with me at my home in Cornwall next summer.—Agnes Ingle.

—Last summer, my brother Willie asked me if I would like to play tennis with him on the tennis court and we played for an hour. Then he went away to Toronto, so I played with my teacher friend. Mr. Acton, every afternoon for an hour and had lots of fun. Sometime in July, I got a welcome letter from my deaf girl friend and she wanted me to go to visit her for a week, but the next day my aunt, Mrs. Blair, of Rochester, came to my home for a few days visit. So I wrote to my friend and told her that I was unable to go. On the 2nd of august, my teacher friend, Miss Cook of Toronto, came to stay at her aunt's house in Belleville and she invited me to play tennis on the court every morning and afternoon for an hour. We had a lovely time there. When her holidays were over, she said that she did not want to go back to Yorkville and she only wished she could stay at Acton for a much longer time. I told her that I must come back to Belleville the 15th year to get more education. She said she will try to see me again next summer. Frances Kenney.

Only a Smile

Only a smile that was given me
On the crowded street one day,
But it passed the gloom of my saddened heart,
Like a golden sunbeam ray.
The shadow of doubt hung over me,
And the burden of pain I bore,
And the voice of hope I could not hear,
Tho' I listened oft and o'er.

But there came a rift in the crowd about
And a face that I knew passed by.
And the smile I caught was brighter to me
Then the blue of a summer sky;
For it gave me back the sunshine,
And it scattered each sombre thought
And my heart rejoiced in the kindly warmth
Which that kindly smile had brought.

The Verse on the Mirror

(Continued from page 3)

quotation plan, then, is one which it is certainly worth while for—where young persons to try. Suppose you test its merit yourself, beginning with some little verse—write it out—and see how quickly you can can memorize it. Then take another and another, mastering the first perfectly before you attempt a second. Then in that way, little by little you will fill the storehouse of your mind with cheerful, helpful thoughts; and they will be a great assistance to you in many ways. Possessing them, you will never be poor; for you will have in your own mind the best kind of treasure.

Try the plan for yourself, then, this every day, while the idea is fresh in your mind.

A Rolling Stone

At a chamber of commerce dinner I sat next to a man who is recognized as one of New York's leading merchants, and for that reason I shall call him Mr. Smith.

Afterwards we walked around to his club. On the way he remarked: "What did you think of that last speech?"

"I suppose the reporters will call it a masterly address," I parried tentatively.

"Yes, he's one of those chaps who can call a square more different names and do it more eloquently than any one else I ever met. But do you remember anything he said?"

"Come to think of it, I don't."

"No; he did not say anything. The only impression his speech left on me is a confused blur of words." By this time we were at the club. When we were ensconced in comfortable chairs, Smith resumed:—

"Out of this glittering galaxy of words and phrases, I do remember one or two;—'stick-to-it-iveness'—'business'—'rolling stone.' I think he talked for ten minutes on the different kinds of moss a rolling stone fails to gather. After a short pause Mr. Smith continued: "A few months ago I dropped into a concern where I started as a clerk. There was another clerk there named Carruthers. I had this start of me, though, but were very glad that they came. My mother talked with Mary's mother while I packed my clothes in my valise and got ready to go back with them to Avonmore. I was glad to see my chum Mary. It is about 18 or 20 miles from Cornwall to Avonmore, and we enjoyed the auto ride very much. We arrived at Avonmore safely. I stayed there for one week. Mary's sister taught me how to milk the cows. I learned to milk them but I did it painfully. Mary's sister's husband, nicknamed 'his own business,'—and I were afraid of them. I thought that they would kick me. I like to milk. I had a good time on the farm at Avonmore. I would like to live on the farm better than in the town. Mary will stay with me at my home in Cornwall next summer.—Agnes Ingle.

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"I suppose a rolling stone doesn't gather moss, and I guess Carruthers got about all the moss that he needed in his business. But I think a rolling stone gets a bit polished; it certainly has variety, and undoubtedly it runs across many opportunities, and bleas me if I can really see what on earth it wants with moss, anyway.

"There was another chap there, in those days,—a little red-headed fellow, who was a trifle careless about blacking his shoes every morning. He was invoice clerk and used to pose around the books, asking what this was for and what that was for. Carruthers used to tell him that book keeping is a science beyond the comprehension of the ordinary intellect. But that never fazed Reddy. I rather liked him, somehow I have always had a weakness for red-heads, and used to give him a pointer now and then. In those days an order was entered in a blotter, then the invoice was made out from the blotter, a slip for the packer sent to the mill, and the charge posted from the blotter to the ledger.

"Reddy went to the boss, one day, and suggested, in a shamefaced manner as if he expected to get fired, that, if a book in triplicate was used, with carbon paper, the blotter entry, invoice and packer's slip could be made out at the same time.

"The boss saw the point, but he didn't care to spoil the boy with too much praise, so he said, 'Do I pay you for working or thinking?'

"For working,' answered Reddy, but with the glint of a twinkle in his eye, he added, 'and I did this thinking out of office hours.

"Reddy,' said the boss, 'what am I paying you?'

"Five,' said Reddy, wasting no words.

"It'll be ten, next week,' said the boss, 'and now go back to your desk and don't act as if you owned the place.'

"When I left, Reddy took ledger A to M. When I came with The Empirium, I sent for Reddy. He hadn't been there a year before he had introduced a plan for keeping a perpetual inventory by a card system. Then he got a raise in salary, but somehow it did not spoil him. Instead of taking a vacation like an ordinary human being, he went East and visited the large department stores there. He nosed around, asking questions and making friends among all the department manager and when he came back he had some new ideas. He organized a mail order department, induced the firm to get an advertising manager and a salary that made the employers gasp for breath, and got them to put in drugs, books and groceries.

"Of course, he didn't do all this at once. The firm gave him a chance to make a few more trips at their expense that didn't come out of his vacation time. They weren't blind to them-selves. But there is one class of men that does things and another class that has sense enough to get a man to do things for it.

"Reddy's on the firm now, I guess he is the firm. He's pretty much every thing in that city,—has made more than two terms, I hear, in the biggest church there, organized the Country Club, disorganized the political ring, and reorganized the school system. But somehow or other Reddy never gather ed much moss." By H. A. Thompson.

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For Maynooth, Bancroft and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. (Except Sunday).
For Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
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RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows every Sunday:—
West End Y. M. C. A., Corner of College St. and Bathurst, at 11 a. m.
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Central Y. M. C. A. at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.
Bible Class every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock at Y. M. C. A. Phone Ad. at 8 p. m.
Superintendent Mr. P. Fraser, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.
Ontario Mission Committee Convener—Mr. F. E. Harris, 111 St. Patrick St., Toronto.
Miss. R. Brace, Deaconess, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.

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GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

School Hours—From 8.00 a. m. to 4 p. m. with recess from 10.40 to 11.00 during which lunch is served to the pupils.

As Soon as the Pupils Assemble in the class-rooms in the morning each teacher will open by prayer. At 9 o'clock the pupils will assemble in the chapel and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner. The prayers are those prescribed for use in the Public Schools of Ontario. Teachers and Instructors are to be in their respective rooms and departments five minutes before the time for the assembling of pupils.

Evening Study from 7 to 8 p. m. Voluntary reading hours for senior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Religious Exercises:

Every Sunday—Sunday School at 9.30 a. m. General Lecture at 2.30 p. m. Pupils of all denominations attend their respective churches whenever desired by the pastors in charge.

Regular Visiting Clergymen. Rev. Ven. Archdeacon Beamish, M. A. (Anglican), Rev. A. S. Kerr, M. A. (Presbyterian), Rev. A. H. Foster, (Methodist), Rev. W. H. Wallace, (Baptist); Rev. Father Kilbon, (Catholic).

Bible Classes. Sunday morning at 9.30: International Series of Sunday School Lessons. Superintendent, Mr. George F. Stewart; Teachers—Mrs. Bolls, Miss Lino, Miss Bell, Miss Fox, Miss Macdonald, Miss Brown, Miss Paley, Miss Scott, Miss Curry, Miss Hazelley, Miss Carter, Miss Springer, Miss Nurse, Miss Sunter, Miss Stark and Miss Malcolm.

The Catholic Pupils are to attend religious instruction on Sunday morning from 8.45 to 9.30 and on Friday afternoon from 2 to 2.30. Teachers, Deaconess, Miss Riordon, Miss Alcarno and Miss Carrol.

☞ *Clergymen of all denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.*

Industrial Departments

Girls' Fancy Work Class on Monday afternoon of each week from 2.15 to 4 o'clock.

The Printing Department, open all evenings from 7.30 to 4.30 for pupils pupils and Boys from 2.30 to 5.30 for some pupils of the school; for those who do not from 7.30 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 2.30 to 5.30 p. m. to each working day except Saturday when the office and shops will be closed at noon.

Domestic Science Classes are to be arranged from time to time.

The sewing Class for the sewing is for those who do not attend school and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoon

☞ The Printing office, Shops, Sewing Room and Domestic Science Department are to be left each day when work ceases in a clean and tidy condition.

☞ Pupils are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments on account of sickness without permission of the Superintendent.

☞ Teachers, Officers and others are not to take matters into their hands to take them to Doctor without the permission of their several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested in visiting the building the School will be made welcome on any day school is in session, viz., Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday or Holiday. The best time for visitors is from 2 to 4 p. m. Visitors are to be seen as little as possible.

Admission of Children

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the School, they are kindly asked to be at their ease and make a talking with their children. It only makes them sorrow for all concerned and delay the proceedings. The child will be kindly cared for, and if left in our charge without delay for a few days, with the others in a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupil, his friends to visit them frequently. If parents must come, leave their homes, they are welcome to the class room and chapel every opportunity of seeing their child each of the family. Among friends helping in much school work are Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Bell,

THE CANADIAN

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Ontario School for the Deaf, Belleville.

VOL. XXVII BELLEVILLE, OCTOBER 15, 1920 NO. 2

ONTARIO SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA
UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. R. H. GRANT.
MINISTER OF EDUCATION, TORONTO.

Officers of the School:

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., ...Superintendent
J. W. PEARCE .....Bursar
W. W. HOYCE, M. D. .....Physician
MISS K. A. WILLOUGHBY .....Matron
MISS B. A. SCHOFIELD.....Assistant Matron

Teachers:

ORAL

W. J. CAMPBELL
Supervising Teacher Senior Oral Dept.
MISS CATHERINE FORD
Supervising Teacher Junior Oral Dept.

GEO. F. STEWART	MISS K. SCOTT
MISS I. B. PALEN	MISS E. NURSE
MISS R. HERSON	MISS L. CARRO
MISS L. DRANNAN	MISS B. SUNTER
MISS E. PANTER, B. A.	MISS I. MAGNUM
MISS F. CURRY	MISS A. STIRK
MISS I. SPRINGER	MISS S. E. WARD
MISS V. HANDLEY	MISS B. A. WILSON

MISS G. BRADLEY

MANUAL

MISS GEORGINA LINN
Supervising Teacher Manual Department

D. R. COLEMAN, M. A.	MISS ADA JAMES
MRS. SYLVIA L. BALIS	MISS NINA BROWN

MISS A. P. SCOTT, Teacher of Domestic Science
MISS L. G. WILLIAMS, Teacher of Sewing
Teacher of Fancy Work

MISS I. MCBRIDE, Stenographer & Clerk.	Instructor of Printing.
WM. NURSE, Storekeeper & Associate Supervisor.	ALEX. MORRICE, Master Shoemaker.
W. SMITH, Supervisor of Boys, etc.	Engineer.
MISS CLARA COOMBS, Trained Nurse and Instructress in Home Nursing.	M. W. PARKS, Master Carpenter.
	J. N. BOYD, Master Baker.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this School is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

All deaf persons between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious disease, who are bona fide residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $30 per year for Board, Tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf persons whose parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT CHARGED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Baking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in General Domestic Work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of Sewing Machines and such Ornamental and Fancy Work as may be desirable. Manual Training in woodwork for boys, and Domestic Science for girls have been introduced.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

☞ The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

POETRY

What He Means to Me

I watched him as his drowsy head
Was pressed against his mother's breast:
His dimpled hands so soft and warm
Caressed her face, and clasped her arm.
Then spake my heart, it would not still;
Dear lad when years shall come and go
And your brave heart shall surely see
Life as it is, and is to be,
Who then shall answer back to me,
What shall thy baby mean to thee?

I saw him as his youthhood ran,
Clear as the silver brooklet's flow,
He gave those years their rightful span.
To him the outdoor sports gave glow,
And when he came to life's great strain,
In rugged manhood's thrilling strife,
As yet I watched, nor looked in vain,
For praise to come, and fame to be.
That question clamored still within,
What means my laddie now to me!

Then manhood came with stormed side,
As earth reeled sick with shock of war.
The call went forth to stem the tide
Of battle crash with storm and scar.
He faltered not but in the hour,
Gave all to die if need should show,
And touch with crimson stain the flowers
On Flanders field, where poppies grow.
Still echoed this word back to me,
What means thy martyred lad to thee!

Oh, child! oh, youth! oh, rugged man!
Maybe that men shall praise thy name;
Or years may come with better plan,
To crown thy days with deathless fame.
But I shall look to other time,
When He shall speak who did for thee
To hear him say the words "well done"
Then God shall an-wer back to me.
"Thy boy shall ever to be thee
Both life and immortality."

H. I. Rasmus, D. O.

MISCELLANEOUS

Father's Day Off

When Mr. Benton went out to the barn, one morning in May, he saw his son in the yard busy with a spade.

"Digging bait?" he inquired. "Yes, father; it's a good day to go fishing, isn't it?"

"First rate, I should say. Not too sunny. And the spring's work is pretty well along. You can go as well as not. Mother will put you up a lunch."

"I was about to inform you that you are the one who is going fishing today. You haven't been for years. It's surely time you had a day off. I'll do the chores, and stay here with mother."

"Why, thank you! But I really can't leave."

"Oh, yes, you can, father. You just said the work is pretty well along. You can go as well as not. Mother will put you up a lunch. It's a first rate day for fishing."

"Rudolph Benton, have you and mother been planning this scheme?" demanded his father.

"Of course we have," frankly confessed the son. "We think it's time you had a day off. You couldn't go visiting with mother that fall, and you've been working hard all the spring. We want you to be a boy again today, and enjoy yourself."

"But, Rudolph, I couldn't enjoy myself all alone. You will have to go along, too. And your mother can go down to your Aunt Sarah's."

"Father, who was your chum at school?" inquired Rudolph.

"Why, Joseph Lane, my son; we were almost inseparable. You know he lives a mile away on the valley road."

"Yes, father, well call for him, and then you and he go fishing together just as you used to do when you were boys."

"And just remember how many times I've gone fishing with my chum and left all the chores for you to do," laughed Rudolph.

"And remember how many times your fried the steak or washed the dishes when I've been sick or away," added his wife, who had come to the door and heard the conversation. "Breakfast is ready, and as soon as it's eaten, we'll give father his lunch and fishhooks and send him off."

"I suppose you expect me to catch enough fish for supper," remarked Mr. Benton, as he sat down to the table.

"Well, unless you've forgotten how to fish, you ought to get enough, if you don't talk too much," observed his son. "I've put up my best rod and flies for you, and if you have no luck with those you can try the old fashioned way, for I've supplied you with a knife with which you can cut a pole."

A half-hour later they playfully walked him out of the yard, and with merry good-byes they left him, and ran into the house.

He went "across lots" to Joseph Lane's. As he came out of the woods into the field which Lane owned, he heard a man's voice. Looking across the field, he saw his old friend plowing, alone. With the reins thrown over his neck, he was shouting to his horses, while trying to hold the plow in place as it cut through the tough sod.

"Hello, Joe," called out Mr. Benton as he approached the plowman, who had stopped to wipe his heated face on a big red handkerchief.

The old-looked at him quickly. "Why, hello, Frank," he exclaimed, as he saw who it was. Leaving his plow in the furrow, he came forward, with extended hand.

"Very glad to see you!" He emphasized the words with a hearty shake.

"Isn't this too hard for a man of your years to be doing all alone?" inquired Mr. Benton. "You know you and I are not so young as we were in our boyhood days. Where is George?"

"George sprained his ankle just as we started on this work," explained Mr. Lane. "He won't be able to use it for a week or so. It's so late in the season, I had to try to finish it alone."

"Why didn't you let us know? What are old friends for, unless to help in time of need?"

"We thought we ought not to ask you to leave your own work right in planting time."

Mr. Benton laid down his fishing rod and lunch basket and walked over to the plow.

"You just pick up those reins and do the driving and I'll steer this implement," he said.

"Oh, no!" protested Mr. Lane. "If you are determined to help, you must drive."

"I'm fresh and you are tired," said Mr. Benton. "And you can drive your own horses better than I can. But if I were you, I'd cut a little switch to touch up that lazy off mare. She frets the other. Here's a nice, new jackknife that Rudolph loaned me."

At noon the field was more than half plowed. They unhitched the horses and fed them.

"I've brought dinner enough for two," announced Mr. Lane, as he took off the cover of a big pail.

"But I've brought some, also," said Mr. Benton, picking up his basket. "You must help eat mine. Suppose we divide, just as we used to do at school."

"You were going fishing!" exclaimed the older man, as his eye fell upon the fishing rod.

"Not without you, Joe," promptly replied Mr. Benton. "I'm having 'a day off,' and Rudolph suggested that I spend it with my old chum. I saw at once that you couldn't get out. I'm glad I happened along to help you on this plowing. We'll go fishing some time before haying."

Mr. Lane was greatly moved. "I certainly am very grateful, Frank," he said. "I really can't express my thanks."

"No need, no need!" returned Mr. Benton. "I'm having a good time. We ought to work together oftener. I've hardly seen you since school days."

"And that's more than forty years ago," mused the gray-haired man.

"We've had our own cares and could stop for only a moment's chat when we met. Say, Frank, do you remember how Andrew Jones hid his spelling book under his coat one day, and how it dropped to the floor just after he had peeked into it, and gone to the head for spelling a word correctly?"

"Yes," laughed Mr. Benton. "And it didn't cure him of meanness, either. Do you remember the time he put the toad into crippled Paul Smith's dinner pail?"

"I certainly do; and I remember how indignant Lucy's husband was."

"I've loved Jennie ever since she showed me how to work my arithmetic examples," declared Jennie's sweetheart.

"She's been a true helper, always."

"Well, father, how many trout did you catch?" inquired Rudolph, as Mr. Benton entered the house just as the supper was put upon the table. "Why, not one, I declare!" after a hasty examination of the trout basket. "That's too bad, father! And your boots look as if had had a hard day."

"Nevertheless, I've enjoyed it immensely, and I'm very grateful for my 'day off,' dear son," averred Mr. Benton.

"Tell us all about it, father," urged the boy, after the heavy, dirt-cased slippers were removed and supper was being eaten.

So Mr. Benton told them how he had spent his "day off."

"That was just splendid in you, father!" declared Rudolph, after the account was finished, "but I wanted you to do exactly as you would have done if you were a boy again."

Mr. Benton looked over to the wife and mother, whose sweet unselfishness in the old school days had first caused him to love her. He thought, too, of his friend's gratitude for help in time of need—"I don't know how to thank you, Frank"—and then he turned to his son and said, earnestly:

"If I were a boy again, Rudolph, I'm sure I would do just as I've done today." M. G. A., in Zion's Herald.

A Mighty Rich Man

A writer in the Outlook describes a ride he once took with an old farmer in a New England village, during which some of the men in the neighborhood came under criticism. Speaking of a prominent man in the village, I said, 'Is he a man of means?'

"Well,' said the farmer, 'he hasn't got much money, but he's mighty rich."

"Has he got much land, then?' I asked. "No, sir, he hasn't got much land either, but he is mighty rich.

"The old farmer, with a pleased smile observed my puzzled look for a moment and then explained: 'You see he hasn't got much money and he hasn't got much land but still he is rich because he never went to bed owing any man a cent in all his life. He lives as well as he wants to live, and he pays as he goes. He does not owe anything, and he isn't afraid of anybody. He tells every man the truth and does his duty by himself, his family and neighbors. His word is as good as his bond and every man, woman and child in the town looks up to him and respects him. No, sir, he hasn't got much land or money but he is a might rich man because he has got all he wants.'"

Descartes, the great French philosopher, said a noble thing about forgiveness. "When anyone has offended me," he said, "I try to raise my soul so high that the offence cannot reach it."

Make it a rule and pray God to help you keep it, never, if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say, "I have made one human being at least a little wiser, a little happier or a little better this day."—Charles Kingsley.

THE CANADIAN

Eight pages,

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Ontario School for the Deaf

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

GEO. F. STEWART, - - - - EDITOR.

OUR MISSION:

First—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

Second—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf subscribers.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils now in the School, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

SUBSCRIPTION

Fifty (50) cents for the school year, payable in advance, postage prepaid by publisher. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postal notes, or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us, that mistakes may be corrected without delay. All papers are stopped when the subscription expires, unless otherwise ordered. The date on each subscriber's wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

☞ Correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted —if we know it.

ADVERTISING

A few select advertisements will be inserted. Rates made known on application.

Address all communications and subscriptions

THE CANADIAN,
BELLEVILLE
ONTARIO

FRIDAY, OCT. 15th 1920.

A Word to Parents and Others

A copy of this issue of THE CANADIAN is sent to the parents of all of our new pupils and to such others as are not now subscribers. The parents of every pupil should receive our paper regularly so as to keep in close touch with the school which their child is attending. The paper contains interesting items of news about the school, many of them written by the pupils themselves, also a monthly report of the standing of every pupil here. There is also a considerable amount of good miscellaneous reading matter. THE CANADIAN is issued twice a month during the session, and the price is only fifty cents a year, strictly in advance. The paper is intrinsically worth more than this small sum to any person, and to every parent who has any interest in welfare of his children, it is indispensable.

As there is a considerable number of new pupils present the parents of these will naturally desire to know as much as possible about the rules and regulations of the School, and the daily routine of work and play under which their children will live.

One very natural fear that the parent of a new pupil has is that his child will be very lonesome and homesick here. No doubt most of the pupils do feel this way at time, but no one would ever suspect it to see them, for a livelier, happier looking lot of boys and girls it would be hard to find anywhere. [illegible] very seldom we see any [illegible] eted looks among [illegible] pupils after the first [illegible] children enjoy their school life is evidenced by the fact that nearly all of them are eager to return [illegible] invariably entertain a warm [illegible] and most kindly recollection of the School in after life. [illegible] been at the School [illegible] visitors who have witnessed [illegible] and even affectionate [illegible] between the pupils and [illegible] and teachers, will need no other assurance that the children will be treated with every possible kindness and consideration.

Parents are expected to keep their children provided with comfortable clothing and if anything is needed a requisition will be sent from the office. They need not send any clothing, or money to buy any, unless asked for from the office. Of course they are at liberty to send extra things if they wish; we ask for necessary things only. It is not advisable to send a child here too much finery. It makes other children envious, creates pride in the child wearing it, and no one thinks any more of it for having such things. Some children write home for things they do not require and parents need pay no attention to such requests. Every child should be kept provided with a little spending money, and we hope parents will see to this. All children are fond of a little candy, and every Saturday the box is passed around and those who have money may buy a little if they wish. Five cents a week would be only two dollars a sessin oand every parent can afford that small amount.

All pupils are required to write home every three weeks, and may write as much oftener as they desire. If parents wish to hear from or about their children more frequently, all they have to do is to write to the Superintendent and they will get a reply by return mail. Parents sometimes ask that a letter be sent them from the office every day, or every week, telling about their children. It is impossible to comply with such a request. We have nearly two hundred and fifty pupils here and we are busy people, and it certainly would be unreasonable to expect us to write frequent letters about each pupil. But if you are anxious enough to write to us we will answer your letter. If, however, a child gets sick the parents will be notified at once and will get word about it every day as long as it is ill. Nothing is ever concealed from the parents, but the exact condition of the child will be stated. A physician visits the School every day and there is always a trained nurse in attendance and nothing is left undone for the sick that skill and care can accomplish. In regard to the pupils health, no news is always good news, and every parent can rest assured that if he gets no word about his child, it is all right.

Every child should get a letter from home every two weeks at least. Some pupils seldom, if ever, hear from home and this is shameful. We hope that this session no pupil will be treated with such inexcusable neglect. On the other hand, it is better for parents not to write too often, as it keeps the mind of the pupil from its work. It is best to write once a week on a stated day so that the child knows when to expect its regular letter from home.

We would like it very much if the parents of all pupils in our senior classes would have a good daily paper sent regularly to each one throughout the session. We are trying to induce our pupils to get the reading habit, and no other reading matter is more interesting and helpful than the record of current events. A Toronto or Montreal evening paper costs only a dollar or so for the session, and would be a most valuable aid to the teachers and pupils. We cannot undertake to provide newspapers for eighty or ninety pupils, so we hope the parents will do so. It is useless to send papers to the junior pupils, who are not able to read them, and who simply litter the buildings and grounds with them.

All correspondence by parents or friends of pupils about their children must be with the Superintendent only. No member of our staff, nor any other person who has any official relation to our School, has any right to correspond with parents or anyone else relative to the pupils. This rule is imperative, and the necessity of such a rule is so obvious that it should be unnecessary to have to repeat and emphasize it, yet occasionally this regulation is violated. If every member of the staff could give advice or information to parents, there could be no uniform or consistent management of the school, and neither parents nor superintendent would know where they were at. Then, of course, it is a gross discourtesy for anyone to ignore the Superintendent by writing to a subordinate officer or teacher, and an even greater discourtesy for such officer to usurp the functions of the Superintendent by replying to the letter, which should in all cases be handed to the office. If parents want to get any information about the school or about the children, they should write to the Superintendent, who who will gladly tell them anything they are entitled to know.

Report of the Committee on Resolutions

At the convention of the Ontario Association of the Deaf, the report of the Committee on Resolutions, all of which was adopted, was as follows:

Whereas, The sign language is a most beautiful language of priceless value to the Deaf;

Resolved, That any policy of education which tends to impair or destroy or restrict the use of this beautiful language is opposed to the best interests of the deaf.

Resolved, That we call upon schools for the deaf not only to preserve but to improve on this sign language and to give systematic instruction in the proper and correct use there of.

While we fully recognize and appreciate the value of speech to the deaf, we also recognize the difficulty and even the impossibility of acquiring it by many of the deaf.

Resolved, That we favor the best oral instruction for those deaf who can profit by it.

Resolved, That where the attempt to acquire speech results in the sacrifice of mental development, we favor the employment of such methods as will secure the highest and broadest mental development.

This is what the Combined System aims to do and therefore we endorse the Combined System.

Whereas, Speech reading is practicable only for individual conversation, and does not enable the deaf to understand sermons, lectures, debates, and the like;

Whereas, The sign-language offers the only practicable and satisfactory means by which the deaf may understand sermons and lectures, participate in debate and discussion, and enjoy mental recreation and culture;

Resolved, That it is the sense of the Convention that all the deaf, including those taught by the oral method, should have the privilege of using the sign-language while at school.

Whereas, The deaf, handicapped by their lack of hearing, more than any other class are benefited through life by the amelioration which education effects; and consequently are losers, along with the communities wherein they live, by the tendency to shorten their terms at school and ignore the educational privileges which the Province allows them; be it

Resolved, that this Association recommend the enactment of uniform compulsory laws wherein such laws do not at present exist.

Whereas, The requirements in the industrial world are for better trained and more competent workmen, and the deaf need every assistance in this direction, be it

Resolved, that we urge upon superintendents and administrative bodies of all schools for the deaf more liberal appropriations for this department of their schools, to the end that thoroughly modern methods may be taught.

Whereas, There is no necessity for an educated deaf person to beg or solicit alms on account of deafness; Whereas, There are many cases of persons who are not really deaf, but hearing people who prey on the sympathy of the public to the injury of the respectable and self-supporting deaf, therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is the sense of the Association that stringent laws should be enacted making it a penal offense to ask pecuniary aid on account of deafness or on the pretense of being "deaf."

Resolved, That the thanks of the Association be voted to the Local Committee for the efforts to provide for the comfort, convenience and pleasure of all in attendance.

Resolved, That we acknowledge with sincere appreciation the assistance and courtesies received by the members of the Association from Mayor Booker, the Venerable Archdecon Forneret, D. D., Mr. J. Greene, the officers the I. O. O. F. Temple Company, the Hamilton newspapers and the citizens of Hamilton who have in any way assisted to make our stay pleasant and enjoyable.

Resolved, That the Ontario Association of the Deaf and friends of the deaf should continue their efforts in behalf of the children now in school and of coming generations to secure for them the maintenance of the Combined System.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Association be given Mrs. J. R. Byrne and Mr. Geo. F. Stewart for their services is interpreters during the Convention.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Association are due and hereby extended to President Geo. W. Reeves, and the other officers for the practical, business like and efficient administration of the affairs of the Association during the past three years.

Want Signs Abolished

Last year, just after the close of school, a number of the parents of deaf children now attending school here, had an interview with Hon. R. H. Grant, Minister of Education, Dr. Coughlin and Miss Ford being also present by request. The parents asked that some method be devised by which signs could be entirely abolished in the school, or at least among the pupils in the oral classes, which now include over eighty per cent of the total number in attendance. They considered that the use of signs was a great detriment to the pupils, even if they were not used in the class-room, but were used outside. It prevents them getting as good a knowledge and as facile a use of the English language as they otherwise would, and it also lessens their chances of becoming proficient in speech and lip-reading. After hearing the views of the parents, the Minister asked Dr. Coughlin and Miss Ford to explain the present conditions in the school relative to the use of signs, and the possibility complying with the parents' wishes, after which he promised to give the matter careful consideration.

We understand that a large number of parents are in communication with one other, and it is the intention to have a meeting during the Christmas season with the object of forming a Parents' Association for the purpose of securing the total elimination of signs from the school, or a nearly so as is possible, both in the class-room and outside.

We are pleased to announce that Dr. Joseph Chant, of Belleville, an experienced and successful eye, ear and throat specialist, has been appointed ocunst and aurist of the Ontario School for the Deaf, his duties commencing on Nov. 1st.

Citizens true and loyal, striving for the right.
Citizens strong and helpful, seeking to unite;
Loving first our Maker, then our country's good,
And seeking every day a closer brotherhood.
—E. M. P.

I do love my country's good, with a respect more tender, mor holy, more profoand than mine own life.—Shakespeare.

Ontario Association of the Deaf

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SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Hon. President - - - - Dr. Coughlin
President - - - - Wm. Nurse.
Manager

THE CANADIAN

SCHOOL MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

FRIDAY, OCT. 15ht, 1920.

Please Accept our Excuses

We shall have to ask for the kindly forbearance of our readers with regard to the size of our paper and the lateness of its issue. Our printing instructor resigned at the end of last session, and no successor has yet been found for the position. As a result we have had depend entirely on the pupils who have been learning printing. This issue of THE CANADIAN has been set, made up, and printed by these boys without any aid whatever, and while not perfect, it is, we think, very well done and is a credit to the boys who have temporarily assumed the management of the office. It is good evidence of the thoroughness and practical character of the instruction they have received. A four-page paper was as much as we thought they should be asked to get out, as all the work has to be done during the two hours of shop-work in the afternoons. We will have to continue the four-page size till a printing-instructor assumes charge.

PUPILS' LOCALS

Written on Oct. 11th, 1920.

Last month same of us went to Ottawa with Miss Ford. We had a class at the fair. The people came to see us lipreading and speaking. We think that we did very well because the people clapped their hands. We had several classes there. We saw interesting sights in Ottawa. We were glad that Dr. Coughlin allowed us to go. Lorenzo Martel.

I did not come to school last year. I stayed at home because I had a bad cough. My home is on a farm near Dobbinton. Dobbinton is near Owen Sound. I helped my father on the farm. I harrowed the ground with a disc harrow. I hoed the weeds from around the vegetables. One day I went to a friend's home and he gave me a rabbit. Another friend will keep my rabbit with his rabbits all winter. R. E. Crowe.

I went to Toronto Exhibition one day to see the cattle. I was interested in seeing Mr. Arkel's sheep. I know Mr. Arkel. He won prizes for his sheep. I saw some fine cows and horses, too. I am interested in cattle because I live on a farm. I visited the Educational Building also because I wanted to see the shaving-cabinet which I made. I did not show it for a prize. I did not go down the midway.—Clifford Barbour.

I spent all my holiday at my sister's in Toronto. I had a good time going around Toronto. I went to many baseball games. One day I went to High Park. I saw many beautiful gardens and large houses. Another day I went to watch my brothers play with the Classics.—Victor Reading.

I spent the summer on my aunt's farm. My aunt came to my home and took me there. I had a good time. Sometimes I helped the men work, but I did not work for money. I helped to rake the hay and put it on the wagon. I generally worked from nine to twelve in the morning. One day I went fishing, but I did not catch any fish. I liked the farm better than the town.—Michael Coules.

—I spent one week in Detroit. It is a large city in the United States on the Detroit River. It is very pretty. I liked it very much. I saw many very tall buildings. I saw many negroes on the streets. I went to the movies several times. One day I had dinner at a cafe. My mother bought some dresses for my sister. I enjoyed my trip to Detroit very much—Charles Davey.

—I spent one week of my vacation with my aunt in Katrine. I went there from Burk's Falls on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. Katrine is five miles from Burk's Falls. I did not see anything wonderful in Katrine but I enjoyed my visit there. My grandfather's farm is near where my aunt lives. I went to see him, too. I walked all over the farm with my grandfather.

—I spent two weeks at a camp this summer. The camp was on Doe Bay. My mother, brother and some friends were with me there. I had great fun rowing, swimming and fishing. I can row a little and I can swim a few strokes. I caught four or five fish. One day my sister, Ethel, came from Toronto to see us. She stayed one week at the camp. I liked camp-life and I hope that I may go there again next year.—Gladys Blais.

One day last month I received a letter from my mother in which she told me that my grandfather would sail for Canada on Oct. 2nd. He sailed from Liverpool and arrived at Quebec City on Oct. 9th. He went to my home in Hamilton. I will be very glad to see him when I go home. I haven't seen him for four or five years. My parents, grandfather, my sister and I will go to Winnipeg after awhile. The soldiers of the P. P. C. L. I. in London, Ontario will go to Vancouver and Winnipeg. I have not been in Winnipeg. Have you been there? My aunt Olive and all her family came from England last year. My uncle does not like Canada because it is too hot. He was wounded in France. The Government paid their passage back to England. I used to live in England when I was a small boy.—W. Hacking.

I went to Belleville on Sept. 10th and from there to Ottawa with some other pupils to give a demonstration of lipreading at the Ottawa Fair. The other pupils were Willie Hacking, Lorenzo Martel, Jack Moreland, Elwood Bell, Agnes Ingle, and Lucy Buchan. Miss Ford was our teacher. We stayed at St. George's Home. We were in Ottawa one week. One morning, Miss Ford took us on a street-car a little long way to visit the mint. Canadian money is made there. We saw the silver coins but we did not see any bills. The new cent pieces are smaller than the old ones. They are like the American one cent pieces. Miss Ford took us to the Parliament Buildings, too. They are very grand. Ottawa is the capital of Canada. I liked it there. Would you like to visit Ottawa too?—Russel L. Groves.

WEDDING BELLS

BEATTY—BRETHOUR

On July 17th Mr. George Alexander Brethour, of Toronto, and formerly of Ottawa and Montreal, led to the altar Miss Donetta Gertrude Beatty, also of Toronto but formerly of Melrose, Ont. The Rev. Mr. Easton, of Dovercourt Road Presbyterian Church, performed the ceremony at four in the afternoon, Miss Enid Wiley and Mr. Herbert Whealy being witnesses to the happy uniting. The newly married couple left for a two weeks' wedding trip to Ottawa, Montreal, Melrose and Belleville. Mr. Brethour is a graduate of the MacKay School at Montreal and Mrs. Brethour of the Belleville School. They are now living in Toronto where they are very popular among their friends. Mr. Brethour is steadily employed at the Taylor Safe Works.

FLEET—KINDREE

On August 18th Miss Ellen Beatrice Fleet, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fleet of Toronto and Mr. Earl Kindree, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Kindree, of Owen Sound, swore to each other eternal love and fealty. The happy event took place at the home of the bride's parents 310 Dufferin St., the Rev. Fred Eley tieing the nuptial knot, assisted by Mrs. J. T. Shilton as interpreter. Miss Hazel Fleet, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, while Mr. Thomas Sipe was best man. After a sumptuous wedding feast the happy pair left for a wedding trip to Owen Sound. Both are graduates of the Belleville School and are very much liked by their many friends. They are now living in Toronto where Mr. Kindree works for the Brunswick, Balke, Callendar Co.

LAWSON—COLCLOUGH

On July 28th, Miss Gladys Lawson, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Lawson of Toronto became the bride of Mr. Lorne Colclough, son Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Colclough, of Clinton, Ont. The Rev. J. E. B. McElroy, of Cowan Ave. Presbyterian Church, performed the ceremony, assisted by Mrs. John F. Shilton as interpreter, in the presence of over fifty relatives and friends of the coutracting parties. The couple were unattended but Miss Fleet (now Mrs. Earl Kendree) and Mr. O. Eastman, brother-in-law of the bride, appended their signature to the register. After the ceremony the young couple left for a honeymoon trip to Hamilton, and are now living at 4 Melbourne Ave. in Toronto. Both are ex-pupils of the Belleville School, the groom graduating in 1917, and the bride in 1915. Mr. Colcough is steadily employed at the Goodyear Rubber Works at New Toronto.

GORDON—KELLY

At St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church, corner Markham and Bloor Sts. in Toronto, on June 23, 1920, the Rev. Father Malone, C. S. P., united in wedlock Miss Mary Josephine Gordon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Gordon, of Williamstown, Ont, and Mr. James Kelly, son of the late Mr. Martin Kelly and the present Mrs. Johnston, of Toronto. The Rev. Mr. Malone's words were interpreted to the contracting parties by Mrs. Murphy. The bride looked very becoming in a suit of grey silk crepe de chene with white hat to match and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. She was assisted by Miss Nancy Sellers as bridemaid, who looked dainty in a pale blue suit with black and a bouquet of sweetheart roses. Mr. Eugene McCarthy ably assisted the groom. Afterwards the newly united pair left to spend a honeymoon attending the Hamilton Convention and visiting other near by points. They are now nicely domiciled at 48 Sullivan St. Mrs. Kelly graduated from the Belleville School in 1907 and her husband in 1905. Mr. Kelly is a steadily employed by Walker and Parker, makers of the famous Empress shoes for ladies and has been working for that firm for fourteen years.

SCOTT—HEASLIP

A very pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Heaslip "Riverview Farm," Wellandport, Ont., on September 22nd, 1920, when their youngest daughter, Myrtle Ony, was united in marriage to Mr. Wm. Wesley Scott, of Toronto, only son of Mr. George Y. Scott, of Riverview, Ont. At one o'clock, to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march, played by Mr. Gordon Heaslip, brother of the bride entered the parlor leaning on her father's arm. She was attended by her niece, Miss Alice Hill, of Silverdale, as flower girl, who looked charming in a white French dress embroidered in pink silk, carrying a pink basket trimmed in white ribbon and sweet peas, while little Miss Mabel Hill, also niece of the bride, played well the part of the flower girl, bearing the ring in a dainty little silver basket. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. C. Searle, of Eicho, Ont., assisted by Mrs. J. R. Byrne, of Toronto, as interpreter. The bride looked charming in a gown of Cream Georgette over gold satin. She wore an embroidered wedding veil held in place by orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of ophelia roses and ferns. The Cavalier necklace worn was the gift of the groom. The bridal party and the guests were then ushered into dining room, where covers were laid for about 80. Over the bride's table and immediately over the beautifully decorated bride's cake, hung white bells from the ceiling, ornamented with festoons of pink and white reaching to the table. During the signing of the register, Mrs. Frank Buchner, aunt of the bride, sang "God gave you to me." The groom and the bride are well known in this community and also held in high esteem and were graduated at Ontario School for the deaf, Belleville, Ont., some few years ago, as the many valuable, useful and ornamental gifts manifest. The travelling suit of the bride was brown with hat to match wearing valuable grey fox furs the gift of the groom. The happy couple left about half past four p. m. for Hamilton, Smithville and west and south points by auto where they will spend their honeymoon. Upon their return, they will reside at 191 Silver Birch Ave, Balmy Beach, Toronto.

The President's Address

We regret we have not space at our disposal to insert Mr. Reeves' presidential address to the Hamilton Convention, but the necessity of limiting this issue to four pages makes it impossible to do so. The address was a very comprehensive one, and contained much information relative to matters of interest to the deaf. Many of the suggestions contained in it were afterwards embodied in the report of the Committee on Resolutions, which appears in full in another column. In addition to this, We give below a few extracts from the address that refer to matters of special interest to the deaf.

Church of Our Own in Toronto

"It may be of interest to you to know that the deaf of Toronto have decided to raise funds among themselves and their hearing friends to erect a church for their own use. It is not necessary to state that this has been a long-felt want with them, as the present quarters are not all that can be desired, and as the deaf population in the city is ever on the increase it may not be long before they will be cramped for room. Another reason is that they often find it a great inconvenience to arrange for a room elsewhere for their other meetings. It is a significant fact that the Toronto Evangelical Church of the Deaf has been greatly blessed in many ways. To show how eager and anxious the Toronto deaf are to have a place of worship of their own, they contributed the handsome sum of $25,875.00 toward the building fund, the payment of same to spread over the next five years. If the deaf living outside Toronto feel inclined to help along this worthy project, any contributions they may make will be sincerely appreciated. May their hopes and wishes in having a church building of their own within the next five years be fully realised!"

Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf

"This topic is quite familiar to all of us, as it has been discussed from every angle at previous conventions. That a majority of the deaf look with favor upon this project has been proved by the unanimity of opinion and support it has received at every successive convention. Owing to the long silence and inaction on the part of those who had it in hand, it may appear that the matter has been dropped, but such is not the case. The promoters have been silently putting the finishing touches to the legal aspect of the whole thing, and a charter has now been secured. A start in the way of collecting money to build the home will be made at an opportunetime.

The Deaf And Life Insurance

It is very gratifying to note that several Life Insurance Companies, which in the past apparently had a prejudice against insuring the lives of the deaf on the plea that it was more risky to do so than that of a hearing person, have now opened their doors to them. This shows that those companies have at last discovered that the opinion they held regarding our people was erroneousexactly the opinion we ourselves have held right along. Let us all hope that before very long the deaf as a people will all be enjoying the same privileges that the hearing enjoy. There is absolutely no reason why they should not."

A Lesson in Politeness

The son of a wealthy man was taught a much needed lesson in politeness by a poor gatekeeper. One rainy day as the youngster was proudly driving his new car, he came to a toll gate and asked haughtily what he was to pay.

"Ten cents, if you please," said the civil gatekeeper.

Instead of handing the money to him, the self-conceited young man, with the air of a grand duke, threw half a dollar carelessly on the wet and muddy ground.

"There, take your change out of that," he said.

The keeper stooped for the silver and, placing the change exactly on the same spot, walked coolly into his cottage. The lesson was not wasted, for the boy learned that it does not pay to be impolite or discourteous to anyone.

A Little Lamb Went Straying

(By Albert Midland, in the 'Child's Companion.')

A little lamb went straying
Among the hills one day,
Leaving its faithful shepherd
Because it loved to stray;
And while the sun shone brightly,
It knew no thought of fear,
For flowers around were blooming,
And balmy was the air.

But night came over quickly,
The hollow breezes blew—
The sun soon ceased its shining,
All dark and dismal grew:
The little lamb stood bleating,
As well indeed it might,
So far from home and shepherd,
And on so dark a night.

But ah! the faithful shepherd,
Soon missed the little thing,
And onward went to seek it,
Safe-home again to bring;
He sought on hill, in valley,
And called it by its name—
He sought, nor ceased his seeking,
Until he found his lamb.

Then to his gentle bosom
The little lamb he pressed;
And as he bore it homeward
He fondly it caressed;
The little lamb was happy
To find itself secure;
And happy, too, the shepherd
Because his lamb he bore.

And won't you love the Shepherd,
So gentle and so kind,
Who came from brightest glory,
His little lambs to find?
Take them oh! so happy,
Rejoicing in His love,
Till every lamb be gathered
Safe in His home above.

Simplicity

A successful city physician said, lately I went when I was a student, to a course of lectures on natural science. The first was given by Professor Dart, a teacher of small repute in a preparatory school. He began in a pompous, sententious tone:

"The primal laws of natural science are so recondite as to challenge the comprehension of the loftiest intellect." This was followed by the statement of these laws in "technical" language majestic and ponderous.

"He may have known what he meant," said the physician, "but I am sure none of his hearers knew. We listened, perplexed and anxious, for a while and then gave it up, and sat careless and indifferent."

The next lecturer at the college was a man who at that time ranked as one of the most learned scientists in America. The pupils were apprehensive. "If we could not understand the little man," they said, "what is the use of listening to the great one?"

However, the hall was filled, more from curiosity to see the famous naturalist than from any hope of benefit. When the hour arrived, a fatherly looking man stepped forward and nodding kindly, said:

"Young men allow me to make a personal allusion. My father was a hatter, who lived on Third street. His second wife was my stepmother, but kind and wise in her treatment of me. When I was a mere boy I loved to study beetles and plants and birds. "Let him do it, she said. It is good for him. When I was grown she said, "That is his work, he must keep to it." So it is owing chiefly to her that I learned a little about these living things. I am now going to try to tell you something of the little that I know." These simple words brought us in a moment into a hearty fellowship with the kind old man. The truths he taught us were told with the same homely directness, in striking contrast with the ambitious phrasing and obscure technology of the preceding lecturer. I never have forgotten them. Youth's Companion.

If you think you can achieve anything great or small by doing it only by fits and starts, put that erroneous idea out of your head at once. Charles Dickens.

A man must have a backbone, or how is he to hold up his head up? But that backbone is of no use to him unless he knows how to use it against the beam. C. H. Spurgeon.

An millionaire is respect is popularly accounted a contemptible, but not by those who suffer the [illegible] of a rabbled on pepper sauce [illegible] discounted although other sauces be in a walking decalogue. [illegible] of contentment is spoiled by a very small fly. W. L. Watkinson in Life.

The City of The Caliphs

When Charlemagne revived the Western Empire at the end of the eighth century A. D., it was to the caliph of Bagdad that he addressed himself on terms of equality as sharing with him the dominion of the whole world. This caliph was the illustrious Harun-al-Rashid, who lives forever as the hero of the Arabian Nights.

Bagdad stands in a central position in western Asia near the ruins of now extinct capitals than is within an equal distance in any other quarter of the earth. Sixty miles to the south stood Babylon; still closer to it, and down the Tigris were, on opposite banks, the Syrian capital, Seleucia, and the Parthian capital, Ctesiphon. When Abujafar Al-Mansaur, founded Bagdad in 732-3 A. D., he used the bricks and stones of those fallen cities to build his own.

But the fame of Bagdad dates from the appearance of Harun-al-Rashid, whose caliphate began in the year 786. He extended the city to the left bank of the river, and he also devised a means of crossing the Tigris that has not changed for a thousand years. Sometimes the bridge is swept away in seasons of flood, and then the citizens can only cross the river in a kind of coracle or circular tub.

For five centuries the caliphs flourished in Bagdad, and then the Mongol host under Hulagu, grandson of Genghis, "the scourge of God," appeared in the year 1258.

When the mongols had finished their work it is said seven hundred thousand corpses cumbered the streets. This was the great sack of Bagdad, but Timour did what he could to emulate it about the year 1400. Two hundred and thirty-eight later Bagdad passed into the hands of the Turks.

At a distance the appearance of Bagdad is not unworthy of its ancient fame. Crenelated walls, bastioned gates, numerous towers, a wide ditch, a lofty citadel, and a noble river flowing between opposing ramparts give it an aspect rare among the habitations of men. Above the walls appear the gilded domes of mosques and royal tombs, alternating with dainty minarets and cupolas.

The interior of Bagdad does not correspond with its outside show. There is no sewerage; the unfiltered water of the Tigris is conveyed from house in skins that are the nurseries of continous generations of microbes. It is not surprising that cholera is endemic, and that there is a special local disease known as "the Bagdad date mark." Under its new masters, the British, this famous city will no doubt regain its former greatness and importance.

Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to truth be sealed
As freely in the closet as the field,
So generous is fate.
—James Russell Lowell.

For manhood is the one immortal thing
Beneath time's changeful sky.
—James Russell Lowell

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A. W. MASON
ARTIST

1 Garden Ave., Toronto, Ont.

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LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED and distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go away, if put in box in office door, will be sent to city post office at 1.40 p. m. and at 4 p. m. of each day (Sunday excepted). The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any one unless the same is in the locked bag.

LETTERS---PACKAGES---BOXES.

IF parents or friends send letters, packages or boxes to pupils, address as follows:—

[name of pupil]
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

☞ Prepay postage, express or freight charges in all cases

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION

WEST—2.15 a. m.; 7.50 a. m.; 11.40 a. m.; 3.00 p. m. 1.50 p. m.
EAST—12.25 a. m.; 1.56 a. m. 11.10 a. m.; 12.11 p. m.; 5.35 p. m.
MADOC AND PETERBORO' BRANCH—5.20 a. m.; 12.10 p. m.; 3.15 p. m.

Canadian Northern Railway.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS

For Toronto, Port Hope Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points; 8.10 A. M. (Except Monday), 1.25 A.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
For Trenton, Picton, and Intermediate points; 7.00 A.M., 12.25 P.M. and 5.15 P.M. (Daily Except Sunday).
For Maynooth, Bancroft and Intermediate points; 7.00 A.M. (Except Sunday).
For Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points; 7.00 A.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
For Napanee, Deseronto, Harrowsmith, Kingston and Intermediate points; 7.55 A. M., 1.25 P. M. and 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday.)
For Smiths Falls, Ottawa, and Intermediate points; 3.10 A. M. and 1.25 P. M. (Except Sunday).
For Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk; 3.05 A.M., 7.55 A.M., 1.25 P.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).

From Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points; 3.10 A. M., 1.25 P.M. (Except Sunday) and 9.35 P.M.
From Trenton, Picton and Intermediate points; 7.55 A.M., 1.25 P.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Maynooth, Bancroft and Intermediate points; 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points; 7.00 A.M. and 5.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Kingston, Harrowsmith, Napanee, Deseronto and Intermediate points; 3.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate points; 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday) and 5.15 M. (Except Sunday).
From Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk; 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday), 5.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).

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THE CANADIAN.
Belleville, Ontario.

TORONTO EVANGELICAL CHURCH OF THE DEAF

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows in every Sunday:

West End Y. M. C. A., Corner of College St. and Dovercourt Rd. at 11 a. m.
Toronto Mission, Temperance St., at 3 p. m.
Central Y. M. C. A. at 11 a. m. and 7.15 p. m.
Bible Class every Wednesday evening at Central Y. M. C. A., 40 College St. at 8 p. m.
Superintendent Mr. P. FRASER, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.
Ontario Mission Committee Convener—Mr. F. E. HARRIS, 111 St. Patrick St., Toronto.
Mrs. J. E. RYNSE, Deaconess, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.

ALL WELCOME

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send me the names and post office addresses of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them, so that I may forward to them particulars concerning this School, and inform them where and by what means their children can be instructed.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

School for the Blind

BRANTFORD, ONT

THE PROVINCIAL SCHOOL FOR the Education and Instruction of Blind children, is located at Brantford, Ontario. For particulars address

W. B. RACE, Principal

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS—From 8.00 a. m. to 1 p.m. with recess from 10.40 to 11.00 during which lunch is served to the pupils.

AS SOON AS THE PUPILS ASSEMBLE in the class-rooms in the morning each teacher will open by prayer. At 9 o'clock the pupils will assemble in the chapel and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner. The prayers are those prescribed for use in the Public Schools of Ontario. Teachers and Instructors are to be in their respective rooms and departments five minutes before the time for the assembling of pupils.

EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8 p. m. Voluntary reading hours for senior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY—Sunday School at 9.00 a. m. General Lecture at 3.30 p. m. Pupils of all denominations attend their respective churches whenever desired by the pastors in charge.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN.—Rev. Ven. Archdeacon Beamish, M. A. (Anglican). Rev. J. S. Kerr, B. A. (Presbyterian); Rev. A. H. Foster, (Methodist); Rev. T. H. Wallace, (Baptist); Rev. Father Killoran, Catholic.

BIBLE CLASSES, Sunday morning at 9.05; International Series of Sunday School Lessons. Superintendent, Mr. George Stewart; Teachers—Mrs. Dafoe, Miss Linn, Miss Hull, Miss Ford, Miss James, Miss Brown, Miss Falen, Miss Steel, Miss Curry, Miss Handley, Miss Panter, Miss Springer, Miss Nurse, Miss Ireland, Miss Sterk and Miss Malcolm.

THE CATHOLIC PUPILS receive religious instruction on Sunday morning from 8.45 to 9.30 and on Friday afternoon from 2 to 3.30. Teachers, Miss Deannard, Miss Riordon Miss Jheanon and Miss Carroll.

Superintendent of all denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.

Industrial Departments:

GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday afternoon of each week from from 1.15 to 4 o'clock.

THE PRINTING OFFICE, SHOE AND CARPENTER SHOPS from 2.30 to 4.30 for junior pupils and from 2.30 to 5.30 for senior pupils who attend school; for those who do not, from 7.30 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 1.30 to 5.30 p. m. each working day except Saturday, when the office and shops will be closed at noon.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASSES as may be arranged from time to time.

THE SEWING CLASS HOURS are from 8.15 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do not attend school, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons

☞ The Printing office, Shops, Sewing Room and Domestic Science Department to be left each day when work ceases in a clean and tidy condition.

☞ Pupils are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments, except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent

☞ Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work in hand to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the School, will be made welcome on any day school. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays. The best time for visitors on ordinary school day is as soon after 9 o'clock as possible.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the School, they are kindly advised not to prolong leaves taking with their children. It only makes disconfort for all concerned, particularly for the parents. The child will be tenderly cared for, and if left in our charge without delay will be quiet happy with the others in a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. If parents must come, however, they will be made welcome to the class-room and allowed every opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodging or meals, or entertain guests at the School. Good accommodation may be had in the city at the Quinte Hotel, Crystal, Queens, City and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. No correspondence will be allowed between parents and teachers or employees under any circumstances without special permission upon each occasion. Every letter addressed to the Superintendent will be promptly answered.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTERS FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE THEY ARE WELL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home once in two weeks, and may write oftener if they wish; letters will be written by teachers for the little ones who cannot write, stating, as nearly as possible, their wishes.

☞ No medical preparations that have been used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the school.

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise specifics and appliances for the cure of Deafness. In 999 cases out of a 1000 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well-known medical practitioners in cases of adventitious deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent

THE CANADIAN

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Ontario School for the Deaf, Belleville.

VOL. XXVII BELLEVILLE, NOVEMBER 1, 1920 NO. 3

ONTARIO SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA
UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. R. H. GRANT,
MINISTER OF EDUCATION, TORONTO.

Officers of the School:

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., ...*Superintendent*
J. W. PEARCE .....*Bursar*
W. W. BOYCE, M. D. .....*Physician*
MISS E. A. WILLOUGHBY .....*Matron*
MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD.....*Assistant Matron*

Teachers:

ORAL

W. J. CAMPBELL
Supervising Teacher Senior Oral Dept.
MISS CATHERINE FORD
Supervising Teacher Junior Oral Dept.

MISS K. SCOTT
MISS E. NURSE
MISS L. CARROL
MISS H. SUNTER
MISS I. MALCOLM
MISS A. STIRK
MISS S. E. WARD
MISS B. A. WILSON
MISS G. BRADLEY

MANUAL

MISS GEORGINA LINN
Supervising Teacher Manual Department

MISS I. MCBRIDE, *Stenographer & Clerk.*
MISS CLARA COOMBE, *Trained Nurse and Instructress in Home Nursing.*
MISS ADA JAMES
MISS NINA BROWN
MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD, *Teacher of Domestic Science*
MRS. L. G. WILLIAMS, *Teacher of Sewing*
MRS. SYLVIA L. BAILIS *Teacher of Fancy Work*

WM. NURSE, *Storekeeper & Associate Supervisor.*
W. SMITH, *Supervisor of Boys, etc.*
ALEX. MORRICE, *Master Shoemaker.*
Engineer.
M. W. PARKS, *Master Carpenter.*
J. N. BOYD, *Master Baker.*

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this School is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools

All deaf persons between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious disease, who are *bona fide* residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $30 per year for board, Tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf persons whose parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT CHARGED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Baking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in General Domestic Work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of Sewing Machines and such Ornamental and Fancy Work as may be desirable. Manual Training in woodwork for boys, and Domestic Science for girls have been introduced

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

☞ The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent,
BELLEVILLE, ONT

POETRY

"The Patter of Little Feet."

Up with the sun at morning,
Away to the garden he hies
To see if the sleepy blossoms
Have begun to open their eyes;
Running a race with the wind,
His step as light and fleet,
Under my window I hear,
The patter of little feet.

Anon to the brook he wanders,
In swift and noiseless flight,
Splashing the sparkling ripples
Like a fairy water sprite.
No sand under foot delays him,
He gleams like his golden hair,
No pearly sea shell is fairer
Than his slender ankles bare:
Nor the rosiest stem of coral
That blushes in ocean's bed,
Is sweet as the flush that follows
Our darling's airy tread.

From a broad window my neighbor
Looks down on our little tot,
And watches "the poor man's blessing:
"I cannot envy his lot:
He has pictures, books and music,
Bright fountains and noble trees:
Flowers that bloom in vases
And birds from beyond the seas:
But never does childish laughter
His homeward footsteps greet,
His stately halls never echo
To the tread of innocent feet.

This child is our "speaking picture,"
A birdling that chatters and sings:
Sometimes a sleeping cherub
(Our other one has wings).
His heart is a charmed casket,
Full of all that is cunning and sweet,
And no harp strings hold such music
As follows his twinkling feet.

When the glory of sun-set opens
The highway by angels trod,
And seems to usher the city
Whose builder and maker is God
Close by the crystal portal,
I see by the gates of pearl,
The eyes of the other angel
A twin-born little girl.

And I ask to be taught and directed
To guide his footsteps aright,
So that I be accounted worthy
To walk in sandals of light:
And hear amid songs of welcome
From messengers trusty and fleet,
On the starry floor of heaven
The patter of little feet.

—Mrs. S. E. Wallace.

MISCELLANEOUS

Honor Bright

Farmer Pritchard took little Tommy, four years old, to spend with his mother, from the poorhouse on first. "He's bright," said the farmer, "but I don't know whether he's honest. That's the thing on my mind."

Tommy had been there a week—one week of sunshine—when the black cloud came.

Farmer Pritchard had a cough at night and on the bureau, near the head of the bed, he kept a few gumdrops, which he could reach out and get to soothe his throat. One forenoon, chancing to go into the bedroom, his eye fell on the little paper bag, and he saw there was not a gumdrop left.

"Tommy has been here, he said. "I know there were five or six there when I went to bed last night, and I did not take one. Tommy! Look here! Have you been getting my gumdrops?"

Tommy who was playing in the door, looked up brightly add said:

"No I did not."

"Did you take them, Lucy?" asked the farmer, turning to his wife.

Mrs. Pritchard had not touched them, and her heart sank as she said so, for who was there left to do it but little Tommy? Her husband's face grew grave.

"Tommy," he said," you need not be afraid of the truth! Did you take the gumdrops?

"No, I didn't," replied Tommy.

"Oh, yes, you did, Tommy. Now tell the truth."

"No, I didn't."

"This is bad, very bad, indeed," said Mr. Pritchard, sternly. "This is what I have been afraid of."

"Oh, Tommy!" pleaded Mrs. Pritchard, "if you took them, do say so."

"If he took them!" repeated he husband. "Why, it's as clear as daylight."

Tommy had been running in and out of the room all the morning.

But Tommy denied, though the farmer commanded and his wife implored. Mr. Pr tchard's face grew ominous.

"I'll give you till noon to tell the truth," he said, and then if you don't confess, why I'll have nothing to do with a boy that lies. We'll ride back to the poor-farm this afternoon."

"Oh, Joseph," said Mrs. Pritchard, following her husband into the entry, "He is little, give him one more trial." "Lucy," he said firmly "when a youngster tells a falsehood like that with so calm a face, he is ready to tell a dozen. I tell you it's in the blood. I'll have nothing to do with a boy that lies."

He went out to his work and Mrs. Pritchard returned to Tommy and talked with him a long while very kindly and persuasively, but all to no effect. He replied that he had not touched the gumdrops.

At noon Farmer Pritchard went into the house and they had dinner. After dinner he called Tommy.

"Tommy," he asked, "Did you take the gumdrops?"

"No, I didn't," said Tommy.

"Very well," said the farmer, "my horse is harnessed. Lucy put the boy's cap on. I shall carry him back to the poorhouse, because he will not tell the truth."

"I don't want to go back," said Tommy, but still he denied taking the gumdrops.

Mr. Pritchard told his wife to get the boy ready. She cried as she brought out his little coat and cap and put them on.

But Tommy did not cry. He comprehended that an injustice was done, and he knit his baby brow and held his little lips tight.

The horse was brought round and Mr. Pritchard became for the boy. I think he believed up to the last Tommy would confess, but the little fellow stood steadfast.

He was lifted into the wagon. Such a little boy he looked as they drove away. His thought of the cold house to which he was being carried, the helpless old women, the jeering boys, the nights of terror—all these he thought of, when, with pale face and lips tight, he was taken down from the wagon and went up to the poorhouse.

Farmer Pritchard watched him as he went up the steps. He went in.

Bee master came for an explanation. It was given and the farmer drove away. He laid a fresh stock of gumdrops on the bureau, near the bed, and thought grimly that these were safe. He retired early, but his sleep was broken. Mrs. Pritchard could not sleep at all. The tree stole through her eyelids long after the candle was out. She was thinking of a little boy, perhaps cowering in his cold bed with terror. Suddenly a curious small sound attracted her attention. It was repeated again and again, and now and then there was a tiny rustle of the paper. The sound came from the bureau. She listened and her heart beat with excitement. She knew the sound. "Joseph!" she whispered.

"Joseph!"

"What, Lucy?" said her husband. He too, had been lying awake.

"Did you hear that noise, Joseph? It's mice."

"I know it."

"It's mice, Joseph, and they're after your gumdrops."

"Good gracious, Lucy!" groaned Farmer Pritchard upon his pillows.

It flashed upon him instantly. He, and not Tommy, was the sinner. The noise stopped. The little depredators were frightened, but soon began again. And a rare feast they made. It seemed as if the night would never end. The farmer heard every hour the clock struck, and at five o'clock he got up and made a fire in the kitchen. His wife arose at the same time and began to get breakfast."

"I won't wait for breakfast," he said, "You can have it ready when we get back. I'll harness and start now."

In a few moments the wheels rolled over the frosty ground, and away drove Mr. Pritchard in the morning starlight.

Mrs. Pritchard brought out the child's tops and primer, and made the kitchen look its cheerfullest. Then she got breakfast. She baked potatoes and fried chicken and made fritters. She put the nicest syrup on the table, and a plate of jellies and tarts. She laid Tommy's knife and fork in their place and set up his chair. The sun had risen, and the bright beams fell across the table.

As they drove into the yard they stopped at the door, and the wondering, smiling little Tommy was lifted down in Mrs. Pritchard's eager arms. She held him very tight.

"Lucy, let's have breakfast now," said the farmer. "He's never going away again."

Do not be ready to trust or distrust children. Remember this story and the little mice who took the gumdrops. —Selected.

Mistakes versus Blunders

Is there a difference between mistakes and blunders, a distinction which, perhaps, is not generally made?

A young draughtsman in an architect's office was entrusted with the preparations of a set of plans for a dwelling house, based upon another set, to be modified somewhat as to dimensions of rooms but with very little difference except that the new plans called for a basement whereas the other had none. In copying the drawing of the front elevation of the house, the original was so closely followed that no basement windows showed in the foundation wall whereas the floor plans called for one. The omission was not discovered by the architect until the drawings were just about to be mailed. When discovered it, he said:

"Look these drawings over carefully and see that there are no more blunders. There is a difference between mistakes and blunders; a mistake is a failure due to ignorance or lack of understanding, a blunder is a failure when you know better. Why you, who knew what I expected you to make mistakes but now such an omission as you have made is a blunder."

It did not require any further moralizing to impress the lesson upon the mind of the draughtsman and many future "blunders" were obviated because truth had been emphasized. If the lesson and its application to affairs in the moral realm could be as deeply emphasized, might not much thought be given for "sins committed while conscience slept," for "vows and promise inkept," be avoided? If employers are severe in their condemnation of "blunders" on the part of employees, how much more reason is there for condemnation in matters affecting spiritual things when we persist in sinning against known truth and right.

Children Versus Foxes

In a certain section of Canada the breeding of foxes constitutes a thriving industry. A humble student of mental hygiene happened to be visiting in the neighborhood. He trudged along, and finally came to a cross-road where he discovered a public school on one side and a fox ranch on the other. He noted that the school was in a dilapidated condition and housed fifty children, and the teacher was an amiable individual, who found it possible to preserve good nature and to keep health and soul together on a salary of $300 per year. A visit to the fox ranch across the road proved much more stimulating. The caretaker was a prosperous man who received remuneration to the extent of $2,000 per annum. It appeared that fox ranching was given a higher place in the estimation of the community than the training of children.

THE CANADIAN

Eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Ontario School for the Deaf

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

GEO. F. STEWART, ... EDITOR.

OUR MISSION:

First—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

Second—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf subscribers.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils now in the School, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

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A few select advertisements will be inserted. Rates made known on application.

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THE CANADIAN,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO.

MONDAY, NOV. 1st, 1920.

A Long Step Forward

Prof. Honline, of Ohio, the chief speaker at the Religious Educational Convention held in Belleville last week, gave some interesting and startling facts relative to educational conditions in the United States. He said that the average salary paid last year to public school teachers in the United States was only $635, and as a result tens of thousands of teachers are leaving the profession to take up other vocations where there is a chance of earning enough to get at least a decent livelihood. The average time that teachers remain in the profession is only three and a half years. Over one third of the teachers, who took the charge of the schools when they opened this fall, had never taught before, and 150,000 of the public school teachers now employed are between 17 and 25 years of age. Last year over 20,000 public schools in the United States were closed because they could not secure teachers which means that over 5,000,000 children of school age were unable to attend school. Out of every thousand children who attend public school, only 131 graduate from the high school.

Serious as these conditions are, the facts relative to the religious education of the boys and girls of the United States are still more startling. Dr. Honline, who vouches for the approximate accuracy of his figures, stated that over sixty-nine per cent of the children are getting no religious instruction whatever, Jewish, Catholic or Protestant. In Chicago the proportion is seventy-six per cent. There are over two million fewer children now attending Sunday School than in 1914, while over sixty million people, out of the population of one hundred million, are not connected with any church. $84 a year is the average amount spent for the education of each pupil in the high schools, $31.65 for each pupil in the public schools and $.48 for the religious instruction of each scholar in the Sunday Schools.

It was felt that such conditions should no longer be tolerated, and carefully planned efforts are now being made by some of the leading religious organizations to remedy the defect. Valuable as has been and still is the work done by the Sunday Schools, it is felt that this is not sufficient, even if all the children were attending. A child who goes to Sunday School regularly gets less than thirty hours of religious instruction in a year, which is obviously, even absurdly, inadequate. If it is true that "what we want in our civilization we must put into our boys and girls," then much more attention must be paid to their religious instruction than heretofore, since all that is best in civilization, all that promotes the highest welfare of mankind, comes from the life lived and the principles taught by the Man of Nazareth, as narrated in the New Testament.

To supply this great need a well-organized and powerfully influential effort is now being made to associate religious instruction with the public and high school work, and it is gratifying to know that it is meeting with very great, and in some cases unexpected, success. The plan usually adopted is as follows: By arrangement with the educational authorities, the Bible is placed on the curriculum as a bonus subject, as is done with some other subjects.

A school, supported entirely by the united religious organizations, is then opened near the public or high school, at which a thorough course in Bible study, free from all sectarian bias, is given. Pupils who elect to attend this course are given the privilege of doing so at certain school periods set apart every day for that purpose. An approved examination is given at the end of the course and all who pass satisfactorily are given a certain number of credit marks, generally one or two credits out a total of sixteen required for passing. This system has been adopted by the boards of education in a very large number of cities and towns in the United States, and is rapidly extending, with results that cannot fail to be of incalculable and far-reaching benefit. We understand that a movement is already under way to introduce a similar system into Ontario, where the need of it is no doubt relatively as great as in the United States.

TORONTO TOPICS

Mr. James Ross enjoyed the Thanksgiving holidays in Hamilton with his sister-in-law.

Mr. Neil A. McGillivray spend Thanksgiving very pleasantly with Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLaren in Raglan.

Mr. and Mrs. Elezear Gagne of Montreal were in this city lately on a few days honeymoon trip and then many friends were pleased to see them. The latter is a charming and wealthy French Canadian deaf lady. May their lives be crowned with success and happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts, Miss Elizabeth Ferguson and Mr. Ernest Johnston went up to Dundalk for Thanksgiving and while there enjoyed the time motoring around visiting relatives and friends in Swinton Park, Hopeville and Priceville.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pugsley have returned from a very pleasant three weeks' holiday with relatives and friends in Jarvis' Cheapside, Simcoe, Nanticoke, Port Dover and Selkirk.

Mr. John Buchan was down in Ottawa and other parts east on his recent three weeks' holiday.

On October 16th Mr. Robert McPherson left for Woodstock and in company with Mr. Charles Ryan motored to Stratford in the latter's car to attend the Forsythe party and on their return he visited friends in New Hamburg, Breslau, Kitchener and Brantford.

Mr. Pilgrim, of Winnipeg, was a recent visitor to our midst. Come again, old boy.

We all sympathize with Mr. Charles Elliott and his sisters, Misses Laura and Eva Elliott in the death of their youngest sister, Mrs. G. A. Depew, of New York, who died in Toronto on October 13th. Her end was peace.

We are pleased to see Mr. George W. Reeves around again after his recent serious illness brought on by blood poison. He was in Kitchener for the Sabbath services on October 24th.

Since Mrs. Euphremia Terrell left to live with Dr. and Mrs. Forster in Whitby, her happy smiles are seen no more. We hear the surroundings are more than agreeable to her. Though absent, she is never forgotten.

Mr. William Roman left on Oct. 23rd, for Ottawa and after a few days in the Capital, proceeded on to Montreal. We will not likely see him until next spring.

Messrs. Russell Ormiston, of Raglan, and Ernest Johnston, of Carp, who have been in Manitoba and Saskatchewan respectively during the past summer pursuing their calling of veterinary surgeons, are back here at college once more.

Mrs. J. R. Byrne, our talented and beloved interpreter, who spent a month among the islands of Georgian Bay at the expense of the Toronto Association of the Deaf, has returned much benefitted therefrom.

Mr. Frank E. Harris was out to see his mother for a few days during Thanksgiving week. He was in St. Williams for the meeting on the Sunday he was away. His wife was also in Lincoe for several weeks during the summer.

We hear a number of our young friends had a frolicsome outing to Lambton Park on Thanksgiving Day.

Miss Eva Elliott is back again from a lengthy sojourn with friends in London.

Miss Isabel Barker hied herself away for Thanksgiving up where

> The sheep and bovine love to roam
> On the banks of the River Tyne
> And Scotchmen love to sing in glee
> For "Auld Lang Syne".

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Slater, of King, was the city for Thanksgiving.

The Misses Gladys Sours and Margaret Golds, who had been employed at the Elgin House in Muskoka all summer, were in this city for a few days lately on their way home to Clinton and Kitchener respectively. Miss Golds' hearing sister was also with them.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. McIntosh, of Oakville, have the sympathy of all in the death of the former's mother lately.

Our esteemed friend, Miss Margaret Borthwick, who has been down at her old home in Ottawa since last spring, is back in our midst again.

Messrs Thomas Bradshaw and Theodore Law, of Hamilton, have with their families gone to live in Sunny California. We surely do miss them but wish them every success in their new home beyond the Cascades.

On October 16th a goodly number of their friends from Preston, Kitchener, New Hamburg, Woodstock, Stratford, Avonton, and St. Mary's unexpectedly swooped down and almost sacred Mr. and Mrs. John Forsythe of Stratford to death. So sudden was it that John almost ran for the police but when he found it was not a gang of Bolsheviks but their own good friends they at once regained their composure and extended a warm welcome to all. It was Mr. and Mrs. Forsythe's wedding anniversary and a liberal purse of gold was presented to the host and hostess as a loving remembrance.

Mr. Harry Hansfield of Winnipeg has come to this city to take a course in linotyping and we welcome him to our midst.

On Oct. 9th a good number of our young friends got up a corn roast. One chap, in trying to dip up a kettleful of water from the river, accidently stepped on a loose stone and losing his balance was unceremoniously precipuated into the chilly water up to his waist. Such a drenching did he receive that he made for home at once. Save for this little mishap the evening was one full of fun. On their way home they were entertained for a while at "Nora Glen," the new home of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts, just beyond the river bank. They are now talking of holding another similar outing.

Mr. Frank H. Radbone was in Simcoe over Thanksgiving, visiting friends.

We hear that Mr. and Mrs. John Crough of Windsor have sold their home in that city at a profit.

We regret to hear of the death of Mr. James Mosher's mother in Hamilton on Oct. 23rd and extend our sympathy to the bereaved members of the family. The deceased was a lovable and christian lady beloved by all. She was in her 90th year.

Mr. P. Fraser took Mrs. N. O'Neil, Miss M. O'Neil and Miss Brethour in his Ford to King on October 23rd.

A Flower Mission

"Don't you want to throw away that wilted rose and put on this fresh one?" The scene was on the platform of a street car, where a sweet-faced lady, in a tailor made gown, evidently from the upper class of society, offered the weary car conductor a rose from the cluster of hot-house blossoms which she was carrying in her hand.

The man's tired face lighted up as he said; "Thank you, ma'am, but I don't want to spoil your bouquet."

The lady smiled as she answered, brigtly: "O it won't do that. I am going shopping, and to each girl who waits upon me I give a rose."

How rested the man looked as he accepted the flower! On the opposite side of the car sat a group of school-girls, who listened with intense interest to the conversation. The lady left the car, but her kind act had dropped a seed-thought in the heart of these girls.

"What a lovely idea!" exclaimed one of them as the car moved on. "Why haven't we thought of something like it before?"

"We have just loads of pansies," said another. "We picked a thousand blossoms to decorate the tables for the Shakespeare luncheon a week ago. The plants are full of flowers again. I'm going to pick a basket of them and take them to that glove girl at Dodd's."

"Our hedge of roses is just coming into bloom," announced a third. "I'll gather a big cluster and gave them to that dear little girl at Philips's. She always takes such pains to see that I am well served."

So the plan grew, and was not only a plan, but was actually carried out. Each time that these dainty maidens from the city's suburb went into town they carried with them something from the home gardens. Many a girl in the stores of the great city went home at night almost forgetting her weariness at the sight of the flowers in her hand.

The girls had not thought of making their little plan public but in some way the story leaked out. Others took up the idea, and now, in that city, there is scarcely a day but someone from the suburbs carries to the sisterhood of workers in town a bit of God's out-of-door world.

Trust and toil are well represented in their proper relations by the Christian Indian who is reported in The American Missionary as writing to his brother of his new life, "I pray every day, and hoe onions." There are so many who expect to get a crop in this life by praying without hoeing, and so many more who think that hoeing will do the business without prayer, that it is refreshing now and then to find the gospel of faith and works preached and illustrated in its entirety. "I pray every day, and hoe onions." That is a very good modern response to the Cromwellian injunction, "Trust in God, and keep your powder dry."

BFBS reports that in China last year the total number of copies circulated was 1,086,670 copies. Of these 31,8.3 were free grants made for special purposes, which leaves the actual sales well over a million copies. This far outstrips all previous records.

The teacher who knows how to commend the work of her pupils when they do well without developing snobbishness and conceit, possesses an influence over them that is of great value. Indiscriminate praise is worse than none. The children generally know when they deserve credit, and it should not be withheld, for to do so would produce discouragement. Many parents and teachers appreciate their children and are proud of them, yet they refrain from showing their proper recognition for fear of spoiling them. The other extreme where indiscriminate praise is given is if anything worse than no praise. There is a mean which should be sought.—The Western Pennsylvanian.

> When school is over for the day,
> And books and pencils put away,
> Remember, please, in every case,
> That all things must be in their place.
> A desk that's neat, and kept just so
> Will save a lot of time, you know.
> Selected.

Ontario Association of the Deaf

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THE CANADIAN

SCHOOL MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

MONDAY, NOV. 1st, 1920.

How Parents Can Help Pupils

Once again we request—we urgently request—their parents to subscribe for a good daily paper for each of the pupils in our senior classes. Most children are eager for news, and nearly every day the teachers are asked by some one in the class, "What is the news." If the teachers ask the pupils to tell or write some of the important events of the day, they are met with the reply, "I don't know any news, I have no paper to read." The teacher may give the pupils a few items of news occasionally, but really has not time to keep them posted on all of the important happenings, so every pupil should received a daily paper so that he can find them out for himself. A newspaper is a most valuable class-room aid in many ways, developing the pupils, general intelligence, increasing their vocabulary, clothing the dry, bones of historical and geographical facts with the glow of vitality and living interest, enlarging their outlook upon life and upon the world in general, and instilling in them, as perhaps nothing else can, the "community spirit" and a proper conception of the relation each person bears to his fellow men. At the same time, reproduction of news is one of the most useful and interesting forms of composition work. We hope parents will comply with our request and supply each pupil with a good daily paper, the cost of which for a few months is trifling.

Please Be Patient

We must ask our readers to continue to be patient with us for the lateness, reduced size and imperfections in THE CANADIAN. We have not yet secured a printing instructor, and the pupils in the printing office are doing the best they can in the limited time at their disposal. We are also unable to keep our mailing list corrected up to date. However a receipt is sent by mail for each subscripton received, so this must suffice for the present.

> It's a beautiful land we live in,
> So wide, and rich and free;
> I'll guard and protect its honor,—
> A true patriot I will be.
> — E. M. P.

The brave man is not he who feels no fear, for that were stupid and irrational: but he whose noble soul its fear subdues, and bravely dares the danger which it shrinks from.

—Joanna Baillie.

> Safe is the freedom we cherish,
> Safe is the rule of the right,
> Children will hold it and guard it,
> Liberty's beacon of light. —Ella Dare

HOME NEWS

—Of course our boys and girls had their little fun at Hallow'een, and no one minded that, as they did no damage in any way.

—Our shoe-shop is being equipped with an up to date set of machinery. A Goodyear stitcher and finisher, which are the best money can buy, is already in position and only awaiting the electric wiring to be put into operation. A number of other auxiliary machines are also here and we hope to have the addition of a Mackay stitcher soon. We will then be will set up for many years.

—Our farm and garden produce is now nearly all in. Our potato crop has been a good one, the best for many years, and we expect to have plenty for our needs until next summer if they keep well.

—New pupils are still coming in. It is bad both for the children and the classes in which they are entered to have them come so late. Sometimes there are unavoidable circumstances to prevent prompt attendance and these may be excused.

Indoor Baseball

Our boys have been playing some spirited games of indoor baseball among themselves and the excitement often ran high. The boys of the carpenter, shoeshop and printing office each found teams and a round of interesting games were played, resulting in the printers proving themselves the best team. They felt so bumptious and confident of their skill that they challenged the best players of all the other shops to form a team against them, but this time Dick, Pye and Co. "bit off more than they could chew" and went down to defeat, the other boys being determined "to get their goat", if any way possible. They met at 4 p. m. after work was was over and it took two afternoon to decide the contest, the printers being defeated by a score of 25 to 20.

Foot-ball

The first game this term took place on our grounds on Saturday afternoon, the 6th, Albert College being our opponents. No one expected our lads to do much, they had not trained, they being out for the first time on the evening before the game, and only three of our last year's team are at school again, their places being filled by young and inexperienced lads. The College lads were mostly full grown young men and most of them had been well trained; their right wing leader especially put up some fine play. Kicking down hill with the wind, our visitors soon made their first score, our inexperienced half-backs failing to back up the defence. We lost another when our raw goal tender let one slip between his legs. We hoped for better luck during the second half, but lack of training told against our lads and they were pretty tired, and faulty play lost us two or three good chances to score. Our visitors, however, did not let up a bit and scored twice more before time was up. A gentleman from the College handled the game well.

PUPILS' LOCALS

Written on Oct. 25th, 1920

—I read in the Globe last week that Willie McGovern's mother and his sister went to a moving picture show on Saturday-night. His father was away in Montreal. While Willie's mother and sister were at the theatre, a thief climbed through a window into their house. Then he pulled out drawers but there was nothing there for him. Then he saw anther drawer and he pulled it but it was locked. He could not open it and he was very much disappointed. So he climbed out of the window and escaped. The police did not catch him. When Willie's mother and sister came home from the theatre, they saw the clothes and things on the floor and they knew that a thief had been in the room. They went to the drawers to see if the thief took their jewelry but he had not taken them and they were very glad. If they forgot to lock the drawer, the thief would have got them.—Lorenzo Maiola.

—In the summer I went to Humber Bay twice. My sister took me in her friend's auto. She bought a box of chocolates for us while we rode along. I helped my brother-in-law to pick vegetables and wash them. Some boys put them on the ground to dry. I had a gay time there. Perhaps I will go there next summer. Flora Leeder.

—I received a letter from my mother last Tuesday. My Aunt Margaret and Uncle Marshall have come to Hamilton from New York. My brother and sister were surprised to see them. I did not see them. My mother told me they would come to Hamilton again at Christmas. I think that they will have a good time.—Jack Moreland.

—Last Saturday we went to the Albert College grounds to see the Belleville High School boys playing rugby with the Peterboro boys. Elwood McBrien, a deaf boy, played with the Peterboro boys. The score was 35 to 1 in favor of the Belleville High School boys. Elwood McBrien made one goal for the Peterboro boys by kicking the ball over the line. We were surprised to see McBrien getting a goal.—Frank Bealer.

—In August, I visited Iona Osborne and stayed with her for a week. We went swimming twice in Lake Simcoe at Jackson's Point. We had an enjoyable swim and went to her cottage in which her family live for the summer. We took some pictures. Sometimes we went for a walk at night, to Iona's father's store. She went home with with me and my sister Ada took us in the auto. Iona stayed for a week but my sister Jean told her that she wanted her to stay one Monday. We had a good time.—Norma Smith.

—Last summer I went to Barrie with my father. Barrie is a town near Lake Simcoe. We had dinner in a cafe and it was good. I went to the dentist and the man was kind to me. I met Roy Bowen in Barrie. He told me that he would not come back school this year as he will help his father.—Harry Sloan.

—I often read a story in a book. I read one about a colonel and soldiers. When the soldiers went on the boat to England, one of them brought a dog. The colonel saw it and he ordered him not to take the dog. The soldier went away from the boat. He asked a doctor to keep the dog for him. The doctor gave it sleeping medicine. He put it into a sack and gave it to the soldier who brought it to the boat but the colonel examined the bag. At last he found the dog. He ordered the soldier to upset the sack but he did not want to. The colonel asked him why not. The soldier showed him the sack. The colonel laughed heartily. What do you think was in the sack?—Joe. Lionel. Goldman.

In June Lera Petch and her mother came to Markham from Milliken. I saw them. I ran into the house and told my mother that they were there. I shook hands with them. Mother talked with them for a while. Lera told me that she saw my father's barber shop. After a while they went home. Maybe I will go to Milliken to see Lera next summer.—M. Egginton.

Last summer I worked in "The Bob Long Co." I earned quite a lot of money. Then I took a holiday for two weeks. I was at home. One day mother gave me five dollars. I read in the newspaper that a steamboat was to leave Toronto at 7.30 and arrive at Niagara on the Lake at 11.30. So I went there. Early Saturday morning I went to the wharf and gave five dollars to the office-man for a return ticket and he gave me back $3.45. It cost me $1.55. I was on Lake Ontario for four hours. I arrived at Niagara on the Lake safely. At Niagara on the Lake the weather was very cool. I thought that there was a city there but it was only a town. While I was at Niagara on the Lake, I saw a farmer driving a horse. He stopped it and got out of the wagon to go to a store. The horse stayed on the road without a weight. A railroad track was near the store. The horse walked over on the track. I saw a train of cars coming and I ran to the horse to take it from the track and soon the train passed. I saved the horse. I took it to the farmer and told him about it. He thanked me and gave me two dollars. There were trolley-cars there. I rode in one and arrived at Niagara Falls. Of course I had a very good visit as it was the first time I ever saw them. I asked a man what time it was, and he told me that it was 5.30 o'clock and I thanked him. I knew the steam boat left Niagara on the Lake at 7.30. So I went to the wharf quickly because I thought that I would be late. But I was not late. I arrived home safely. I was very tired but I had a very good time all day. My mother thought that I had lost my way. My family asked me what I was doing there and I told them that I visited Niagara on the Lake, Niagara Falls and Grimsby Beach.—Tom Goulding.

—Last summer, my father went to Vennachar to a sale. He did not buy any agricultural implements but he saw a bicycle and he bought it. He brought it home. We used ride to it to the post office to get the mail.—Raymond Hunter.

Without Waiting to Ask Why

The boy who waits to ask why before he obeys is not really obedient. There may be times when father and mother do not wish to give their reasons. Show that you trust the wisdom of your best earthly friends by doing as you are told, and waiting till afterwards to find out why.

A boy was visiting on a western ranch with his father, when one day, the father suddenly exclaimed, "Stand perfectly still, Jack. Don't move. Now if Jack had been like some boys, he would have asked, "Why, father?" and probably turned to see if he could discover for himself the reason for the strange direction. But he stood as if he had been changed into a little stone image and the father, coming up behind him, killed a rattlesnake coiled up a few inches away.

Now perhaps it is not often that prompt obedience is as essential as it was this time, yet the boy who learns to obey without waiting to ask why, sooner or later congratulates himself on having mastered that important lesson. Obey first, then it will be time enough to find out the reason.—Sel.

Hold on, Boys

Some boys show their ugly natures every day. They pick quarrels with their schoolmates, and are overbearing and rude. They find unoffending, good natured boys, frighten them, step on their toes, and do other hateful things. Such boys make bad men. Hold on to your tongue when you are ready to speak harshly. Hold on to your hand when you are about to punch, scratch, steal, or do any improper act. Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running off from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime. Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon, or others are angry with you. Hold on to your heart when evil associations seek your company, and invite you to join in their mirth, games and revelry.—Selected.

The Boy Who Recommended Himself.

A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he selected one and dismissed the rest. "I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation." "You are mistaken," said the gentleman," he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in and answered my questions promptly, showing that he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book, which I had purposely laid on the floor, and replaced it upon the table, while all the rest stepped over it, showing that he was orderly; and waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding. When I talked to him, I noticed that his clothing was tidy, his hair neatly brushed and his finger nails cleaned. Do you not call these things letters of recommendation? I do."

Ethics for children.

> Who gives to whom hath naught been given,
> His gift in need, though small indeed,
> As is the grass-blade's wind-blown seed,
> Is large as earth and rich as heaven.
> —Whittier.

> The world is happy, the world is wide,
> Kind hearts are beating on every side.
> —Lowell.

> Awake, good heart! get up and sing!
> It is the birthday of thy King.
> —Vaughan.

Wrong Conclusions

By Lilian D. Milner.

I was standing in the entrance hall of a home for business women when a girl, who had only been in the house a few hours, but whom I had known for several years, came running lightly down the stairs with an unbecoming frown clouding her usually bright face.

"There's a girl in this house will speak to me next time I ask her a question!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I asked her three times what time they served supper here, and she just went on looking out of the window and didn't take the slightest notice of me—the disagreeable thing! There she is now looking over the railing of the upper hall. She'll answer me the next time I speak to her!"

I looking up and then, suppressing an inclination to laugh, I said to my indignant young friend, "No, she won't."

She stared at me, and then I explained to her that the girl who had not answered her question was a young deaf mute, a permanent resident of the house, who earned her living as a sewingmachine operator in an adjacent factory. She was so bright and intelligent-looking that my impulsive friend had never thought of her being deaf and dumb.

She laughed a little shamed laugh as she said ruefully, "There I go again: jumping to wrong conclusions."

Jumping to wrong conclusions causes a great deal of trouble in this world between intimate friends as well as strangers. Friends who do not know us well enough, or trust us enough, to understand our actions, or our motives, play havoc with our happiness and their own. To understand is not only to forgive, but to find, at times, that there is no need for forgiveness. Trusting until an explanation is given, even asking for an explanation if such is not forthcoming, of actions we do not understand, will often save a painful breach between friends. Giving the benefit of the doubt is much better than jumping at wrong conclusions.

It Certainly Makes a Difference

"Oh, well, it won't make any difference to anyone whether I do this or not." How often do we hear that remark, and how often do we make it ourselves, little realizing what we are saying!

You think you can be independent, but we can't. Every act you make in some way influences another person although you may not see it. The little things you don't do may make all the difference in the world to some one else. We are all knit together by a very complicated network of interests. We can never tell to what great issue our insignificant action may be linked.

Remember the story of the Prince Imperial, son of the third Napoleon, who lost his life while fighting with the British forces when the Zulus were upon him; his one chance of escape was to mount his horse. He seized the leathern band crossing the pommel. The band broke, the horse bolted, and the prince was killed. It turned out after all that the leather band was not really leather but was paper faced. Thus, for all we know, the fate of the prince, the destiny of France, the history of Europe may have been changed, all because of a bit of shoddy saddlery made by an unknown saddler in an obscure shop. How little that working man knew how much depended on his work, and how little we realize the value of the commonplace things we do!

The act that you think will mean nothing to any one besides yourself is the one that may prove an example for another. In this life you can't afford to be independent. The only thing to do is your whole duty.

Some years ago, on an American railroad, there occurred an accident in which over forty people were killed. The foreman of the jury that investigated the case stated that the reponsibility for the accident rested on five men, each one of whom had depended on the other. It was found of those five men that if any one had done his whole duty, independent of the others, the accident could not have happened. Never say it doesn't make any difference. J. K. Aikens, Onward.

Gold is good in its place; but living, brave and patriotic men are better than gold. Abraham Lincoln.

Strike, for your altars and your fire;
Strike, for the green graves of your sires
God, and your native land!
Fitz Greene Halleck.

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, Thy God's and truth's
Shakespare.

Unkind Criticisms

Amiel says, "Never give unnecessary pain. The cricket is not the nightingale; why tell him so? Throw yourself into the mind of the cricket—the process is more inenuous, and it it what charity commands." Another writer gave us the following bit of advice; "Never judge a person hastily. Even the dog in the manger may have been a nervous person and needed rest and quiet."

Such counsel is wholesome, and greatly needed to-day. One of the most prevalent evils of our times is that of evil speaking. Words can be more cutting than swords. We have greater reason to fear stinging tongues than biting serpents. Many a reputation is slandered without cause and it never regains its lustre. Franklin says, "An ill wound, but not an ill name, may be healed."

It is easy to sow suspicions in human minds which never can be completely eradicated. A supicion expressed is like a thistle seed. It finds a lodgment in some mind and refuses to die. We should ever keep before our mind the seriousness of belittling any other person's character. Our good name is our most valuable asset. When people attempt to discredit us in the estimation of others, they are robbing us of what is more valuable than diamonds. Ella Wheeler Wilcox breathes the true Christian spirit in her lines:

"Let me not hurt by any selfish deed
Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend;
Nor would I pass unheeding, worthy need,
Or sin by silence, where I should defend."

A Blessing in Disguise

By Archer Wallace

A great educationist said recently that his experience had taught him to expect better results from students of mediocre ability than from those endowed with brilliant qualites. To prove his position he gave a long list of men who had filled prominent places in life, but who had had to work exceedingly hard to master subjects which to others had seemed very elementary. There is always a peril, when things come too easy. The plodder, by the very sustained effort he is compelled to put forth, makes a subject his own, masters it with a thoroughness that more brilliant men never attain. The old story about the hare and the tortoise emphasized a truth which few of us sufficiently appreciate. If this truth contains a warning to those of exceptional gifts, it also has its message of inspiration for those who have to grind long and painfully to acquire knowledge. After all, mental strength, like physical strength, comes from exercise, and many a man has had good reason to thank God that tasks did not come to him without effort—that he had to toil when others felt they could afford to play. In that way he was saved from the mental laziness, which comes to those who feel they can "rest on their oars."

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LETTERS---PACKAGES---BOXES.

IF parents or friends send letters, packages or boxes to pupils, address as follows:—

———— [name of pupil]
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

☞ Prepay postage, express or freight charges in all cases

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West End Y. M. C. A., Corner of College St. and Dovercourt Rd. at 11 a. m.

Toronto Bible School, 110 College St., at 3 p. m.

Central Y. M. C. A. at 11 a. m. and 7.15 p. m.

Bible Class every Wednesday evening at Central Y. M. C. A., 40 College St. at 8 p. m.

Superintendent Mr. P. Fraser, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.

Ontario Mission Committee Convener Mr. F. E. Harris, 114 St. Patrick St., Toronto.

Mrs. J. R. Byrne, Deaconess, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.

ALL WELCOME

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send me the names and post office addresses of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them, so that I may forward to them particulars concerning this School, and inform them where and by what means their children can be intructed.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

School for the Blind

BRANTFORD, ONT

THE PROVINCIAL SCHOOL FOR the Education and Instruction of Blind children, is located at Brantford, Ontario. For particulars address

W. B. RACE, Principal

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

School Hours—From 8.00 a. m. to 1 p.m. with recess from 10.40 to 11.00 during which lunch is served to the pupils.

As Soon as the Pupils Assemble in the class-rooms in the morning each teacher will open by prayer. At 1 o'clock the pupils will assemble in the chapel and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner. The prayers are those prescribed for use in the Public Schools of Ontario. Teachers and Instructors are to be in their respective rooms and departments five minutes before the time for the assembling of pupils.

Evening Study from 7 to 8 p. m. Voluntary reading hours for senior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Religious Exercises:

Every Sunday—Sunday School at 9.05 a. m. General Lecture at 2.30 p. m. Pupils of all denominations attend their respective churches whenever desired by the pastors in charge.

Regular Visiting Clergymen.—Rev. Ven. Archdeacon Beamish, M. A. (Anglican), Rev. A. S. Kerr, M. A. (Presbyterian); Rev. A. H. Foster. (Methodist); Rev. W. H. Wallace, (Baptist); Rev. Father Killeen, Catholic).

Bible Classes, Sunday morning at 9.05; International Series of Sunday School Lessons, Superintendent, Mr. George F. Stewart; Teachers—Mrs. Balls, Miss Linn, Miss Bull, Miss Ford, Miss James, Miss Brown, Miss Palen, Miss Scott, Miss Curry, Miss Handley, Miss Panter, Miss Springer, Miss Nurse, Miss Sunter, Miss Sterk and Miss Malcolm.

The Catholic Pupils receive religious instruction on Sunday morning from 8.45 to 9.30 and on Friday afternoon from 2 to 2.30, Teachers, Miss Deannard, Miss Rierdon Miss Ahearne and Miss Carrol.

☞ *Clergymen of all denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.*

Industrial Departments:

Girls' Fancy Work Class on Monday afternoon of each week from 2.15 to 4 o'clock.

The Printing Office, Shoe and Carpenter Shops from 2.30 to 4.30 for junior pupils and from 2.30 to 5.30 for senior pupils who attend school; for those who do not, from 7.20 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 2.30 to 5.30 p. m. each working day except Saturday, when the office and shops will be closed at noon.

Domestic Science Classes as may be arranged, from time to time.

The Sewing Class hours are from 8.15 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do not attend school, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons

☞ The Printing office, Shops, Sewing Room and Domestic Science Department to be left each day when work ceases in a clean and tidy condition.

☞ Pupils are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments, except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent

☞ Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work in hand to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the School, will be made welcome on any day school. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is as soon after 9 o'clock a. m. as possible.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the School, they are kindly advised not linger and prolong leave-taking with their children. It only makes discomfort for all concerned, particularly for the parents. The child will be tenderly cared for, and if left in our charge without delay will be quiet happy with the others in a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. If parents must come, however, they will be made welcome to the class-room and allowed every opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodging or meals, or entertain guests at the School. Good accommodation may be had in the city at the Quinte Hotel, Crystal, Queens, City and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. No correspondence will be allowed between parents and officers or employees under any circumstances without special permission upon each occasion. Every letter addressed to the Superintendent will be promptly answered.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. In the absence of letters friends of pupils may be quite sure they are well.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every three weeks, and may write oftener if they wish; letters will be written by the teachers for the little ones who cannot write, stating, as nearly as possible, their wishes.

☞ No medical preparations that have been used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the school

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise medicines and appliances for the cure of Deafness. In 999 cases out of a 1000 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well-known medical practitioners in cases of adventitious deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent

THE CANADIAN

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Ontario School for the Deaf, Belleville.

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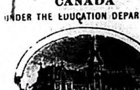
ONTARIO SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA

UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT



Minister of the Government in Charge:
Hon. R. H. GRANT,
Minister of Education, Toronto.

Officers of the School:

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., ... *Superintendent*
J. W. PEARCE ..... *Bursar*
W. W. BOYCE, M. D. ..... *Physician*
MISS E. A. WILLOUGHBY ..... *Matron*
MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD..... *Assistant Matron*

Teachers:

ORAL

W. J. Campbell
Supervising Teacher Senior Oral Dept.

Miss Catherine Ford
Supervising Teacher Junior Oral Dept.

Geo. F. Stewart	Miss K. Scott
Miss I. B. Palen	Miss E. Nurse
Miss B. Rierdon	Miss L. Carrol
Miss L. Deannard	Miss B. Sunter
Miss E. Panter, B. A.	Miss I. Malcolm
Miss F. Curry	Miss A. Stirk
Miss G. Springer	Miss S. E. Ward
Miss V. Handley	Miss B. A. Wilson

Miss G. Bradley

MANUAL

Miss Georgina Linn
Supervising Teacher Manual Department

D. R. Coleman, M.A.	Miss Ada James
Mrs. Sylvia L. Balis	Miss Nina Brown

Miss A. B. Schofield,
Teacher of Domestic Science

Mrs. L. G. Williams, *Teacher of Sewing*
———— *Teacher of Fancy Work*

Miss I. McBride, *Stenographer & Clerk.*	———— *Instructor of Printing.*
Wm. Nurse, *Storekeeper & Associate Supervisor.*	Alex. Morrick, *Master Shoemaker.*
W. Smith, *Supervisor of Boys, etc.*	———— *Engineer.*
Miss Clara Coombe, *Trained Nurse and Instructress in Home Nursing.*	M. W. Parks, *Master Carpenter.*
	J. N. Boyd, *Master Baker.*

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this School is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, *who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools*

All deaf persons between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious disease, who are *bona fide* residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay will be charged the sum of $50 per year for board. Tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf persons whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Baking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in General Domestic Work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of Sewing Machines and such Ornamental and Fancy Work as may be desirable. Manual Training in woodwork for boys, and Domestic Science for girls have been introduced

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

☞ The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent,
BELLEVILLE, ONT

POETRY

The Children's Isle

There is an isle, so legends say,
Set far and far from any land,
Where roses bud and bloom for aye,
Upon whose blossom-haunted strand
The dear, dead babies run and play
Or wander idly hand in hand.

Remote across the seas it lies,
This little isle so fair and far;
Where in the souls of butterflies
The playmates of the children are,
While sweetest songs imparadise
Its waving woods from bar to bar.

The strains of long dead nightingales,
Whose music here on earth is dumb,
Make magical the hills and vales,
As over deeps no man may plumb,
Borne softly on the sable sails
Of ships of stars, the babies come.

Across those still and haunted seas
No mortal keel may hope to steer,
For none but ghostly argosies
To that enchanted isle draw near,
In dreams alone its mysteries
To longing mothers eyes are clear.

The limpid laughter time has stilled,
The tiny hands that clutch and cling—
None but the heart that these have thrilled
Can guess the healing balm they bring,
Thrice blessed she whom God hath willed
To glimpse the babies pleasuring.

What beacons flare to guide the bark
To that far isle, no man may say,
No pilot's chart, no leadman's mark
Has mapped those lonely leagues of spray,
Alone of all that thread the dark
The souls of children know the way.

—Frances Medhurst in Harper's Magazine.

MISCELLANEOUS

A Cheerful Giver

It was a hot afternoon in September. Mrs. Nelson sat on the farmhouse verandah paring apples and thinking a little wearily that her batch of pies that afternoon, for now that harvesting was in full swing there would be several extra hands on the morrow and that meant that between cooking and dish washing there would be very little time for rest even in the heat of the day.

"Mother," came Miriam's silver tones, as she tripped lightly downstairs, "I suppose I'll wear my suit to travel in end I can change when I get there if it warm That's what Helen is going to do. She and Maude are going to stay at their aunt's and that is only a block from Uncle Fred's. We'll have a glorious time."

She came over to the screen door, her brown eyes starry, her dark curls clinging in damp little rings about her smooth forehead. She carried her pretty silk dress over one arm.

"I'm going to hang this on the line for a while," she said. "Maude says it's better than pressing it. The only thing that troubles me is leaving you in such a busy time. But I suppose Aunt Nancy will help you out a little."

"Don't worry about me, dear. I'll get along all right," answered Mrs. Nelson as is customary for mothers the world over to answer.

"It's so nice to be going with the girls," went on Miriam happily. "And they say the exhibition is going to be better this year than ever. I must get to bed early, for the train leaves at 6.30 and we get in about noon."

Miriam had hung out her dress and was on her way upstairs again, when their small neighbor, Ted White, appeared with a yellow envelope in his hand and an expression of importance on his freckled little face.

"Pop just got home," he said, with the breathlessness of the small boy, who is always in a hurry, "an' he brought this for you. He was out to the corner when it came."

Mrs. Nelson went rather white. Telegrams were a rarity at the farmhouse and she had never became accustomed to them. But her fears were groundless. As she read, a look of pleased surprise flitted over her face, then vanished as quickly as it had come. Miriam waited eagerly.

"It's from Uncle Bob," explained her mother. "He came over from Sydney to attend the exhibition, and he wants me to meet him there; says he hasn't time to come to see us. But, of course, I couldn't think of going."

The girl read the brief message over thoughtfully. Uncle Bob was her mother's only brother.

"It must be an awfully long time since you saw him, isn't it?" she asked.

"Why, I can just remember about his being here and taking me on his knee to tell me stories. I could'nt have been more than eight or nine."

"Yes," answered her mother with a wistful look in her tired blue eyes, "It is ten years. I do wish he could come."

Miriam returned to her room, but somehow the spring had gone from her step. She surveyed the pretty blouses and freshly-laundered lingerie spread out on the bed ready for packing, but the joy she had felt a few moments before had vanished. The truth was that a very small, still, insistent voice was speaking to her, and she was trying very hard not to listen.

"I can't—I can't give it all up," she was answering the voice. "I've worked hard all my vacation, and I've planned so for this one week of good times, and I want so much to see the paintings, above all things."

This was quite true. Miriam had been teaching in the home school, and in her spare time doing all she could to lighten her mother's burdens. She had cheerfully declined her chum's invitation to visit her, and spent her holidays on the farm, bearing her share of the endless round of household cares. Now this week—fair week—in the city where she had attended college, seemed to her like an oasis in the desert, and she had been eagerly looking forward to it for many days. To her, the greatest attraction of the fair would be the exhibition of paintings, for all her life she had longed to study art. She was trying to be very economical in order to save enough to take up the study of illustrating—where, she had not yet decided.

And now she felt discouraged. It seemed to her at that moment that her dreams would never be realized and that for her there was to be no pleasure—nothing but work.

"It isn't fair," she said to herself rebelliously, as the hot tears sprang to her eyes.

"But," went on the voice relentlessly, "hasn't mother worked harder than you, not all summer, but for years? And hasn't she been the most unselfish mother in the world? And suppose it were your only brother; suppose Jack had been away for ten years—"

She turned to the window and looked down on the garden. There was her own especial corner near the big white birch tree, where she had fought so many of her battles with self, the green retreat where she had wept out her childish griefs when some careless word had stabbed her sensitive little heart. Almost involuntarily she crept downstairs and slipped out to the rustic seat by the climbing roses. And there she bravely fought her fight and won, and in the winning felt an unexpected peace.

"Now, the next thing is to do is convince mother that she has got to go," she said to herself briskly, "and I should not wonder if that will be harder still."

It certainly was no easy task. Mrs. Nelson had been so unselfish all her life she could not bear to cancel her daughter's plans.

"And, child," she protested, when other arguments failed, "do you realize that there will be four men all the week, besides your father and Jack? And you're not used to such an undertaking.

"And, mother, do you realize that I'm eighteen years and ten months old? And if I can't keep house now, it's time I was learning?"

At this point Aunt Nancy appeared and had her say, which weight of words tipped the scales in the right direction.

"Yes, Mary," she said emphatically, "it's downright sinful to throw away such a chance. It will do you more good than medicine. As for Miriam, I'll see she isn't stuck; and poor Bob won't have to go home disappointed."

Miriam at once busied herself in inspecting and preparing her mother's wardrobe for the trip, and failed to notice that Aunt Nancy's keen, grey eyes held a shrewd little twinkle as they followed her motions approvingly.

The next morning Miriam drove her mother to the station, four miles distant, and felt a twinge of bitter disappointment as she caught sight of the merry group on the platform. But she called out a cherry good-bye and had her little cry on the road home, where it was a secret between herself and faithful Molly, the old white mare.

The morning gave promise of heat, and Miriam knew she had a trying day ahead of her. When she reached home she turned old Molly into the pasture and set to work preparing the vegetables for dinner. Aunt Nancy came to her assistance, and one task followed another rapidly. By the time dinner was over, she felt very tired and very warm, and as she faced the array of greasy dishes, a wave of that dangerous enemy self-pity, swept over her. There were the girls having the time of their lives in town, and here was she tied to this hot kitchen with all the burden of house-keeping on her shoulders for a whole week. How she longed to spend the afternoon in the hammock under the cool maples. But even that was denied, for there was no time to lose. She must get the dishes finished and then would come more baking and cooking for the men's supper. Then, mentally, she treated herself to a good scolding, which, if put into words, would have sounded like this: "The idea of your being such a baby, whining over a trifle like this. And if you're going to do a thing, do it with a good grace, or not at all. How would mother feel if she knew you were making such a fuss!" Her enemy retreated, shame-faced and vanquished. Aunt Nancy guessed something of the conflict, though Miriam had uttered not a word, and when she saw her niece's brow clearing and a few minutes later heard her humming a song, she smiled a satisfied little smile and went off for her afternoon nap.

So the week went by, and Miriam tried to face each day patiently, and felt each evening a sense of satisfaction in knowing that she had done the right thing, and that her mother was enjoying a much-needed change. When Mrs. Nelson arrived home on Saturday night, looking brighter and more rested than she had for many months, the girl felt amply rewarded for her little sacrifice.

But there was something in store for her of which she had never dreamed. Unknown to her, Aunt Nancy had been observing her closely ever since she had come to spend the summer with her country relatives. Sometimes she talked sympathetically with her about her hopes and plans for the future. One day, soon after Mrs. Nelson's return, she brought up the subject again.

"And so, Miriam," she began, "you think you'd like to study art?"

"I'm sure of it," answered Miriam enthusiastically, "I'd rather do that than anything else in the world."

"But you'll have to go to an art school," Aunt Nancy went on. The girl's face clouded.

"Yes," she said slowly; "I wonder if I'll ever get enough saved up for that."

"You'd better come back to Toronto with me."

"I'd love to, auntie, but it would be impossible just now. I couldn't afford it for a couple of years yet."

"But you could afford it if you had no board to pay."

"Why, yes, of course, that's where the expense comes in."

"Well, I'll tell you a little secret. You are coming home with me to Toronto in three weeks' time. Your only expense will be your college fees, and—"

(Continued on page 4)

THE CANADIAN

Eight pages,
PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY
At the Ontario School for the Deaf
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

GEO. F. STEWART, - - - - EDITOR.

OUR MISSION:

First—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

Second—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf subscribers.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils now in the School, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

SUBSCRIPTION:

Fifty (50) cents for the school year, payable in advance, postage prepaid by publisher. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postal notes, or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us, that mistakes may be corrected without delay. All papers are stopped when the subscription expires, unless otherwise ordered. The date on each subscriber's wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

☞ Correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted —if we know it.

ADVERTISING.

A few select advertisements will be inserted. Rates made known on application.

Address all communications and subscriptions

THE CANADIAN,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO.

MONDAY, NOV. 15th, 1920.

In our last issue of THE CANADIAN we made reference to the serious dearth of teachers in the United States, some 30,000 schools being closed on this account. The conditions seem to be relatively as bad here. In addressing the Perth County Teachers' Association a few weeks ago, Hon. R. H. Grant, Minister of Education, made reference to this and a number of important matters. He expressed regret that there is such a small percentage of men in the profession to day, and said he felt that teaching should be recognized as a profession, and to do so a minimum salary of $2,000 should be fixed. "The teaching profession is fundamental to all other professions, and men and women should be encouraged to enter it as a life service," he said. "There are in Ontario some 2,000 schools without qualified teachers. This condition is appalling, and demands are being made for more and better education, and it is a policy of the department to assist in so far as is possible."

On the same occasion Hon. Peter Smith, Provincial Treasurer, spoke in a similar strain and expressed the opinion that teachers are not being paid enough salary. He also warmly commended the effort being made to secure motion picture machines for school work, and hoped in time to see such an outfit in every school in the Province.

It is a very general impression in Canada and the United States that the English public schools are very much behind the times. Doubtless they were many years ago, but during recent years the boards have been moving rapidly forward and saying nothing about it, as is the way of the English, and now their educational experts claim that the London primary schools are the best in the world. Referring to this claim, made by Sir Robert Blair, Education Officer of the London County Council, the London Teacher, the official organ of the London Teachers' Association says; "We agree with him emphatically. The enlightened foreigner, the visitors from the Dominions, and even the educational enthusiasts from north of the Tweed, go home in a reflective mood after seeing the schools of London. We have something to show the most progressive.

"The systematic reduction in the size of classes, practical instruction, central schools, nursery schools and classes, school journeys, the liberal education of the acted Shakespeare play, school libraries, provision for the mentally and physically afflicted, scholarship schemes, technical instruction, original research, continuation education and adult education, all these are not new things in London. To a greater or lesser degree they have been part and parcel of our normal activities for years."

The Education Act of 1918 is one of the best ever devised, and will soon make the whole school system of Great Britain rank second to none in the world.

A school exchange, in an article about the American bison or buffalo, says that there are approximately 7,000 buffalos in North America, about half of which are in Canada and half in the United States. This was believed to be the case until a few months ago, when men travelling in the northern part of Alberta and Saskatchewan and in the Northwest Territories, were surprised to see several large herds of buffalo, numbering tens of thousands altogether, and no doubt other great herds exist. So this noble animal was in no danger of becoming extinct, as was feared a few years ago. It is to be hoped that our government can find some means of protecting these animals from useless slaughter from those bipeds misnamed men who go about with guns killing deer and moose and other valuable game animals with no purpose of using the flesh or even the hide, but just for the brutal pleasures killing, or for the sake of securing a pair of antlers or horns or other trophy of their prostituted skill. In addition to the bison, there are many millions of caribou in Northern Canada, which some day will become a valuable source of meat supply, as its flesh is as good as venison or beef. There are also vast herds of musk-ox, the flesh of which could be used in an emergency, through seldom from choice; for, though its flesh is tender, it has a strong musk flavor, which is distasteful to most people. In the waters of Hudson Bay, larger than Texas, and three times as large as the five Great Lakes altogether, there is an enormous reserve of fish of the finest quality, which will become available as soon as the railways now being built, or planned, to the Bay, are completed. As indicating the great area of yet unexplored land in Northern Canada it might be mentioned that within the last two years a lake as large as Lake Ontario has been found which no white man had ever seen before. In this vast region it is very probable that immense resources of various kinds will yet be discovered.

In connection with many improvements proposed for the Toronto Exhibition, there is a strongly supported project to have a model public school, with a model equipment and a model school library. This looks like a good plan and probably will be adopted. The proposal, however, omits what should be one of the leading features. In connection with the school there should be prominently exhibited a model teacher's salary. Nothing else would do as much as this to improve the schools of the province.

If people have wronged you, it will do no harm to give them a chance to forget it.—Hubbard.

TORONTO TOPICS

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Thomas, of Oakville, were in the city over the week-end of Nov. 6th, and attended the Gibson lecture.

Mrs. Robert McMaster, of Wiarton, was down here visiting relatives for a few days lately and on her return home was accompanied by Mrs. Alex. B. McCaul, who went up on Nov. 11th to visit her mother at Chesley.

Mr. Wesley Ellis has gone to Cobalt, where he intends remaining for some time or until work picks up more briskly in this city.

Work in various lines is somewhat slack in this city at present and in consequence a few of our friends are "on the bum". However, we hope they will soon be back at their old positions again.

Mr. Peter McDougall has gone to his parental home at South Indian for a lengthy visit.

During the latter part of October and beginning of November we had a very pleasant visit from our old friend, Mr. William Liddy of Windsor. He was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mason while here and gave us some very humorous-anecdotes of his school hood days at the Brigden Club meeting on Hallowe'en.

On Saturday afternoon, Nov. 6th. Mr. H. W. Roberts and his cousin. Mr. Roy Roberts, and Mr. McLennan, motored up to King and brought down several bags of apples from Herb's orchard up there. The apples are of a very good quality this year. Mr. Slater returned with them to attend the Gibson lecture and was a guest at "Mora Glen" over Sunday.

Mr. Clarence P. Gibson, of Chicago, gave a very interesting and instructive address at the Brigden Club on Nov. 6th before an audience of about 250 of our friends. Never before had the club been treated to such an excellent and masterly address as was given by Mr. Gibson. He first spoke on the "Three mysteries," and gave it in such an explicit and easy way that all were kept spell bound throughout. He then spoke on the formation, growth and strength of the greatest benevolence society of the deaf in the world, the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. During the two and a half hours in which he spoke he used great force of character, frequently punctuating his remarks it with humor that brought forth peals of laughter. A vote of thanks was tendered the lecturer at the close.

Mr, Daniel Fleming, of Craigleith, was in the city for a little visit lately. He went with the harvesters'excursion to the West last August and on his return dropped in upon us. While up in the west he visited Calgary, Medicine Hat, and other parts of interest.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Smith were given a surprise party by about thirty of their friends on the evening of Nov. 12th. A good time is reported.

Mr. William Billing, late of Niagara-on-the-Lake, has moved with his parents to this city. Billy had a narrow escape from death in the west last summer by coming in contact with a live wire.

Mr. David Lawrence bobbed up into our midst unexpectedly from Cupar, Sask, on Nov. 13th whither he went last August to help garner in the golden grain. He looks as jovial as ever.

Our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Leslie, of Cupar, Sask., are doing very well and are moving shortly to Spruce Lake.

We were glad to see Mr. and Mrs. August Staubitz and son, also Mr. A. Martin, of Kitchener, with us over the week-end of Nov 6. They came to attend Mr. Gibson's lecture; Mr. and Mrs. Staubitz were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Mackay during their stay here.

Mr. J. B. Stewart has gone to his old home in Hamilton where he will remain for a while before going on a visit to relatives in and around Detroit.

Mrs. A. A. McIntosh, of Oakville, was in the city lately. We are pleased to hear Mr. McIntosh is so much better after his recent serious illness, necessitating his confinement in a hospital in this city.—H. W. R.

KITCHENER GLEANIGS

Messrs Absalom Martin, Charles W. Golds and Wilbur Elliott attended the 10th Biennial Convention of the Ontario Association of the Deaf, held at Hamilton last June.

Messrs August Staubitz and Absalom Martin were visitors to Brantford at Thanksgiving time.

Mr. Wilbur J. Elliott was among those who attended the Crystal wedding of Mr. and Mrs John Forsythe in Stratford on Oct. 17th and reports a gala time.

Miss Gladys Sours of Clinton sprang a surprise on her Kitchener friends by brushing into this city unexpected one recent Saturday. Of course, she received the glad hand of welcome from all. Miss Margaret Golds and her brother, Charles, accompanied Gladys as far as Stratford next day.

After several weeks' vacation, spent down at the latter's parental home in Holloway, Mr. and Mrs. William Hagen and children have returned home, much refreshed by the outing.

Mr. John Brown, late of Toronto, is back in our midst again, and is working at the Canada Felt Co's. at good wages.

Our deaf population claims another friend in the person of Mr. Lange, who has just landed here from London, England, whom we gladly welcome. He has secured a lucrative position at Hertel's Tailoring Establishment.

The Misses Margaret and Pearl Golds and Gladys Sours have returned home after sojourning for three months at Elgin House, Muskoka. While up there, they took side trips to all the famous resorts in that far famed summer region. They may go again next year.

Mr. Charles W. Golds was in Toronto for ten days at exhibition time and took in the great fair many times.

Mr. Wilbur J. Elliott was the only one who went from this city to the big convention of the National Association of the Deaf at Detroit last August and no wonder he had a great time.

Messrs Absalom Martin and Wilbur J. Elliott went to the annual picnic of the Middlesex County Association of the Deaf, held at Spring Bank Park on Labor Day.

Mr. Charles Golds, Sr., and his two daughters Margaret and Pearl spent the Thanksgiving holidays with friends in Hamilton.

A double surprise party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Nahrgang near Baden on Oct. 2nd and 3rd, the occasions being the natal day of Messrs Isaiah and Allan Nahrgang respectively. A goodly number from this city went up to join in the frivolities of good will and comradeship for those two esteemed friends. All report a great time.

Mr. Charles W. Golds hied away to Clinton where he spent Thanksgiving, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. David Sours.

Mr. and Mrs. August Staubitz and son and Mr. Absalom Martin went to Toronto for the week-end of Nov. 6th to attend the lecture given by Mr. Clarence P. Gibson, of Chicago, and say they had a swell time.

Mr. Herbert W. Roberts, of Toronto, passed through here on the morning of October 31st on his way to Stratford to conduct the meeting there. We hear there was a good crowd present, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Nahrgang and Oliver Nahrgang of New Hamburg, Mr. and Mrs. William Canard of Haysville, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Goulds of St. Marys, Mrs. R. Hoy of Avonton, Miss Charlotte Rice of Fullarton, Mr. Charles Ryan of Woodstock, Miss Eva Goetz of Owen Sound and others.

Our fifth annual picnic was held in Galt on Aug. 5th and was a success in spite of the rain in the morning that kept many from coming. More than 80 were present from as far east as Toronto and as far west as Detroit. A good programme of sports was carried out. The committee, to whom much credit is due, was composed of August Staubitz, Chairman, Charles W. Golds, secretary and Newton Black, treasurer. —C. W. G.

Dew is a great respecter of colors. To prove this, take pieces of glass or board and paint them red, yellow, green, and black. Expose them at night, and you will find that the yellow will be covered with moisture, the green will be damp, but that the red and the black will be left perfectly dry.

The producing power of the banana is forty-four times as great as that of the potato. The dried fruit is readily converted into nutritious flour; it may also be manufactured into sausages: beer can be made from it; while the skin can be turned into cloth, and the juice made to do service either as ink or vinegar.

Ontario Association of the Deaf

OFFICERS.

HON. PATRON - R. MATHISON, M.A., Toronto
HON. PRES. - DR. COUGHLIN, Belleville.
PRESIDENT - - GEO. W. REEVES, Toronto.
1ST VICE-PRES. - H. E. GROOMS, Toronto.
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SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Hon. President - - - - Dr. Coughlin
President - - - - Wm. Nurse.
Manager - - - - -

THE CANADIAN

SCHOOL MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

MONDAY, NOV. 15th, 1920.

CHRISTMAS

It is only three or four weeks till Christmas, and as usual our pupils are looking eagerly forward to that occasion. This year none of the pupils will be allowed to go home, but we will do all we can to make the Christmas season as happy and pleasant for the children as possible, and in this the parents and friends should heartily assist. We will do our part, but the pleasure of the pupils will largely depend on the way they are remembered by the loved ones at home. We hope that every child here will receive a present from home.

All parcels and boxes should arrive here not later than December 20th.

Every year a number of parcels are received too late for distribution on Christmas morning. This was the case last year. Do not let it be so with your child this year.

We have a number of children whose parents are dead or too poor to send presents. We hope that well-to-do parents and other friends of the deaf will include in their boxes something for these children. Any money sent direct to the Superintendent will be very much appreciated and judiciously expended for these little ones.

Address all parcels in the name of child, care of the School for the Deaf, Belleville, Ont. All express charges must be prepaid.

We wish to repeat and emphasize what we said above, that no pupil will be allowed to go home for Christmas this year. In the past, exceptions were made when special reasons could be given, but this year there will be no exceptions. The work of the school is seriously interfered with when pupils are absent for a few days, and a whole class may be hampered for the pleasure of one pupil. Already we have had requests for parents to allow their children to go home. All such requests will be refused, so there is no use in any one writing us about it. Remember your child is no better than the others, and has no right to any special privileges.

PUPILS' LOCALS

Written on Nov. 8th, 1920.

We are very much surprised that there is a large new shoe-machine in the shoe-shop. It was sent here from Montreal. The shoemaker will teach our boys how to work it. I am sure that our boys in the shoe-shop are lucky to have it. When I learn how to work it well, I can get a job more quickly because I shall be able run a machine.—Tom Goulding.

—On Wednesday night the wind blew very hard and it blew down a spruce tree near the printing office. It broke and fell over the fence. On Thursday morning we found it lying on the ground. It was green and looked strong and healthy.—Raymond Hunter

—Miss Winter is coming very soon so we ought to get ready to wear heavy clothes before she comes. She always treats us to a grand time. She will stay here with us for four or five months. I am sorry that the maple trees didn't get any new winter dresses like the spruce and cedar.—M. Laura Whalen.

—Last summer my father and I went to see a baseball game at Island Stadium. We paid our extrance fee and sat down. Where the game began at 3 o'clock, all the people who were there stood up and honored the Canadian and American flags. The Toronto team played with the Akron team and the score was two to nothing in favor of Toronto team.—W. H. McGovern.

—On Tuesday, November 2nd, 1920, Senator Harding was elected President of the United States. He is a Republican He is called the President-elect because he will not become President until March 4th, 1921. Mr. Wilson is still president and he is a Democrat. W. G. Harding probably will have 404 votes in the Electoral College and James. M. Cox 127. James Cox is defeated.—Frank Bealer.

—Mr. Harding was elected President of the United States on Nov. 2nd. He will be President on March 4th. He is the editor of a newspaper in Ohio. Cox was defeated. He is the editor of a newspaper in Ohio also. Wilson will be President of the United States until March 4th. He will leave the White House in Washington then and Mr. Harding will move there. Mr Harding has gone to Texas now for a rest.—Flora Leeder.

—My brother and I visited in Galt last summer. We were glad to see our uncle Mac and aunt Agnes. We stayed there for two weeks. We rode in an auto to different places. Many deaf boys and girls came to Galt from Hamilton, Toronto, and other places for a picnic. They played some good games. We had a good time. My brother and I went home again. We told Uncle and Aunt that we had a good time at their home. Jack Moreland.

—Miss Schofield's birthday was Saturday, Nov. 6th. The big girls agreed to buy some gifts for her. In the afternoon the other girls went to the city but I did not go. They bought some handsome presents for Miss Schofield before they returned. After supper some big girls went to Miss Schofield's room and handed their presents to her. She was much pleased with them, She said to them' "Thank you so much." She told them that they made her happy.—G. Christian.

—Last week a new machine arrived for our shoe shop. It was so large that it could not be carried up the stairs, so Mr. Peppin took it apart and when the pieces were taken up to the shop, he put it together again. It looks fine and perhaps we shall work with it this week. I think it will be hard to learn to operate it, but I shall like to work with it better than doing hand work. A pair of boots can be made much more quickly with the machine than by hand.—George Hunter.

—In August, after we visited Iona Osborne's home, we went to Toronto. When we arrived there, my sister Ada met us and she took us in the auto. Iona went to the show with me seven times while she visited my home. In the afternoon my sister Jean, Iona, sister-in-law Muriel and I went to the Island with Muriel's friends. Iona and I went swimming and took some pictures. The water was very cold and rough. At night Jean, Muriel, her friends, Iona and I went swimming again. After coming out of the water we went home. We had a good time during the holidays.—N. Smith.

—Terence McSwiney, the hunger striker, who was the Mayor of Cork, died after going seventy-four days without eating. He refused to eat because he wanted Ireland to be free. Most of the Irish people everywhere said that McSwiney was a very brave man and gave his life for his country. I was very sorry for McSwiney's death because I am an Irish-Canadian. Donald O'Gallachan succeeds the late Terence McSwiney as Lord Mayor of Cork. I saw a picture of him and he looks like a man about twenty years of age. I hope that England will become friendly with Ireland and let her have the same freedom Canada that has.—Roger Pye.

—Last August, my cousin Jim and I swam in Lake Simcoe at Belle Ewart. We went to the station and met Aunt Hannah in Lefroy. She asked us if we would come to Tent City. We went home. In the morning we rode a bicycle and went to Tent City. When we went to Belle Ewart, my tire was broken. My cousin Jim pumped it up many times. Aunt Hannah kept us for two days. We swam in Lake Simcoe. It was warm. In the night we had a dance. It was from 8.30 until 12 o'clock. We had a good time.—Harry Sloan.

—July 29th was my Aunt Glady's birthday. Queenie, Winnie, Phylliss and she came to Markham from Renfrew. They stayed with us for two weeks. One day they went for a long walk. They saw the Markham bridge. Then they bought some ice-cream ones. They sat on the chairs till my father finished working. They went to Peterboro from Markham on August 11th. My uncle's family live in Peterboro. Aunt Gladys stayed there for a few days. Gladys missed me very much and I missed her.—Maud E. Egginton.

—My Sister Mabel was married to Mr. Freeman Randall last March. They went to Boston for their honeymoon during the summer. They went to live in Detroit. They went to Oil Springs to see my family last summer, They told us that they are going to Los Angeles, California, to live in the fall. We received a letter from my other sister stating that Mabel teleponed my family that they are going to Los Angeles on Oct. 30th. We will miss them very much. I hope they are happy all their lives and that they like to live in California.—H. Myrel Jackson.

—Last Friday afternoon, after we finished working, we played foot-ball. At first the foot-ball was hard. The other team was stronger than ours. We played very hard because our team will maybe play with the Albert College team. The score was 0 to 0. The ball became soft. I was the goal-keeper. Last Saturday afternoon I went to the show. I arrived late with Jack Moreland and Russell Groves. I went in and saw Babe Ruth, the king of the home runs, in the show. He hit 54 home runs and made 158 runs. Alton Dick told me that our team played foot-ball with the Albert College in the afternoon while we were away. The score was 4 to 0 in favor of Albert College.—L. J. Goldman.

—Last summer I worked in the Parisian Laundry in Toronto. I earned ten dollars a week. I liked to work there because I did not have to work very hard but I will not work there any more. I will try to get another job in a printing-office in Toronto. One evening after supper I went to Joe Goldman's home. He wanted to work with me in the Parisian Laundry. He told me that he could not get any job so I took him to work there. Joe got ten dollars a week and he was very much delighted with it and gave it to his mother. I generally gave ten dollars to my mother for food and clothes for the children. My mother gave me one dollar to buy some things. I like to work for my family.—Lorenzo Maiola.

—I am writing a local for the first time. I did not return to school on the opening week, but came here on the 28th of September, on account of my sister's wedding. She was married on September 22nd. My other sister Evelyn and I were her bridesmaids. I got three nice silver bracelets for being a bridesmaid. There were not many people invited to the wedding on account of my aunt's death two weeks before. Mary got many beautiful, useful wedding presents. She got over one hundred presents. After the wedding, Mary and her husband Gordon went in an auto to New York and some other places in the United States. On Sept. 27th, my sister Evelyn and I went to Toronto and stayed there all night. The next day, I came to Belleville again. Evelyn is at Northampton now, taking a course at the School for the Deaf there. She said she liked it there ever so much. Mary and Gordon came to see me on their way back to Orilla after their honeymoon. They were fine when I saw them. They are living in their new home which is near my home. My mother and Laura often go to her home.—C. Tudhope.

"The love of reading enables a man to exchange the wearisome hours of life which come to every one for hours of delight."—Montesquieu.

The Wiser Choice

George M. Pullman was the great promoter of the parlor, sleeping and dining cars which made him a millionaire. He had a brother by the name of James who became a minister of the Gospel. It is said that George frequently tried to get his brother to leave the ministry and join him in his profitable business. "This does not appeal to me" was the young preacher's reply. He had made up his mind to invest his talents and influence in the interests of his fellowmen so that the making of money had no fascination for him as it had for his brother.

Years passed by and worked many changes. Toward the end of his life Geo. Pullman went to visit his brother at Lynn, Mass., and this is the confession that he made: "James, you were right and I was wrong. You chose the better part." One brother made heaps of money, but that was all he made. His sons became prodigals and almost broke their father's heart; the other brother won souls for Christ and made but a modest living while doing so. When he was near the end of his useful life he found himself, according to his brother's estimate, in possession of riches which were far more lasting and satisfactory than any millionaire had ever collected.

Goldsmith's descripton of the man who did good, but made little money, is strictly true:

"His best companions innocence and health,
And his best riches ignorance of wealth."

It is sad to see a man overlooking all other values in his mad efforts to make money. They say our age is wild over money. Everybody admits that there is a craze for financial gain. The sobering influences of the war have been forgotten. The brakes are off and people are putting on full steam to make their fortunes. It becomes a very serious matter when men chase wealth so hotly that they fail to see other more worthy objects of pursuit.

Joaquin Miller has expressed his pity for the "dead millionaire" in the following lines:

"The gold that in the sunshine lies
In bursting helps at dawn:
The silver pouring from the skies
At night to walk upon;
The diamonds gleaming in the dust,
He never saw, he never knew."

It is a pity to go through life and never see the gold in the sunshine, the silver in the pale light of the moon, and the diamonds that glitter in the dust. Multitudes of men look upon a forest and see only cordwood, while a waterfall has value for them simply because of the motive power which it represents.

Young people need to be warned against making money the chief quest of their lives. There are many things more valuable than gold, and we make a serious mistakes if we do not seek these values. If our boys and girls were taught to be ambitious for high social and moral values instead of being givin to believe that the successful man was the man who makes money, it would be better for the world.

"If money made the birds sing any sweeter,
Or made the skies a brighter, better blue;
If money made a summer's day completer,
Or added to the sunset's gorgeous view;
If money made a meadow more entrancing,
A shady lane, a better place to stroll;
If gold could add one bit to my romancing,
On money, then, I'd strive to feed my soul."

Faith does not look mighty, but it can remove mountains.

All boxes must be here on or before Monday, Dec. 20th. We ask the parents to kindly remember that we have 260 pupils in attendance and that the officers must have time to arrange the boxes and to perform other necessary work in connection therewith. Every year some children are disappointed on Christmas morning because parents *WILL NOT* send their boxes in time.

What's Your Hurry?

Baby, with the curls of gold,
What's your hurry?
Time enough for growing old,
Don't you worry.
Keep the golden curls awhile,
Keep the dimpled baby smile,
Leave to grown-ups greed and guile,
Its fret and flurry.

Boy, impatient to be grown,
What's your hurry?
Wherefore covet for your own
Man's foolish flurry?
Little maid, with rosy face,
Keep your girlish ways a space,
Woman's love and woman's grace
Cost tears and worry.

Miser, in the dollar-chase,
What's your hurry?
Spendthrift, with the killing pace,
What's your hurry?
Toiler, trader, artist, hard,
In the race so fierce and hard,
Would you but your haste retard,
"I would save much worry.
—George Huntington

A Cheerful Giver

(Continued on page 3)

"But, auntie," protested the girl, "I couldn't impose on you like that. It's too much."

"Nonsense, child," was the brusque reply; "I want you for company. You don't know how lovely the house is—now." There was a break in Aunt Nancy's voice, for her only son was sleeping with his comrades in far-off Flanders. But she continued brightly. "You can study to your heart's content, and in your spare time you can help me in my social service work. So don't say 'No, for I have it all settled."

"Oh, auntie, how perfectly delightful!" cried Miriam impulsively. "You are an angel. What have I ever done to deserve such good fortune?"

"Well, I've had this plain in the back of my brain for some time," confessed her aunt, "and was just taking stock. You didn't know you were being watched all summer. You see, I wanted to be sure you were the kind of person who would be pleasant to live with, and when I found out you were such a cheerful giver I was convinced."

"What do you mean by a cheerful giver?" asked Miriam. "I feel that I have so little to give to anything."

"I don't mean money. There are many others ways of giving which sometimes really count for more. There is the giving of yourself—your time, your little acts of helpfulness, sacrificing your own plans and doing it cheerfully, not with the air of a martyr. And," she concluded wisely, "that is something that is more precious than gold."

Just What You Think

"The people who always say just what they think seem mostly to have naughty, unpleasant thoughts," quoted Edith with a little wry twist of her lips.

"I saw Cousin Elinor tripping down the walk five minutes ago," laughed Helen. "She has been paying you a visit and exercising what she considers her special privilege of saying just what she thinks. Of course her thoughts would be in regard to shortcomings; she never thinks of things that are to some credit. It's the little way of those who have a mission to say what they think."

"Yes," murmured Edith, "she conned over all the things I ought not to have done—the opportunities I had let slip—and she made me feel such a useless cumberer of the ground that—"

"Nonsense, dear," cried Helen, "don't let that worry you. It's only Cousin Elinor's way. She prides herself upon saying just what she thinks. She always picks out the flaws and thinks about them, I notice. The idea of Cousin Elinor making you with your busy, useful days, feel like a cumberer of the ground," scoffed Helen. "I can see that it has taken a lot of sunshine out of your half-holiday. It is all very well to say 'don't mind what Cousin Elinor thinks and says;' one does mind, and the unkindness and injustice of the false estimate hurts almost as much as if the criticism had been merited."

"Persons who pride themselves upon saying just what they think should give a mighty lot of care and heart-searching to the messages they are always so ready to deliver. Kind Words.

Concerning the Smallest Republic

A republic without an army—without a navy—without even one policeman—with only one square mile of territory, and a population of fifty; who can tell what its name is, and where it is located?

Stranger still, it has stood in the midst of warring nations, and yet remained as independent as the United States. It has heard the roar of Napoleon's artillery. There are famous battlefields on the north of it and on the south. Great armies from France, and Spain and England have swung past it on all sides. Vast nations had arisen and gone down again to oblivion, and yet this baby republic goes on for centuries—without growth and without death.

Gousst—which is the name of this wonderful little atom among the nations of Europe—is situated in the Lower Pyrenees, between France and Spain.

For over two centuries and a half Gousst has elected a President every seven years, and its independence has been recognized by both France and Spain. Tavlaura did not become a republic until recently. In 1830 the absolute dominion of the island was conceded by Charles Albert, king of Sardinia, to the Bartoleon family, whose head became King Paul I.

He was likewise Paul the last, for on his death, in 1882, he requested that his title should be buried with him and that the kingdom be turned into a republic. A constitution was accordingly drawn up, and under its terms a president, with a council of six, is elected every six years, all adults, male or female casting a ballot. No salary is paid either to the president or the members of his council.

Britain's Coal

Great Britain owes its position in the world of commerce and industry to-day to coal more than to anything else. If beneath its soil and in its river-beds it had possessed as much glittering gold as Australia or California, it would not have availed it nearly so much as its wealth in coal.

Not only do the coal mines employ more than a million men, but they provide for the cotton, woollen, iron, shipbuilding, and many other noted industries, without which England would soon be poor.

It is a fact that Great Britain produces a fourth of all the coal used in the world. Unmined coal reserve figures of Great Britain are estimated at 500,000,000,000 tons, of which 12,000,000,000 are anthracite.

Coal is money to Great Britain, for it pays, in place of money, for thousands of commodities which are imported into that country, and which amount of reconstruction could enable the British to produce within their own borders. At the estimate of unmined coal above, at the present rate of consumption, it will last for many centuries to come.—Edwin Tarrisse, in "Young People."

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SCHOOL POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED and distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. If a pupil is to be away, if put in box in office door, will be sent to city post office at 1.00 p. m. and at 4 p. m. of each day (Sunday excepted). The passenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at a post office for delivery for any one unless the same is in the locked bag.

LETTERS—PACKAGES—BOXES.

If parents or friends send letters, packages or boxes to pupils, address as follows:—

[name of pupil]
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

☞ Prepay postage, express or freight charges in all cases

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION

WEST—2.15 a. m.; 7.50 a. m.; 11.40 a. m.; 3.00 p. m. 4.58 p. m.
EAST—12.25 a. m.; 1.56 a. m. 11.10 a. m.; 12.11 p. m.; 4.35 p. m.
MADOC AND PETERBORO' BRANCH—5.20 a. m.; 12.10 p. m.; 5.45 p. m.

Canadian Northern Railway.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS

For Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points: 3.10 A. M. (Except Sunday), 1.25 A. M. and 2.34 P. M. (Except Sunday).
For Trenton, Picton and Intermediate points: 7.10 A. M., 12.25 P. M. and 5.15 P. M. (Daily Except Sunday).
For Maynooth, Bancroft and Intermediate points: 7.00 A. M. (Except Sunday).
For Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points: 7.00 A. M. and 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday).
For Frankford, Marmora, Coe Hill and Intermediate points: 7.00 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. (Except Sunday).
For Napanee, Deseronto, Harrowsmith, Kingston and Intermediate points: 7.55 A. M., 1.25 P. M. and 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday).
For Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate points: 3.10 A. M. and 1.25 P. M. (Except Sunday).
For Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk: 3.06 A. M., 7.55 A. M., 1.25 P. M. and 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday).

From Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points: 3.10 A. M., 1.25 P. M. (Except Sunday) and 9.35 P. M.
From Trenton, Picton and Intermediate points: 7.55 A. M., 1.25 P. M. and 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday).
From Maynooth, Bancroft and Intermediate points: 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday).
From Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points: 7.00 A. M. and 5.15 P. M. (Except Sunday).
From Kingston, Harrowsmith, Napanee, Deseronto and Intermediate points: 3.15 P. M. (Except Sunday).
From Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate points: 3.10 A. M. (Except Monday) and 3.15 P. M. (Except Sunday).
From Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk: 3.10 A. M. (Except Monday), 3.15 P. M. (Except Sunday).

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Belleville, Ontario.

TORONTO EVANGELICAL CHURCH OF THE DEAF

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows:

West End Y. M. C. A.—Corner of College St. and Dovercourt Rd. at 11 a. m.
Toronto Sick School, 100 College St., at 3 p. m.
Central Y. M. C. A. at 11 a. m. and 7.45 p. m.
Bible Class every Wednesday evening at Central Y. M. C. A., 40 College St. at 8 p. m.
Superintendent MR. P. FRASER, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.
Ontario Education Committee Convener—MR. F. E. HARRIS, 111 St. Patrick St., Toronto.
MRS. J. R. BYRNE, Deaconess, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.

ALL WELCOME

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send me the names and post office addresses of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them, so that I may forward to them particulars concerning this School, and inform them where and by what means their children can be intructed.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

School for the Blind

BRANTFORD, ONT

THE PROVINCIAL SCHOOL FOR the Education and Instruction of Blind children, is located at Brantford, Ontario. For particulars address

W. B. RACE, Principal

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS—From 9.00 a. m. to 1 p. m. with recess from 10.40 to 11.00 during which lunch is served to the pupils.

AS SOON AS THE PUPILS ASSEMBLE in the class rooms in the morning each teacher will open by prayer. At 4 o'clock the pupils will assemble in the chapel and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner. The prayers are those prescribed for use in the Public Schools of Ontario. Teachers and Instructors are to be in their respective rooms and departments five minutes before the time for the assembling of pupils.

EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8 p. m.—Voluntary reading hours for senior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY—Sunday School at 9.05 a. m. General Lecture at 2.30 p. m. Pupils of all denominations attend their respective churches whenever desired by the pastors in charge.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN.—Rev. Ven. Archdeacon Beamish, M. A. (Anglican); Rev. A. S. Kerr, M. A. (Presbyterian); Rev. A. H. Foster, (Methodist); Rev. H. Wallace, (Baptist); Rev. Father Killeen, Catholic.

BIBLE CLASSES, Sunday morning at 9.05; International Series of Sunday School Lessons. Superintendent, Mr. George E. Stewart. Teachers—Mrs. Dalis, Miss Linn, Miss Neil, Miss Ford, Miss James, Miss Brown, Miss Palen, Miss Scott, Miss Currie, Miss Blanchery, Miss Parker, Miss Springer, Miss Nurse, Miss Sunter, Miss Stirk and Miss Malcolm.

THE CATHOLIC PUPILS receive religious instruction on Sunday morning from 8.45 to 9.30 and on Friday afternoon from 2 to 2.30. Teachers, Miss Deannard, Miss Hierlon, Miss Ahearne and Miss Carrol.

☞ *Clergymen of all denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.*

Industrial Departments:

GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday afternoon of each week from 2.15 to 4 o'clock.

THE PRINTING OFFICE, SHOE AND CARPENTER SHOPS from 2.30 to 4.30 for junior pupils and from 2.30 to 5.30 for senior pupils who attend school; for those who do not, from 7.30 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 2.30 to 5.30 p. m. each working day except Saturday, when the office and shops will be closed at noon.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASSES are may be arranged from time to time.

THE SEWING CLASS HOURS are from 8.15 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do not attend school, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do. Sewing on Saturday afternoons

☞ The Printing office, Shops, Sewing Room and Domestic Science Department to be left each day when work ceases in a clean and tidy condition.

☞ Pupils are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments, except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent.

☞ Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work in hand to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the School, will be made welcome on any day except Sundays. Visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is as soon after 9 o'clock a. m. as possible.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the School, they are kindly advised not linger and prolong leave-taking with their children. It only makes discomfort for all concerned, particularly for the parents. The child will be tenderly cared for, and if left in our charge without delay will be quite happy with the others in a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. If parents must come, however, they will be made welcome to the class-rooms and allowed every opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodgings or meals, or entertain guests at the School. Good accommodation may be had in the city at the Quinte Hotel, Crystal, Queens, City and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. No correspondence will be allowed between parents and officers or employees under any circumstances without special permission upon each occasion. Every letter addressed to the Superintendent will be promptly answered.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTERS FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE THEY ARE WELL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every three weeks and may write oftener if they wish; letters will be written by the teachers for the little ones who cannot write, stating, as nearly as possible, their wishes.

☞ No medical preparations that have been used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the school.

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise medicines and appliances for the cure of Deafness. In 999 cases out of a 1000 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well-known medical practitioners in cases of adventitious deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent

THE CANADIAN

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Ontario School for the Deaf, Belleville.

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ONTARIO SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA
UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. R. H. GRANT,
MINISTER OF EDUCATION, TORONTO.

Officers of the School:
C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., ...Superintendent
J. W. PEARCE .....Bursar
W. W. BOYCE, M. D. .....Physician
DR. J. CHANT, M. D. .....Aurist and Dentist
MISS E. A. WILOUGHBY .....Matron
MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD.....Assistant Matron

Teachers:
ORAL
W. J. CAMPBELL
Supervising Teacher Senior Oral Dept.
MISS CATHERINE FORD
Supervising Teacher Junior Oral Dept.
GEO. F. STEWART, MISS M. SCOTT
MISS I. R. PALEN, MISS E. NURSE
MISS B. BROWN, MISS C. CAROL
MISS L. DEANNARD, MISS B. SUNTER
MISS E. PARKER, B. A. MISS I. MALCOLM
MISS F. CURRY, MISS A. STIRK
MISS G. SPRINGER, MISS S. E. WARD
MISS V. HANDLEY, MISS B. A. WILSON
MISS G. BRADLEY

MANUAL
MISS GEORGINA LINN
Supervising Teacher Manual Department
D. R. COLEMAN, M. A., MISS NINA JAMES
MISS SYLVIA L. BAILIS, MISS NINA BROWN

MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD,
Teacher of Domestic Science
MRS. L. G. WILLIAMS, Teacher of Sewing
Teacher of Fancy Work

MISS I. MCBRIDE,
Stenographer & Clerk, Instructor of Printing.

WM. NURSE, Storekeeper & Associate Supervisor.
ALEX. MORRICE, Master Shoemaker.
W. SMITH, Supervisor of Boys, etc.
Engineer.
M. W. PARKS, Master Carpenter.
MISS CLARA COOMBE, Trained Nurse and Instructress in Home Nursing.
J. N. BOID, Master Baker.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this School is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools

All deaf persons between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious disease, who are bona fide residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $50 per year for board, Tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf persons whose parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT CHARGED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Baking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in General Domestic Work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of Sewing Machines and such Ornamental and Fancy Work as may be desirable. Manual Training in woodwork for boys, and Domestic Science for girls have been introduced.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

☞ The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

POETRY

The Lilt Of A Laugh

I've toiled with the men the world has blessed,
And I've toiled with the men who failed;
I've toiled with the men who strove with zest,
And I've toiled with the men who wailed.
And this is the tale my soul would tell,
As it drifts over the harbor bar.
The sound of a sigh don't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

The men who were near the grumbler's side,
Oh, they heard not a word he said;
The sound of a sigh is passed without heed,
And they hearkened to that instead.
Its tones were strident as the tales they tell.
Of the rise of the Christmas star;
The sound of a sigh don't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

If you would be heard at all, my lad,
Keep a laugh in your heart and throat;
For those who are deaf to accents sad
Are alert to the cheerful note.
Keep hold on the cord of laughter's bell,
Keep aloof from the moans that mar;
The sound of a sigh don't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far.
—Strickland Gillian.

MISCELLANEOUS

A Storm-Delayed Decision

Well, I hear you're going to leave the farm, Alan," said Herbert Maynard.

"Yes, we expect the deal to go through to-day. I'm going to the city to study dentistry," said Alan Maxwell.

"Well, good luck to you. I wish I were going to do something. It's all very well to raise the lime and cry about the need of patriotic farmers on the land, but you can raise an ear of corn for somebody in the city to eat, and it has to pass through the hands of two or three middlemen that each want nearly as much profit as the fellow that hoes the corn in the hot sun. I get pretty well tired of it sometimes; but there's no use to talk to dad about selling the farm. It would break dad right up to hive to leave it. I don't think he'd ever be content anywhere but in the country. He's always been used to it."

Alan Maxwell shifted his weight uneasily from one foot to the other. The two splendid-looking lads stood on the little knoll overlooking the undulating acres of the Maxwell farm. Herbert had been taking a short cut from the Whitehall's where had been to get an extra harvest hand.

At the same moment in a red estate office in the nearest market town two men were discussing the same subject.

The real estate man tipped his chair back from his desk, and his hat back on his head, and eyed prospectively the prospective buyer from the city.

"I tell you, Mr. Matheson, there's not such a buy in the farm line anywhere in three counties. Ninety-five acres, nice, rich loam, a regular pan of gold dust for anyone that likes to work it. A little of it is undulating, but most of it is as level as a tennis court. You noticed that wheatfield to the right of the house? Isn't that a beauty. Every bit of the farm's tillable but that little piece down at the north-west end, where that stream runs through the cedars. That's a good trout-stream, too. The corner make-a dandy pasture, good running water on it, too—artesian well, good buildings. Of course, the house needs some modern improvements. It is a mere matter of a little expense to connect it with the Hydro now and put in bathrooms and so on. It is a marvel to me that old Maxwell will part with it. It's just on account of the son. He sent him to school till he got a good high school education, and by that time his head had got too big for a broad-rimmed straw hat and work in the sun. He's got to go off to the city and make for one of the professions. It's a bad move for the old couple, and like enough for him, too. But that's not your show. Nine thousand buys it. I've fixed the the hour for settling up about a quarter to four this afternoon. That'll give you time to get your dinner here in town and look off your little business you spoke of before we go out."

Hebert Maynard left the knoll on which the two were talking and Alan strolled toward the barn, the summer breeze off his own wheatfields fanning his face. He looked over at the corn. Father was not hoeing this morning, neither was he. Was he felt like work. It was a day of nervous tension. Even the smoke of the kitchen chimney, as he looked toward it, seemed to curl forth in lazy, half-suppressed whisps as though it had no ardor about cooking the dinner.

Alan had made up his mind to go to the city to study dentistry. It was not that dentistry made a wonderful appeal to him, but a couple of the neighbors, Doug Robertson and Alf Walton, had gone and done the same. He had been in to see them, and their environment had made its appeal to him. He liked the fellows, and could see that the soil of his father's to-day—the corn would have been watered with salt tears.

But Alan went out and hoed, hoed fiercely in the sun, so fiercely, indeed, that he did not notice the triangular storm cloud rising up over the cedars. On it came, black and threatening, like an armed host. He did not notice even when it blotted out the sun beating down on his broad-brimmed hat. It was only when the air became oppressive that he looked up and became conscious that the breeze that had been fanning his cheeks a while ago had died down. He shouldered his hoe just in time to make the house before the storm burst. There came with a crash, beating wildly upon the windows and making little rivulets under the kitchen doors that did not fit perfectly. Every tool and cat and dog in the yard was scattered to its place of shelter. The little family were shut up in that solemn hour together in the dining-room of the old house. Dad looked uneasily at his watch. It was nearing the important hour. Mabel moved about restlessly, then walked to the window to look out upon the storm, as it abated a little, she had her hand on her brother's shoulder. "Will, I hope you will make a good dentist, Alan," she said, "when this is all over. I hope you will make a good and a great one, right in your profession. I hope you will work for the work's sake, and not for the money." He felt her hand tremble on his shoulder. He felt that in that hour she was solemnly consecrated him to a life of service. He looked up to her and noticed the strong, beautiful eyes. Heart of him! What a doctor she would have made! She was the kind of soul who would have worked for the service and not for the reward. She could picture her doctoring poor little children in alleyways and byways who could not have afforded the best of care; he could see her bearing the light of the Spirit as well as the curing of the body to beds of pain. He saw in her a soul in whom one might get a glimpse, a something of the revelation of the Great Physician who healed for the love of men.

"Suppose," said the father, "we take dad the old Book and read while we are shut in here together. We can do nothing else and we may not be together here very long." Andersand Mathews wants to move in here right away as soon as he gets possession, before the heat of the summer is well on." And the father took down the Bible and read, as he was something of a sacramental service. He read the solemn scene of the Last Supper; then they knelt and he offered a simple prayer for the keeping and the guidance of his children; and no one could have guessed from his words the depths of the night of sacrifice through which he had passed, and no one heard the unwhispered words on the lips of the boy at the close, "Thy will be

(Continued on page 4)

Mabel's. With father retiring, they felt that they could not afford to keep both sister and himself at college, so Mabel was going to teach. He knew in his secret heart she meant to teach long years and save money and take that medical course some day.

It was strange, but Alan was the only silent one at that dinner table, and he was the only one who was getting all he wanted.

"What's the matter, boy? Thinking about extracting teeth?" said his father. Alan made some evasive answer.

Father took out his watch at the close of the meal. "Quarter to four," he said, "Mr. Burgess and that man from the city will be here to close the deal."

He said it quite as though it were somebody calling to buy a heifer; and mother looked up as calmly.

"Shall I finish hoeing that corn, dad, this afternoon?"

"You may if you like, boy. I think I'll not hoe to-day," and Alan knew that he could not have turned that soil of his father's to-day—the corn would have been watered with salt tears.

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THE CANADIAN

Eight pages,

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Ontario School for the Deaf

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

GEO. F. STEWART, - - - - EDITOR.

OUR MISSION:

First—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

Second—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf subscribers.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils now in the School, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

SUBSCRIPTION:

Fifty (50) cents for the school year, payable in advance, postage prepaid by publisher. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postal notes, or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us, that mistakes may be corrected without delay. All papers are stopped when the subscription expires, unless otherwise ordered. The date on each subscriber's wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

☞ Correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted —if we know it.

ADVERTISING.

A few select advertisements will be inserted. Rates made known on application.

Address all communications and subscriptions

THE CANADIAN,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 1st, 1920.

Making Or Marring

A great man once said, "Give me a child for the first seven years of its life and I care not who has it after that—the idea being that the impressions made during those years will never be eradicated, but will always dominate the life through all the years to come. If he had said ten years instead of seven, the remark would be true as a general rule, though the whole motif and trend of many a life is changed in later years. It is true that the child is father of the man, and that the school and home of to-day are deciding the destiny of the nation in the not distant future. Among the pupils now in our classes are the statesmen who will guide the ship of state to the harbor of peace and prosperity, or upon the rocks of disaster; the financiers who will make or mar the reputation of our land for probity and honor; the industrial leaders who will become the public's benefactors or else the public's leeches; the false prophets or the true, who shall herald a new era of justice and fair play and benevolent cooperation among all sections of the community, or who shall stir up antagonisms and hatreds between class and class, and deluge the land with the horrors of the Red Terror; the ministers of religion who shall be flaming evangels of truth as spoken and lived by the Master, or blind leaders of the blind, who shall guide their people into the quagmires of doubt and unbelief. What a responsibility rests upon the teachers now molding these plastic minds! How rich and blessed the guerdon of those who are faithful in this great work! How bitter the condemnation of the mere time-server and parasite, who cares nothing but to get through each day's work as quickly and easily as possible, who "follows the curriculum," to the letter and watches the clock to the minute, but beyond that will spend neither time nor thought nor energy in promoting those ideals and instilling those principles that are of such vastly greater importance than all the lore of all the ages.

An exchange say; "Statistics show that there are over six million malnourished children in the United States." How thankful we are that we live in Canada. Everybody here has enough to eat, and good stuff, too.

"Why I like Teaching"

Teachers are accustomed to hearing more or less adverse criticism—and an occasional compliment—from the "dear public," though in recent years the criticism is becoming less frequent and the compliments more common. This is well, for we all resent the one, and take pleasure in and derive encouragement and stimulus from the other. So the following brief but very appreciative article from a leading United States daily makes pleasant reading:

John J. Dixon, superintendent of schools, Columbus, Wis., gives an extensive list of reasons "Why I Like Teaching," any one of which is sufficient vindication of the choice of that profession as a sphere of life activity.

He heads the list with this:—

"I like teaching because I like boys and girls, because I delight in having them about me, in talking with them, working with them, playing with them, and in possessing their confidence and affection."

His second reason, which also argues qualification for the responsible office of teacher, is—

"I like teaching because the teacher works in an atmosphere of idealism, dealing with mind and heart, with ideas and ideals."

Professor Dixon likes teaching also because, as he says—

"The relation of teacher to learner in whatever capacity is one of the most interesting and delightful in the world."

If society only fully understood it, the competent school teacher is its most valuable public servant—more valuable even than mayor, governor or president when the future is taken into consideration—and the remuneration offered should be such as to attract to that profession, the men and women best qualified to measure up to its responsibilities.

Radium is a substance millions of times more powerful than dynamite. It is estimated that an ounce of radium would contain enough power to raise 10,000 tons a mile above the earth's surface. The energy needed to tow a ship of 12,000 tons a distance of 6,000 sea miles at fifteen knots is contained in two ounces of radium.

How to Send Packages to Pupils

A school exchange—name forgotten—gives some good advice to parents that is equally applicable to our school, and probably all schools. It says:

At the beginning of another term the same old problem of how to protect packages sent to the pupils against damage or destruction arises. Hardly a day passes that one or more packages do not arrive in a woefully damaged condition. Yesterday a small box that was evidently filled with grapes, bananas and oranges at home arrived with only one orange, a smashed banana and a few crushed grapes. To-day a box came in with both ends out and a few apples and peanuts left in it. It is seldom the case that a box containing fruit or other eatables arrives in good condition. What does it profit parents or their children to start a box and have it crushed on the way?

Weak cardboard boxes will not stand the rough handling they receive in the mails. It would be better to send nothing than to send things in a weak box that will go to pieces and let out the contents. In the first place the children are sadly disappointed when they receive a box with the greater part of its contents gone; in the next place, whatever fruit is left is liable to be spoiled or tainted with disease germs, thus rendering it positively dangerous. Parents or friends of our children who send them presents should pack the things in a strong box, a wooden one being preferable, and, if there are eatables in it, wrap them carefully to protect them against contamination. Then they should address the box plainly to the intended recipient in care of the School for the Deaf. If it is desired that children have fruit, nuts or candy it would perhaps always be better to send them the money and tell them to buy these eatables here.

Long before the first white man came to North America, the Indians of British Columbia used a white sugar of a very high and rare quality, a sugar derived from an almost unbelievable source—from the foliage of the Douglas fir. The sugar appears in white masses, ranging in size from a quarter of an inch to two inches in diameter, at the ends of the leaves or the branchlets. This sugar is exceedingly sweet; in fact about fifty per cent of it consists of trisacharide, a very rare and valuable variety of sugar, hitherto to obtained only from a shrub in Turkestan and Persia. This sugar will be of much value for chemists but as it exudes from the leaf only on bright, warm days, and then in limited quantities, it is not likely to be of much value commercially.

The Ohio Chronicle now has Supt. J. W. Jones as the editor, better salary than the state could pay having enticed Mr. Roy Conkling, the former editor and foreman, away. We extend to Bro. Jones our best wishes and cordial welcome into the circle of pencil pushers.—The Deaf Mississippian.

We consider Supt. Jones too valuable a man to be made an editor.—Palemeetto Leaf.

O say, now, look here you know—

Prof. Geo. M. Wiley, Assistant Commissioner for Elementary Education in the State of New York, thus sets forth two fundamentals of a teacher's efficieney:

"A fundamental factor in efficiency is professional growth. A teacher who has been marking time for years, who has made no effort to keep abreast of the rapid development in the educational field in relation to her special work, has not been growing in effectiveness. Such a teacher should make no claim to professional competency.

"Professional spirit, closely related as it is with professonal growth, is a vital factor in determining efficiency. The teacher's attitude toward her work, the pupils, the parents and patrons, and toward principal and supervising officers, is an index of her professional spirit. Morale is all-important in the school organization."

Matrimonial

McLaren—Cromwell

On Nov. 24th a happy event occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cromwell, of Brockville, when their daughter, Miss L. B. Cromwell, was united in marriage to Mr. A. W. McLaren, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. McLaren, of Smith's Falls.

The bride was charmingly gowned in peach colored crepe de chine, embroidered with French beads, over white satin. She wore a veil of silk net, topped with a wreath of seed pearls, and also wore a handsome gold wrist-watch, the gift of the groom. Miss H. Redmond was the bridesmaid. She wore white satin and carried a bouquet of pink roses, while the bride carried white roses. Mr. D. P. McLaren, brother of the groom, was the best man.

After the ceremony was concluded a a tasty luncheon was served, the centre of attraction being the lovely wedding cake.

The parents of the groom, and his sisters, Misses Mary and Rachel, and the groom's employer, Mr. George Rathwell, and his wife, were present in addition to the immediate friends of the bride. The many handsome presents testified to the esteem in which bride and groom were held by their numerous friends.

The happy couple left for a brief honeymoon trip to Ottawa and other eastern points. The travelling suit of the bride was blue, trimmed with military braid, fox furs, and hat to match. The gift of the groom to the bridesmaid was a gold pin set with pearls, and to the groomsman, a gold tie pin.

The staff and older pupils here have pleasant recollections of both the groom and groomsman, who visited their sister Rachel here soon after their return from overseas. To the happy wedded couple we extend our hearty felicitations, and best wishes for a long, happy and prosperous wedded life.

Getting on With Ourselves

"I have to live with myself," is an expression often heard but uttered none too often. While it is important to get along well with our associates and neighbors, it is equally important that we know how to be on good terms with ourselves. After all, the man whose good opinion I should most zealously seek to enjoy it not my employer, but myself. It is the man within, rather than the man without whom we have most reason to fear. What are compliments and cheers if our own hearts proclaim that we are not worthy of them. Alexander Pope expresses this very aptly in his lines;

"One self-approving hour,
Whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas."

Donald Hankey, in "A Student at Arms," gives us a true picture of the soldier who is true to himself when he says: "In the hour of danger a man is proven; the boaster hides, the egotist trembles; only he whose care is for honor, and for others, forgets to be afraid."

Minot J. Savage presents to us his conception of a strong man in the following lines:

"On God's sun-dial of time,
'Tis never late to him who stands
Self-centred in a trust sublime,
With mastered force and thinking hands."

If we have mastered the secret of successfully getting on with ourselves, we are not likely to fail in getting on with man and God. Myself is my most constant companion which may be either a comforter or a tormentor.

Thackeray gives us the following piece of good advice:

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman."

The Economic Value of Courtesy

Here is what the president of a great railway corporation has to say to his employees regarding courtesy toward their patrons: The railroad man has a great opportunity for showing kindness and goodwill. He comes into contact with all kinds of people—the old and the young, the rich and the happy and the sorrowful, the educated and the illiterate, and knows to which class they belong. A smile, a kind word or a kindness done to any of these cannot fail to leave its impression for good, and this cannot help but expand. Any person buying a ticket, no matter what the style of his clothes, or how much money he displays, or what his position in society is, is entitled to courteous treatment."

One likes to read such words, particularly when they come from a business man. They go to prove to us that courtesy has an economic value. No one cares to deal with a snappy official. In fact, few people will put up with a surly manner unless they are absolutely forced to do so. An agreeable, pleasant-mannered clerk is of more value to an employer than two employees who do not know how to smile or to pass a compliment. A Japanese proverb says, "Fortune will call at the smiling gate." Many a merchant owes more to his kindly smiles for his prosperity than to the superiority of his goods.

As we study life we become more and more impressed with the fact that all moral values have a pronounced economic value as well. The Bible is a useful business handbook. Every day is proving to us how essential real goodness is in the attainment of worldly prosperity. Even the great missionary problem has its economic aspect. A Christain nation eats better food and wears better clothing than pagan nations. Nothing is more evident than that every virtue of the human heart yields large dividends socially as well as morally.

Be a Man of Your Word

One of the best tributes that we can pay to any man is to say to him that he is a man of his word. A man can't be a manly man unless he also is an honorable one. There is no manhood without honor, character, without integrity, no life worth living unless it is based upon the fundamental principles of honor, sincerity and loyalty. Make it your ambition to be a man of your word. The world has no use for a liar, it despises deceit and hypocrisy. The only man who can gain and maintain the confidence of his friends is the man who all times is truthful and honest—the man who is a man of his word.—The Square Deal.

Ontario Association of the Deaf

OFFICERS.

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HON. PRES.	DR. COUGHLIN, Belleville.
PRESIDENT	P. FRASER, Toronto.
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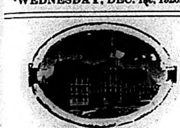
THE CANADIAN

SCHOOL MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 1st, 1920.



CHRISTMAS

It is only three or four weeks till Christmas, and as usual our pupils are looking eagerly forward to that occasion. This year none of the pupils will be allowed to go home, but we will do all we can to make the Christmas season as happy and pleasant for the children as possible, and in this the parents and friends should heartily assist. We will do our part, but the pleasure of the pupils will largely depend on the way they are remembered by the loved ones at home. We hope that every child here will receive a present from home.

All parcels and boxes should arrive here not later than December 20th.

Every year a number of parcels are received too late for distribution on Christmas morning. This was the case last year. Do not let it be so with your child this year.

We have a number of children whose parents are dead or too poor to send presents. We hope that well-to-do parents and other friends of the deaf will include in their boxes something for these children. Any money sent direct to the Superintendent will be very much appreciated and judiciously expended for these little ones.

Address all parcels in the name of child, care of the School for the Deaf, Belleville, Ont. All express charges must be prepaid.

We wish to repeat and emphasize what we said above, that no pupil will be allowed to go home for Christmas this year. In the past, exceptions were made when special reasons could be given, but this year there will be no exceptions. The work of the school is seriously interfered with when pupils are absent for a few days, and a whole class may be hampered for the pleasure of one pupil. Already we have had requests for parents to allow their children to go home. All such requests will be refused, so there is no use in any one writing us about it. Remember your child is no better than the others, and has no right to any special privileges.

HOME NEWS

—When the boys get out of the shops in the afternoons now they do not go to play, they go to work again at a job they are all interested in boarding up their skating rink. As they were careful to put away the sides last spring, they do not have to hunt up old lumber this time as is usually the case. When they get through, the girls would like them to fix up their rink in the same way.

—The instalation of the new machinery in the shoe-shop is now nearly complete. Our young shoemakers have now the most up-to-date facilities to learn the trade and we hope that they will take every advantage of their opportunities. When all is completed we will have one of the most complete outfits anywhere outside the big factories. Our boys and girls will be able to get their skates sharpened there now, as one of the best grinders is attached to the machines.

—We are sorry that one of our little boys has had to go through a serious operation at the city hospital, but we are glad to hear that he is doing well.

—The work on the new building has been going on quickly lately and if we can have a week of fine weather they will be able to get the basement covered in and then considerable work can be got on with there during the winter.

—On a recent Saturday afternoon two basket ball games took place at the Y. M. C. A. in the city between the Belleville and Trenton High School girls, Belleville winning both the senior and junior games. Quite a number of our pupils were among the spectators. We are sorry that we have no facilities for playing this fine game indoors during the winter.

—Our big snow plow has been able to keep the road to the city clear enough of snow to allow our big auto bus to make its regular trips, but with a full load of sixteen on board it was strenuous work sometimes.

—Armistice Day, the second anniversary of the closing of the Great War, was observed in our school as else where. Our flag flew all day. At recess our pupils were released as usual for lunch and after a brief interval all lined up along the front of the main building with their teachers and officers. A short address on the object of the gathering was made and at 11 o'clock sharp the boys removed their caps and came smartly to the salute, remaining in silence for two minutes. It was a most impressive sight.

—We have been having the first real snow storm and cold weather of the season and winter set in before we were quite ready. The carpenter boys are busy putting up the storm windows and doing other necessary work to make the buildings snug for the winter.

PUPILS' LOCALS

Written on Nov. 22nd, 1920

—The men are still working at the new building for the school for the Deaf. They are laying bricks. They have the basement window frames in.—Florence Bagby.

—On November 13th I went to the city with Mr. Smith in the auto. Dr. Chant looked at my eyes. He examined them and tested for glasses. I got my new glasses on November 18th. I can see to write better now.—Charles Davey.

—Last night Betty, Nellie and I paid a visit to Maude's room where we talked about little girls who lived on the farm. We laughed heartily at Nellie for she was a mischievous little girl on her farm. We had a good interesting talk.—M. Foster.

—I received a welcome letter from my father stating he is well. He told me that my brother, Fred, is now in Birch River, Manitoba, working as a carpenter. He was in Winnipeg for some time. I shall be very glad to see him next summer We expect him to return home in the spring.—V. Reading.

—On Nov. 17th a heavy snowfall came. It snowed all day and everybody was very glad. The snow is about seven inches deep. There is row a sheet of sleet everywhere. The children enjoy sliding on the ice. Christmas is coming. The school days are going fast and it doesn't seem that we have been at school for nearly three months.—H. Middleton.

—My family and I spent two days of my vacation in Niagara Falls. My father drove us there in his car. It is 113 miles from Ingersoll. We met our friend who is working at the Hydro Electric in Niagara Falls. My friend showed us the falls. They are beautiful. Would you like to see the falls, too?—Russell Groves.

—Last week Miss Palen heard a lady lecture about the people in Roumania. She said there were no trained nurses in Roumania. She asked the people to give some money to help send nurses there. Several Canadian nurses have sailed for Roumania. They will teach the Roumanian girls how to nurse.—Gladys Blais.

—Last summer my father told me that he sent my brother, Peter, to school in Edmonton. He used to go to school at home but my father took him to Edmonton. They stayed there for some days then my father came back home and said that Peter wanted to come home too, but the sisters wanted him to stay there for one year.—N. Nowak.

—I read a book about Bunny and Susan CottonTail. I will tell tell you a little about them. After Susan CottonTail's mother died, Susan was alone and she decided to go to Bunny's house to live. Bunny's mother was getting old. Bunny was troubled with rheumatism, so Susan helped Bunny. One day Bushy Tail Fox came to see the Cottontails. They were afraid of him. Susan got an idea and told Bushy about California. Bushy went there and never came back. The Cottontails were very happy and hugged each other.—Robert Crowe.

—The winter is approaching, so we put some large boards around the edge of the boys' rink on Saturday afternoon. We feel that the rink will be better than it was last year, because the cold and snow have come early. We will probably flood the rink next week. We hope that we can skate there before the 15th of December. Alton Dick is in charge of the rink. We hope that it will be better than before. Do you think that we will be able to skate before the 15th of December?—J. R. Tate.

—I heard that the Palace Theatre was destroyed by fire at one o'clock on Nov. 16th. The people thought that the fire started from the furnace in the basement. One girl saw the fire and ran to a policeman and told him and he rang in the alarm. Two women who lived over the theatre, screamed for help, but escaped safely. One of the women escaped down a ladder to the street. She lost her clothes and other things and she placed her loss at $2,000 without insurance. The other jumped out of the window to the pavement. She was carried into a drug store as she was cut by glass. She her clothing and other things.—Alton P. Dick.

—I read in the newspaper on Saturday saying that a new war memorial monument on the lawn of the Methodist Church, to honor the Acton soldier boys who fell in the Great War, was unveiled on Armistice Day by the people of Acton. About three hundred or four hundred of Acton high school and public school pupils were paraded from the school ground to the monument. They sang "O Canada," and "The Maple Leaf." Some officers and soldiers of Toronto, Acton, Georgetown and Milton, also my doctor brother, Willie and cousin, Charlie Matthews were there from Toronto. I wish very much that I could see it, but I will be able to see it when I go home in June. Another war memorial monument, was unveiled on the lawn of the Acton Soldier Home last spring. I am sure all the people of the town are very proud of these monuments.—Frances Kenney.

—Dora lived in a lighthouse with her father. She was a small brave little girl. One day her father went away to buy something for them to eat. It began to rain very hard. Then the sea got rough and her father could not come back. The night came and it was very dark. Dora tried to light the big lamp, but it was too high so she went down stairs and got a chair. She stood on it and was able to light the lamp. After the storm went by, her father came home and found his brave girl sleeping and the big lamp was burning brightly.—C. Barbour.

—I read in the newspaper about James Fanance's leg being broken by a German trophy on Sunday afternoon, August 15th. He was in the St. Joseph's hospital thirty five days. He is seven years old and is a nice boy. His father was soldier during the war. The paper said that James was reported to have been standing near the gun with some children when the heavy trail dropped on his leg, breaking it. Dr. Yelland, of Peterboro, was called and the fracture was set at St. Joseph's hospital. Charles, James' father and I went to the hospital to see James there. His father gave him oranges, candies etc. As I was looking out of the window, I saw James' father coming here on Nov. 20th. That was last Saturday evening. They went into the sitting room. James wanted to go home with his father. He knew me as he used to see me at the station. He is well and happy here. Joseph John Meyette.

—Last week I read in the newspaper where it stated that coal had been found in Shelburne by Mr. Higgin's. When he found it, he brought samples of it to Toronto to have it tested and it has been proven to be coal. Shelburne may be a city soon if there is coal there.—Mary E. Whalen.

—Last Saturday, after supper, Miss Deannard called N. Patrick, D. Foster and me and told us that we had party invitations from Betty Williams. We got on our party dresses and at 7 o'clock we went over the Main-building and met Mrs. Williams and shook hands with her. After a while there came four deaf boys. Then we had some games and enjoyed playing them. Then we had nice refreshments, consisting of biscuit, cheese, cookies, angel cake, French chocolate, ice-cream and coffee. At 10 o'clock we all thanked Mrs. Williams and Betty and said good night to all. We went to our rooms and slept soundly. I thought coffee would not let me sleep soundly but it did. We all had a really good time.—Maude A. McKee.

—I received a lovely letter from father and was greatly pleased to hear from him. I am proud of him. Why? Because he said as he was clearing up his garden ground at the back of our new house he found an Indian arrowhead made of stone. Last summer father and sister had a holiday for two weeks We were very busy in our old house but sister went to Grimsby Beach for a week and then at our new home for the week of her holidays. We put a great many dishes and other things in four or five barrels but they were very heavy. There were two bottles and a plate broken. On Aug. 14th early in the morning we moved to our house. Father worked in the cellar, lawn and garden. Mother cleaned our old house before we left it. In about two days we had our home ready. I am very much pleased with it. Sister from Grimsby Beach came home and said that it was nice.—Muriel Allen.

Making Ourselves a Necessity

A gentleman in a large departmental store not long ago received a splendid advance in his salary on the ground that he had made himself a necessity to the institution. He had received an attractive offer from another firm, and was thinking seriously of accepting it, but when he went to the manager of the store in which he had been working, he was told that he couldn't leave, that he had made himself necessary to the successful conducting of the business, and rather than lose him the firm would double his salary and give him an interest in the business. It is scarcely necessary to say that he stayed. The business world abounds with people who have little interest in their employer's business. They put in their time and wait eagerly for the end of the month for their pay envelope or cheque. It is often said that there isn't any man but can be quickly replaced. This is not true. In every department of life's work we can find men who by their talents and unselfish devotion to their work have made themselves essential to the welfare of the concern they serve. The curse of industrial life is indifferent and slovenly work. Men are given positions and in a few weeks they are discharged, simply because they are misfits. The lad who masters details and throws himself into his work soon makes himself a very essential part of any institution.

Business security rests mainly on the character of the parties engaged in it.

It is a small thing to a man whether or not his neighbor be merciful to him; it is life or death to him whether or not he be merciful to his neighbor.—George Macdonald.

All boxes must be here on or before Monday, Dec. 20th. We ask the parents to kindly remember that we have 260 pupils in attendance and that the officers must have time to arrange the boxes and to perform other necessary work in connection therewith. Every year some children are disappointed on Christmas morning because parents *WILL NOT* send their boxes in time.

Little Boy Blue

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his muskets moulds in his hands.

Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys.

And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.

And they wonder as waiting the long years
through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

—Eugene Field.

A Storm-Delayed Decision

(Continued on page 7)

done." It was a late hour at which he had come to say it—

"Tin-n-n-g!" It was the 'phone calling. Matel answered, but they could all hear in the room the voice of Mr. Burgess, the real estate man, and get enough scraps to know the purport of his message: "Hurrying down the hill to get through ahead of the storm—the car struck the bridge rail and turned turtle—Mr. Matheson hurt—shaken up a good deal—car damaged—stay at Lawson's—will not be able to get out till to-morrow morning."

Father Maxwell looked years older when Matel delivered the message. He had been trying to keep up until the hour was over; he could not bear the prolonged suspense.

The storm ceased; the sun came out as quickly as it had vanished, a rainbow spanned the field of wheat and the cedars at the north-west of the farm. It seemed to form a protecting arch of glory just over the Maxwell acres.

That night when the moon was out Alan Maxwell stole down to the quiet shadows of the cedars and sat on the stone where he had often sat as a boy catching trout at night-fall, but he had no hook and line to-night. A whippoorwill was calling across the fields and from a swamp over back of Whitehall's came faintly the croaking of the frogs. For a long, long hour he kept his vigil. When he went back the house was in darkness. He could see a white figure kneeling at Mabel's window, face upturned toward the stars. He did not know she often knelt there that way, and she did not know that he saw her as he passed through the woodyard and entered the kitchen door. He stole quietly up the stairs. He had to pass his father's and mother's room, and as he did so he heard a heavy sob that broke from the old man.

"I wish it had been over to-day; it's a long strain." His mother said something quiet and comforting as she used to when they were children.

The boy knocked, and went in and sat down on the foot of the bed.

"Say, dad, you are not going to sell this farm to-morrow. I'm going to stay and help you work the farm. There's lots of fellows in the city can fill teeth as well as me."

"I say, boy, d'you mean it?" whispered the old man hoarsely.

"But, Alan," said the mother, "it is the sacrificing of your hopes, your career. You are young and we are old. We have talked it over. Of course we feel it, but we want you to do the work to which you feel called."

"I know," said the boy, "but it is the call to work and not to shirk I need to hear. I'm afraid it is the call to shirk that I have been listening to. I just got tired of the grind of hard work. I believe I don't want to give it up—the farm—after all. I was never sure of it till to-night. I tell you, dad, if you want to send somebody to the city to educate that'll shine in the professional line, send Mabel to take a medical course. I'll work on the farm and help you earn the money and we'll send her next fall instead of letting her teach and struggle through herself."

The old man held himself in silence for a moment. The moon streamed down through the white curtains in the simple, old-fashioned room, and over in the corner it seemed to throw a special light on the little old cradle where he lay out as it as a boy. Mother had got it out as it was one of the things she wanted to take with her when they moved. They all glanced toward it, and the mother and father had the same thought of how he had lain there—the little white-robed baby, and they had bent over him with such loving hopes.

"I guess I'll finish hoeing that corn in the morning, dad," said Alan.

There was a catch in his father's voice. He said, "Yes, we'll hoe the corn, boy; thank God, we'll hoe the corn."

Down the hall at another window the kneeling white figure prayed softly, "Thy will be done," and with a quiet sweetness in her face she turned to sleep and knew not what in the morning thenceforth of what made the fondest hopes of her life possible was to be laid before her. She knew not that in another day her eyes would shine with the light of one who had set out on the pathway to the fulfillment of her soul's ambition.—Onward.

The Unbroken Chain

Perhaps the most beautiful story Mr. William T. Ellis has put into his book, "Men and Missions," is the one cherished by Christians since the early day of the church, that tells what followed when news came one day to the reigning Roman emperor that his gladiators, long in all, had accepted Christ and had made profession of their faith in Him.

The enraged emperor immediately gave orders that these men be required to recant. If they refused to do so they were to be transported to the loneliest spot in all the Alpine country of northern Italy, and there, without food or shelter, turned out to die. The message was carried to the gladiators, and to a man they refused to disown their Saviour.

Guarded by a battalion of Roman soldiers they were taken north, and there, in the wildest spot to be found among the eternal snows of the Alps, they were turned out into the wintry night to die of starvation and exposure.

That night, as the officer of the guard lay in his tent, he was roused by a chant that was borne in to him upon the night winds. Listening, he heard:

"Forty wrestlers wrestling for Christ, ask of Him the victory, and claim for Him the crown."

He began to think about the devotion of these men to their Leader. He knew something of the loyalty of a Roman soldier to the empire, but he realized that the breast of no Roman soldier ever knew a devotion like this. As he marvelled, a poor wretch came stumbling through the flap of his tent, fell on his knees and begged permission to recant.

The officer looked down on him and said:

"Art thou the only one of thy number that dunk sake this?"

"The only one."

Tearing off his cloak, the Roman officer threw it over the shivering wretch.

"Then I will have thy place," he said, and went out into the night.

And the chant again arose:

"Forty wrestlers, wrestling for Christ, ask of Him the victory, and claim for Him the crown."

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SCHOOL POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS.

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED and distributed without charge to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go to school should be addressed as follows:—Will be sent to away, if put in box in office, before 9 a.m., and at 4 p. m. of each day (Sunday excepted). The pupils may receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any one unless the same is in the locked box.

LETTERS—PACKAGES—BOXES.

FOR PUPILS

[Name of pupil]
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

☞ Prepay postage, express or freight charges in all cases.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION

WEST—2.15 a. m.; 7.50 a. m.; 11.40 a. m.; 2.00 p. m.; 4.56 p. m.
EAST—12.35 a. m.; 1.05 a. m. 11.10 a. m.; 12.11 p. m.; 3.30 p. m.
MIXED AND PETERBORO' BRANCH—5.30 a. m.; 10.10 p. m.; 5.45 p. m.

Canadian Northern Railway.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS

For Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points; 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday), 1.25 P.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
For Trenton, Picton and Intermediate points: 7.00 A. M. 3.15 P. M. and 5.15 P. M. (Daily Except Sunday).
For Maynooth, Bancroft and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. (Except Sunday).
For Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. and 3.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).
For Frankford, Marmora, Coe Hill and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. and 12.45 P.M. (Except Sunday).
For Napanee, Deseronto and Harrowsmith, Kingston and Intermediate points; 7.55 A. M., 1.25 P. M. and 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday).
For Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate points: 3.10 A. M. and 1.25 P. M. (Except Sunday).
For Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk: 7.55 A.M., 1.25 P.M. and 3.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).

From Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points: 3.10 A.M., 1.25 P.M. (Except Sunday) and 9.35 P.M.
From Trenton, Picton and Intermediate points: 7.55 A.M., 1.25 P.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Maynooth, Bancroft and Intermediate points: 3.10 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. and 5.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Kingston, Harrowsmith, Napanee, Deseronto and Intermediate points: 8.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate points: 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday) and 5.15 M. (Except Sunday).
From Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk: 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday), 5.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).

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Belleville, Ontario.

TORONTO EVANGELICAL CHURCH OF THE DEAF

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows every Sunday:—

West End Y. M. C. A., Corner of College St. and Spadina Ave., second ltd. at 11 a. m.
Toronto Bible School, 110 College St., at 3 p. m.
Central Y. M. C. A., at 11 a. m. and 7.45 p. m.
Bible Class and Sociable every Sunday at Central Y. M. C. A., 40 College St. at 8 p. m.

Superintendent, MR. P. FRASER, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.

Ontario Mission Committee Convener—MR. F. E. HARRIS, 114 St. Patrick St., Toronto.

MRS. M. J. BYRNE, Deaconess, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.

ALL WELCOME

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who reads this paper send me the names and post office addresses of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them, so that I may forward to them particulars concerning this School, and inform them how and by what means their children can be intructed.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

School for the Blind

BRANTFORD, ONT

THE PROVINCIAL SCHOOL FOR the Education and Instruction of Blind Children, is located at Brantford, Ontario. For particulars address

W. B. RACE, Principal

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS—From 9.00 a. m. to 1 p.m. with recess from 10.40 to 11.00 during which lunch is served to the pupils.

AS SOON AS THE PUPILS ASSEMBLE in the classrooms in the morning each teacher will lead by prayer. At 11 o'clock the pupils will assemble in the chapel and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner. The prayers are those prescribed for use in the Public Schools of Ontario. Teachers and instructors are to be in their respective rooms and departments five minutes before the time for the assembling of pupils.

EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8 p. m. Voluntary reading hours for senior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY—Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. General Lecture at 2.30 p. m. Pupils of all denominations are required to attend the churches whenever desired by the pastors in charge.

REGULAR WEEKLY CLERGYMEN.—Rev. Ven. Archdeacon Beamish, M. A. (Anglican), Rev. A. S. Kerr, B. A. (Presbyterian), Rev. T. H. Scott (Methodist), Rev. W. H. Wallace (Baptist), Rev. Father Killeen (Catholic).

BIBLE CLASSES.—Sunday morning at 9.05: International Bible Lessons. Sunday School Lessons. Superintendent, Mr. George F. Stewart; Teachers—Mrs. Bain, Miss Dale, Miss Ferguson, Miss Fraser, Miss Jones, Miss Brown, Miss Palen, Miss Scott, Miss Curry, Miss Handy, Miss Fraser, Miss Sangster, Miss Ross, Miss Sunter, Miss Stork and Miss Malcolm.

THE CATHOLIC PUPILS receive religious instruction on Sunday morning from 8.45 to 9.35 and on Friday afternoon from 2 to 3.30. Teachers, Miss Dunnigan, Miss Hinton, Miss Abearne and Miss Carrol.

☞ Clergymen of all denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.

Industrial Departments:

GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday after noon of each week from 2.15 to 4 o'clock.

THE PRINTING OFFICE will be open to Classes from 2.30 to 4.30 for junior pupils and from 7.30 to 8.30 for senior pupils who attend school; for those who do not, from 7.30 to 12 noon, and from 2.30 to 5.30 p. m. each working day except Saturday, when the office and shope will be closed at noon.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASSES as may be arranged from time to time.

THE SEWING CLASS HOURS are from 8.15 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do not attend school, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons.

☞ The Printing office, Shops, Sewing Room and Domestic Science Department to be left each day when work ceases in a clean and tidy condition.

☞ Pupils are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments, except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent

☞ Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work in hand to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the School, will be made welcome on any day school. No visitors are allowed on Saturday, Sunday or Holiday. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is as soon after 9o'clock a. m. as possible.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the School, they are kindly advised not linger and prolong leave-taking with their children. It only makes discomfort for all concerned, particularly for the parents. The child will be lonely and sad for, and if left in our charge without delay will be quiet happy with the others in a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to 1 to pupils for friends to visit them frequently. If parents reside close by, however, they will be made welcome to the class-room and allowed every opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodging or meals or entertain guests at the School. Good accommodation may be had in the city at the Quinte Hotel, Crystal Queens, City and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning the clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. No correspondence will be allowed between parents and officers or employees under any circumstances without special permission upon each occasion. Every letter addressed to the Superintendent will be promptly answered.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTERS FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE THEY ARE WELL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every three weeks, and once in every two weeks if they reside in the city. Blank forms will be furnished by the teachers for the little ones who cannot write, stating, as nearly as possible, their wants.

☞ No medical preparations that have been used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the school.

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise medicines and appliances for the cure of Deafness in 100 cases out of a 1000 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well-known medical practitioners in cases of adventitious deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.

THE CANADIAN

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Ontario School for the Deaf, Belleville.

VOL. XXVIII BELLEVILLE, DECEMBER 15, 1920 NO. 6

ONTARIO SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA
UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. R. H. GRANT,
MINISTER OF EDUCATION, TORONTO.

Officers of the School:

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.....*Superintendent*
J. W. PEARCE .....*Bursar*
W. W. BOYCE, M. D.....*Physician*
DR. J. CHANT, M. D.....*Aurist and Consultist*
MISS E. A. WILLOUGHBY .....*Matron*
MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD.....*Assistant Matron*

Teachers:

ORAL

W. J. UMPBELL,
Supervising Teacher Senior Oral Dept.

MISS CATHERINE FORD
Supervising Teacher Junior Oral Dept.

MRS. F. STEWART	MISS E. SCOTT
MISS B. FRASER	MISS L. NORRIS
MISS S. HERDON	MISS I. CARROL
MISS L. DRENNAN	MISS E. SUNTER
MISS E. PARTES, B. A.	MISS I. MALCOLM
MISS F. CURRY	MISS A. BYRNE
MISS G. SWINGER	MISS S. E. WARD
MISS V. HANDLEY	MISS B. A. WILSON

MISS G. BRADLEY

MANUAL

MISS GEORGINA LINN
Supervising Teacher Manual Department

D. R. COLEMAN, M. A. / MISS ADA JAMES
MRS. SYLVIA L. BAIN / MISS NINA BROWN

MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD,
Teacher of Domestic Science

MRS. L. G. WILLIAMS, *Teacher of Sewing*
Teacher of Fancy Work

MISS I. MCBRIDE,
Stenographer & Clerk.

Instructor of Printing.

WM. NURSE,
Stenographer & Assistant Supervisor.

ALEX. MORRISON,
Master Shoemaker.

W. SMITH,
Supervisor of Boys, etc.

Engineer.

M. W. PARKS,
Master Carpenter.

MISS CLARA COOMBS,
Trained Nurse and Instructress in Home Nursing.

J. N. BOYD,
Master Baker.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this School is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, who are, on account of deafness, deaf or partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

All deaf persons but ween the ages of seven and twenty, not being disabled in intellect, and free from contagious disease, who are bona fide residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly two months during the summer each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $50 per year for board, washing, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf persons having parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT CHARGED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Baking are taught to boys; the trades of Dressmaking, Tailoring, Fancy Work, Knitting, the use of Sewing Machines and Domestic Science to girls. Work as may be desirable. Manual Training is provided for boys and Domestic Science for girls have been introduced.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and training.

☞ The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission of pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent,
BELLEVILLE, ONT

It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

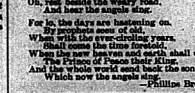
It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever the burden of the song
The blessed angels sing.

O ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bowed with woe,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

—Phillips Brooks



The Heart of Christmas

"There's no use talking; she's the hatefulest thing in school." "I should hope so!" and Carrie took another wafer daintily from the box. "It would look pretty badly for the rest of us if she wasn't."

"I move we frame a set of school commandments to hang over her bed. First commandment: "Thou shalt not be putchky!" "

"I'd have it: "Thou shalt not have a grouch." It's a lot easier to get on with a girl that flies all to pieces—like Rose—and then has down-in-the-dumps one that goes about with a tempest raging inside of her and doesn't say a word."

"Simply looks unutterable things. I agree with Mabel. How good these wafers are, Ethel! Your mother certainly does know what will taste good to mid-girls. Just wait till I have a girl to send to boarding school. Won't I fix her up, though!"

"But I can't help feeling sorry for her," said Ethel.

"Who—my girl?"

They all laughed. "O, no, she'll have a good time, I'm sure. I was thinking of Aileen. All of us are going away for the holidays, except Rose. You feel sorry for Rose, but you know it will be good for her. She won't study, unless she's made to. And the vacations with Miss Hardman are all that save her. Besides, Miss Hardman likes Rose. She'll be good to the little thing and see that she makes up her back work."

"Miss Hardman doesn't like Aileen, though. And she hasn't any back work. She learns too easily. There's no need of her going ahead of the class. Probably she'll read."

"For two whole weeks? The library isn't big enough to keep her going. Did you ever see how she skims a book? —and then knows more than any of us about it."

"Why doesn't she go home?"

The dainty wafer was almost at Emma's mouth; for the really bad some gossip. So the wafer waited. "She can't afford it. Costs more than the board would have. I went up to speak with Miss Hardman, and heard just a word. When Aileen turned and saw me she looked as if she could murder me on the spot."

"If she doesn't wish it known, you shouldn't tell," said Ethel. "I'm trying to think out what we can do for her Christmas; but you don't help me—not one bit!"

Quiet fell on the little circle. This one night in the week they were permitted to make dormitory calls, and ever to feast on wafers or other simple delicacies, if some friend or their own purse would provide. This pretty group had played circus on the bedposts and curled themselves in their nighties to knead numberless "loaves of bread;" they had written "yards of carpet" and done various other feats that were novel; and now, wearied with the sport, all but one of them had crept under the bedclothes to discuss holiday matters. Some one caught sight of Aileen passing the door; hence the turn in their conversation.

"Do you suppose she would go home with me?" asked Ethel.

"With you? chorused the others.

"No, she'd think you were doing it for charity. She wouldn't speak to you for a month."

"But's what I'm afraid of."

Mabel looked up. Ethel's home was a delightful place to visit. "Why—why, I'm going home with you or—or are you an Indian invite?"

"No, no; it's counted early years. Mamma says I mustn't come without you."

"Well, then—"

"Ethel spoil your good time, Ethel," said Carrie. "Don't be foolish!"

"But I believe the reason why she acts so strangely is because she doesn't know how to be different. Cr—really, girls—I don't believe she knows how to have a good time. Maybe she never had one."

"All her own fault, then. May I have another? I'm almost ashamed; but they are so good! What makes you look so?"

"The reception. When Miss Hardman asked us to pass the tea, and we nudged each other to make Aileen go with her, she drawn up—trying not to cry. She drew farther and farther away; Miss Hardman had to make her come down to supper. And when she did come, her eyes were all red."

"Well, I should think she would have gone upstairs. I'd not notice her gown!" Two of the girls tittered. Mabel looked at Ethel's grave face and made no comment.

"Well, I'm going to try. Mamma says I may do whatever I wish to this Christmas. She's so glad I am well again. And—and I'm glad, too. Ever your good will! Ethel, Aileen may sleep in your bed tonight if you will promise me that you will not lie awake to talk."

Aileen became quiet. The two went away, hand in hand. The life of the unhappy one had been like a stream that has been dammed across, so that its waters have been held back and crowded upon each other. If the stones and mud are taken away there comes a gush, outpouring of all that has been held back; but after that the stream flows gently and sweetly along. So it was with this little girl. She remained quiet, but became quick to answer any little approach of kindness. And, at first it was pathetic to see her own little attempts at offering kindness. But Ethel's dear mamma made such a good beginning of the new life for her—and the girls at school so helped their little mate and the teacher, that a new, dear child answered to the name of Aileen instead of the surly one they had known.

Miss Hardman watched the change. "Our little Ethel has learned the very heart of the Christmas time," she said; "she had learned the very heart of Christ!" —Christian Advocate.

Friendship is to be valued for what there is in it now, for what can be got out of it.—H. Clay Trumbull.

The oldest tortoise in the London Zoo has seen 350 summers. He has to be fed by hand with cabbage.

Herat, in Afghanistan, is the city which has been most often destroyed. Fifty-six times have its walls been laid in ruins, and fifty-seven times have they been built.

Christmas

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry.
And the star rains its fires while the Beautiful sing!
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay! the star rains its fires, and the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled!
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world!
Every heart hails aflame and the Beautiful sing,
In the homes of the nations, that Jesus is king.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and king.

—Dr. J. G. Holland

Following the Star

The words of the Angel's song, "For unto us a child is born, and unto us a son is given," floated out from the church to Dick's ears. Dick did not know it was Christmas Eve; he had been too busy selling papers all day to consult a calendar. It would have meant nothing to him if he had known it, for to Dick Christmas was only a time when Jack Frost pinched cold toes more viciously, and people went to and fro with arms so laden with parcels, and heads so full of plans, that they forgot to buy papers. Dick crept a little nearer to the music.

"For unto us a child is born," carolled the sopranos and Dick's head ventured through the half-open door. "And unto us a son is given," responded the tenors, and Dick had curled himself up in the corner of a dark pew.

"Great fuss they're making over the little feller! Wonder who he is anyway," he thought dreamily.

"The birds of the air have nests, and the foxes have holes; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head," thundered the bass and Dick sat bolt upright wide-awake with interest."

"My, but the little feller has it hard! I'd like to know who he is."

People said the Bishop had never told the story of the Christ-child with such power as he told it that night.

"And lo, the star which the shepherds saw in the east," he repeated, "went before them until it came and stood over where the young child lay. O my children, tonight as on that Christmas night two thousand years ago, the Christ-child is in our midst; tonight, if you will but look aright, you may see the star which shall lead you to him. Like the wise men of old, seek him with the treasures of your rich young lives as offerings and then indeed will happiness come to you and peace, and for you the angels will sing, 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men.' O that many—nay all of you might find the Christ-child ere the Christmas morn shall break! He waits for you, my children, haste to find him and do him homage."

"I've just a mind to try it," thought Dick. "He must be a mighty nice little feller, or they wouldn't be making such a fuss over him. Don't suppose there's much use in me going, but mebbe if I sneak out quick I'll get there first." And with confused thoughts of the joy of the fatherly Bishop, and concern for the new-born baby Dick hurried out into the street. He searched the heavens anxiously. "Sure as you're born, there's the star!" he cried. "I was most afraid the man was just a-fooling. Now for the feller!"

Dick's tired, frost-bitten feet made good time in his effort to follow the star in the east, and after a half-hour's walking he found himself on the outskirts of the town. Alone in a large garbage-strewn lot stood a rickety building. To Dick's imagination the star seemed to point directly to it. There was the dimmest of lights within, and he looked through the broken window panes.

"Bless me!" he exclaimed, "it ain't one; it's a whole dozen of 'em, all huddled together, and they ain't got even a manger, nor nothin like the man said. How'm I goin' to tell which is the one he told about? I guess, mebbe, he didn't know about the others, but there's the star shining right down as plain as ever was, and 'most a-pointing to it. Wonder where all the other folks is."

Quite evidently the wise men had not arrived with their gifts, for the five forlorn little beings seemed to lack every one of the things which would have made them comfortable. Dick went in and did his best to revive the discouraged fire and gladly shared with the family his to-morrow's breakfast, a banana fast changing its yellow skin for one of mourning. To this he added the fabulous statement that "They was preachin' and singin' about one of 'em in a big church up town, and the folks was all on their way down to find him."

The five waifs, victims of a worthless father, an overburdened mother, and a visit from the Death Angel which had deprived them of even these poor guardians, clung to Dick as a Heaven-sent protector.

No one else arriving, Dick decided to hasten to the grand house next to the church, where the Bishop lived, and tell him of his success.

The Bishop sat in his study reviewing the events of the evening. "I don't believe I brought it to a single soul with any freshness. It's been told so many times it has lost its power," he mused sadly. His meditations were suddenly interrupted. A aspirited argument was going on at the door.

"I tell you I've got to see him. I've found the little feller as he wanted us to find. You tell him I've found the son as was borned, and he'll let me in."

A minute later and a strange little figure walked in. "You're the Bishop, ain't you?" he demanded. Well, I've found the baby. He was right under the star like you told us. But you didn't say how there's more than one, and I've found five of 'em. It can't be no mistake, for there's the star. And they ain't got no fire, nor no grub, nor nothin."

In a trice the Bishop had on his furlined ulster ready for a visit to the five little Christmas children.

"They're awful poor, and they ain't so pretty as I thought the baby'd be," explained Dick as they hurried along. "They're dreadful dirty, too. You don't think I got the wrong ones do you?" he inquired anxiously.

Dick heard no angel choirs, and saw no angel messengers; but the messengers of earth, the telephone, the cabs, the ambulance, served the purpose so well that within an hour the five forlorn babies were housed where they were sure not to miss their share of Christmas cheer.

The next day was Christmas and the Sabbath. The Bishop preached a marvellous sermon, and his text sat in the Bishop's pew between the Bishop's wife and daughter. When the sermon was over, the story of the Christ-child and his own were sadly confused in Dick's mind. At dinner—Dick took dinner with the Bishop—Miss Katherine, the Bishop's daughter, brought in a great package addressed, "Master Dick, Newsboy." She put it in his arms, saying, "Well, Dick, you're quite the hero of the day. Here's a big slice of Christmas for you."

Dick's eyes grew round and scared then he found relief in tears and the Bishop's protecting arms. Looking up at the kindly face, he cried; "O, don't you see, it's all a mistake! They think as I'm the Christ-boy, and I ain't. I never came down from heaven. I'm only the feller what sells papers on the corner."

"Dick," explained the Bishop, as he drew the boy to him, "you are not the real Christ-child, nor are the little ones you made so happy last night. Only one Christ-child ever came to earth; but you are his little brother, and when the only true Christ-child, grown to be a man, left this earth he told us to do for all his little brothers just what we would do for him if he were here among us."

And Dick was satisfied.—Deaconess Advocate.

The Christ Child

A long, long, time ago, on the night before Christmas, a little child wandered alone up and down the streets of a large city. The pavements were covered with ice and snow. The child had on neither shoes nor stockings; but he was glad in his heart because it was Christmas Eve and the whole world seemed glad. Everywhere the light was streaming out from the windows; and inside the house there were bright candles and beautiful Christmas trees, loaded with presents for the children.

The boys and girls in these houses were playing games; and their merry laughter rang out in the street. The little child was glad with them, and clapped his hands and said, "Oh, they are very happy there! Surely they will share their Christmas with me, and let me come into their bright, warm home!" So the little child ran up the broad stone steps of one of the homes and tapped softly at the door. But the tall servant who came to the door said, "Go away, little boy; there no room for you in here." And the child turned away, sorrowful. The streets seemed colder and darker than before; and the bright windows he could hardly see because of his tears.

Further and further down the streets, where the homes were not so fine, the child wandered. There were still Christmas trees in every house; and upon them were beautiful dolls and toys and picture-books. The child stopped before one of these windows and tapped upon the pane. A little girl came and looked out; but she only shook her head and said, "Go away; we cannot take care of you now." Then the child turned away. "Will no one share his Christmas with me?" he sobbed; "the light is so bright, and I love it so."

The street now grew dark and narrow. The homes were small and poor. It was very late, and the night grew very cold and still. Suddenly there appeared a bright ray of light. It shone out through the darkness into the child's face. "I will go and see if these people will share their Christmas with me," he whispered. Then the child went straight up to the window from which the light was shining. The house was poor, small and low, but the child thought only of the light in the window. Inside there was only a small tallow candle; but it seemed to the little wanderer as bright as the sun. The candle stood in an old cup, and beside it, in the same cup, stood a twig of the ever-green tree. This was all the Christmas these people had.

But there was a beautiful mother there with a baby upon her knee, and another little child standing beside her. There were a few bright coals in the fireplace which made the poor room light and warm. The child crept close to the window and tapped upon the pane. The little girl within came and threw open the door. And when she saw the little stranger, she put out her hand and drew him in. "Poor little child," said the mother "you are cold! Come in and let us love and warm you; and you shall share our Christmas." Then she gathered the little stranger close to her, and the children helped to warm his cold hands and feet.

And when this was done, she drew the three children to her, and told them of the Christ Child that was born so long ago on Christmas morning. But when the sweet voice had finished the story, behold, the light in the room had grown brighter. It shone like the sun; and from the floor to the ceiling it was as light as the day. But the little stranger had slipped from sight; he had gone, but the strange light still filled the room.

"Children," said the mother softly, "I believe we had the real Christ Child with us tonight." Then she kissed her children. And there was great joy in the little house that Christmas Eve.

And so they say, each Christmas Eve the Christ Child wanders through some town or village, and those who receive him and take him into their homes and hearts have given to them this marvelous vision which is denied to others.—Andrea Hofer in "Christ-Child Tales.". (Adapted.)

The Heart of Christmas

The Christmas note is peace and good-will. Whatever of discord, resentments, wrongs or estrangements the year has held for us, the blessed Christmas-tide should end them all.

The mists of earth blind us so often; misunderstanding, hurts, and heartaches will come, and lives that are dear to each other drift apart. But the very soul of the Christmas-time is love—the love of the Father, which overflowed all barriers of sin, ignorance and wandering and bent down to us with its "unspeakable gift"; the love of the Christ who came to us because we could not, would not, go to him; who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows, lived our life and died our death, that we might know the heart of a brother.

Oh, if there is any hand that you have pushed aside this past year, reach out and clasp it now. If any dear tie has been loosened, knit it up again on this gladdest, holiest of anniversaries. If there is wound or alienation anywhere, let it be healed and all bitterness and pride be buried deep under the Christmas holly.

"The name of the new-born Christ was love,
And of love the angels sing;
No other gifts in earth or heaven
May we offer to our King."

—Selected.

Sand

Sand is another word for grit. It is a modern word when used in this connection. To say of a man that he lacks sand is tantamount to saying that he is devoid of ambition. Sand stands for courage and perseverance. Our soldiers who distinguished themselves on overseas battlefields, were men of pluck and fibre. If they had not had sand in their make-up they could not have won as they did. No one admires a coward. Literature is full of rehearsals of the valor of boys like Casabianca, and women like Joan de Arc, but nowhere is it found laying any laurels on the heads of persons who run away from duty.

There is no department in life where courage is not needed. It is in demand on the field of sport as well as on the field of battle. Young people have as many opportunities for being brave in school and on the campus as they will have later on in life when they will be called upon to meet the tempter in moral conflict. It requires sand to be a good sport. No one can be generous and forgiving without an effort. Disappointment meets young people at almost every turn in life. It takes strength of character to stand up under defeat. Edmund Vance Cook draws a picture of the man who refuses to admit defeat:

"What is a failure? It's only a spur
To the man who receives it right,
And it makes the man within him stir
To go in once more and fight."

The reason so many people have succeeded in life so well is simply because they didn't know when they were defeated.

"If you're beaten, never know it;
'Tisn't policy to show it."

PUPILS' LOCALS

Written on Dec. 6th, 1920.

—I read a story about a girl named Florence Nightingale. She was very brave and kind, when she was small. One day a shepherd thought that his dog had broken his leg. He told her that he would have to kill it to put it out of its pain. She went to his home and found that the dog's leg was not broken. It was hurt badly. Then she bathed it and bound it up. After while the dog's leg got better. The shepherd was very glad and thanked her. After she grew up, there was a war. She took some other ladies to where the war was to take care of the wounded soldiers. She was the first RedCross Nurse, who went to nurse the wounded soldiers in a war. —M. Coules.

—Last Friday, Mr. Stewart gave us many pictures of Italy at which we looked with the stereoscope. The pictures appeared larger through this glass and we could see the scenes very well. Some of these pictures show many ruins in Italy such as the colliseum, the forum, old houses etc. Some other pictures show some of the wonderful sculptures of Michael Angelo and some paintings of Raphael. Other pictures show the very beautiful cathedrals of Milan, St. Peter, etc., the large leaning tower of Pisa in Italy, the residence of the Pope in Italy called the Vatican, which is said to be the largest house in the world, and many other wonderful scenes of Italy. One of them shows heaps of marble in Carrara, which is the best marble in the world. We immensely enjoyed looking at the pictures and learned much from them. My aunt, who was a nurse overseas, paid a short visit to large cities in Italy and went through the palace of the Pope and greatly enjoyed the scenes. —H. Middleton.

A couple of weeks ago, Mr. Stewart distributed good books which I liked to read. "The Story of the Trojan War" in "The Iliad" was wonderfully interesting. This war was caused by Paris, son of Priam, the King of Troy, running away with Helen, wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta. Agamemnon was the leader of the Greek forces. Achilles was the most famous Greek soldier. Ulysses was famous for his wisdom and cunning. Hector was the great Trojan hero. He was killed by Achilles. Paris shot Achilles with an arrow and killed him. Most of the Iliad is about the Wrath of Achilles, who was angry because Agamemnon took from him a beautiful slave girl whom he loved. The Trojans defeated the Greeks and burned some of the Greek ships. Ulysses went back to fight because his friend, Patroclus, was slain by Hector. The Trojans were defeated and driven into the city. The Greeks finally captured Troy by building a great wooden horse in which some Greek soldiers hid. Ulysses was very clever to plan this. The "Greeks captured Troy and betrayed it. Aeneas, who was a famous Trojan chief, escaped with some Trojans. His descendents afterwards founded the city of Rome. Have you read "The Iliad"?—Blanche Brewer.

—I read a book about Hiawatha and it was an interesting, good book. I will tell you about it. Hiawatha was an Indian and was good and kind to the people. His mother died when he was a baby. His father did not live with Hiawatha. His grandmother, Nokomis, took care of him. When he was a boy, he loved animals, birds, etc. Nokomis loved him as he was a good boy. When he was a man, he wanted to hunt. He had a friend, Iagoo. He asked him to make a bow and arrows for him. Iagoo was proud of him and wanted him to go to hunt with him. He went to the forest and saw a deer and killed it. After he killed it, he was sorry, because he loved animals. He married Minnehaha which means "Laughing Water," because she was always laughing. When the winter came, Minnehaha was ill. Hiawatha went to the forest to find something for her to eat. When he came home, he found that she was dead. He sat beside her for seven days. People were sorry for him and tried to comfort him. When people came, he welcomed them and asked them to stay in his wigwam. All the people loved him and he loved them. He heard a minister preaching about God and said that what he said was good and what his people needed. He told the people that he was going away in the canoe. The people thought that he did not die but would come back again to help his people at some future time when they needed aid.—Alton Dick.

Last month my father and Andy went up north hunting and stayed there for a couple of weeks. They took their two dogs with them. Their names were Major and Sandy. I like Major better than Sandy. Dad got two deer but Andy did not get any. They had a good time during their trip. Both dogs were lost somewhere in the woods. Andy looked for Major but he could not find him. He feels very badly that he had to return home without them. He hoped that Major would return to Orillia but he never did. I am sure that somebody in the woods took him. He was a good watch-dog. I hope that Andy will get another pup but I am not certain. My sister who is at Northampton, will come home in two weeks for Christmas. She is very anxious to come as this is the first time that she has been away for three months at one time. She will come home on Dec. 22nd and will go back to school on the 6th of January.—Catherine Tudhope.

—I have just finished reading a book called "The Wall of Snow." There was a widow and her daughter, who lived in a little house. They were very poor, and were honest and good. Their house was in a large valley. There were many soldiers in the country, who were cruel to the people and they killed many people. One night the widow and her daughter heard that the soldiers were coming and they were very much afraid of them. Before they went to sleep, they prayed to God to take care of them, then they went to bed and slept without fear. During the night there was a great snow storm which covered the house. In the morning the daughter woke up and saw that the house was covered with snow, so that the soldiers could not see it. The soldiers killed many other people and burned their houses but the widow's house was not burned. They thanked God for hiding them in the snow and saving them from the soldiers. It was a good story.—A. Ingle.

I read a story about Bruce and the Spider, and I am going to tell you about it. Once there was a king of Scotland, named Robert Bruce. He was a brave soldier. The English invaded Scotland and drove Robert Bruce and his men out of their cities and towns. Six battles had been fought and Bruce and his brave little army were defeated every time. At last Bruce was so badly beaten that his army was put to flight and he had to flee through the the woods to escape. Bruce went in hiding in the mountains and lived from hut to hut, trying to gather a new army. One day he found a refuge in a shed that was very old, and as he lay there, he saw a spider trying to climb a web from the floor to the rafter. It tried once and fell down, it tried a second time and fell down again, and so on till it had fallen six times. Bruce said to himself that he also had tried six times to free his country and had failed. He said that if the spider tried again and succeeded, he would do the same, but if the spider failed again, he would leave Scotland and never come back. The spider did try again and reached the rafter. So Bruce gathered another army and defeated the English, and at last freed Scotland.—Olive E. Johnston.

—I was told a story about Uncle Tom's cabin, but I haven't read the book. Some chief characters of the book are Mr. Shelby and his wife; Eliza and her husband George, Uncle Tom and his wife, who was called Aunt Chloe, Eva and her parents and Topsy. The book was written Mrs. Stowe. She wrote the book to make the people kind toward the slave of the United States and to show how cruel slavery is. Uncle Tom was the hero of the book. He was Mr. Shelby's best slave. When Mr. Shelby ran into debt, he had to sell everything. He sold Uncle Tom to Mr. St. Clare, father of Eva, and Uncle Tom was happy with her for a little while. When Mr. St. Clare and good Eva died, Uncle Tom was sold to another man who was very cruel to him. Uncle Tom was a very patient slave but he soon died because of the man's cruelty. When Mr. Shelby intended to sell Eliza's little son, she overheard him telling his wife about it, and she ran away with her son. When he found she was gone, he sent two men to fetch her back but they couldn't get her, as she had crossed the Ohio River, though it was covered with cakes of ice. Her feet were very sore from crossing the river on the ice. When she landed at the other side of the river, she was treated kindly until she reached Canada, where she joined her husband, who had escaped also, and lived there. They lived there happily ever after.—Nellie Patrick.

—A week ago last Sunday we went to the chapel and my teacher, Mr. Stewart, lectured to us about "The Lord is my shepherd." We were very much interested in his lecture. Then we went for a long walk as we had lovely weather.—Nellie Patrick.

—Next spring the erection of the new Albert College buildings will probably be begun. They will be located about half way between the O. S. D. and the top of Murney Hill. It is about half a mile from here, perhaps less. The younger pupils here are very much pleased that it will be so near because they can often play games with the Albert students. The brick, stone, etc for the buildings will likely be drawn to the grounds this winter so that the work can be begun early in the spring. It will likely be two years before the buildings are ready for occupation.—George Hunter.

—I read in a book about "A Rose Apple." There was a poor little boy. He had few clothes and no boots nor cap. One day in winter he went to church but did not go inside. He stood outside the church and listened to the music and Shakespeare's plays. The central theme of this story was the ingratitude of two of King Lear's daughters and the faithfulness of his other daughter. When King Lear was old, he wanted to divide his kingdom among his daughters. He intended to give the largest share to the one who loved him most. He called his daughters and asked them how much they loved him. His daughter, Goneril told him she loved him very much and said many flattering words and he was pleased. Then Regan spoke more flattering words about her love to him being greater than her sister's and he was much pleased. Then his youngest daughter, Cordelia, was called and she did not say any flattering things to him. She told him she loved her father as any daughter ought to love her father. This reply made King Lear very angry and he decided to divide his kingdom into two shares, giving one share to each of his daughters Goneril and Regan, and he gave Cordelia nothing. The King of France admired Cordelia and she became the queen of France. Afterwards her sisters were very cruel to King Lear and drove him from their homes and made him wander out in the cold. When Cordelia heard this, she sent her husband brought an army to England to save her father from his cruel daughters. Then the cruel sisters and their husbands came to a bad end.—Mary E. Whalen.

—I would like to tell you a true story about Christmas. On the day before Christmas two years ago, a man was coming home from Peterboro on the train. He was a very poor man, and always worked hard to make a living. He had a wife and a child. He had no money for some several months, as he worked in Peterboro. On the train he became very chilly, as he had not enough clothes. He saw a lovelyfur coat on he put it on, intending to put it back on the seat before he got off. He soon went sound asleep. The man who left the coat there, came for it but he could not find it, so he told the conductor. Just then he saw the sleeping man with it. The conductor woke him up and arrested him. The man was shocked to hear them say that he had stolen the coat and would have to go to prison. He said that he didn't intend this would happen, the conductor wouldn't believe what he said. The man told him that he had a wife and child, and the conductor laughed at him for making up such a story. At the station the conductor called a policeman to take him to prison. The policeman said he had two big parcels for his family in the baggage car. The conductor went to see if this were true, and saw the things all right. Then he saw a note which the man had put in the parcels for his family. He was surprised to find that the poor man had told him the truth. He was very sorry for what he had done and he sent word to the manager of the railway and told him that he had made a mistake to send the man to jail. The manager sent a telegram at once to the policeman to let the man go free and to send him home on the flier. When the other train stopped at the man's home town, his wife and child were waiting as they were very anxious to see him, but he was not there. The conduct or gave a sum of money to the lady and told her that her husband would be home soon. When the flier arrived he got off and they were all very glad to see each other. They soon arrived home and spent a very happy Christmas. Their home was in Kingston.—M. Laura Whalen.

—A couple of months ago, our teacher gave each of us a copy of, "The Story of the Earth and its People." It contains over 500 pages and tell about all the different parts of the world. I like especially to read about Brazil in South America. Brazil is a country of highlands and low wooded plains and is as large as Canada. It contains the Brazilian Highlands. Its capital is Rio de Janeiro which is called "The Queen of the South." The chief products are coffee, India rubber, tapioco, Brazil nuts, etc. The Amazon River is the largest river in the world. It is about two hundred miles wide at the mouth and is about three thousand miles long. It rises in the Andes Highlands and flows north-east and then empties into the Atlantic Ocean. It is navigable nearly to the Andes. A huge water lily which grows in the Amazon River, is called "Victoria Regia." Its leaves are about six feet in diameter. Isn't it wonderful?—Blanche Brewer.

—My classmates and I will soon finish reading Book II of Highroads of Literature. There are some interesting stories in the book. One of them is the story of King Lear, which was one of Shakespeare's plays. The central theme of this story was the ingratitude of two of King Lear's daughters and the faithfulness of his other daughter. When King Lear was old, he wanted to divide his kingdom among his daughters. He intended to give the largest share to the one who loved him most. He called his daughters and asked them how much they loved him. His daughter, Goneril told him she loved him very much and said many flattering words and he was pleased. Then Regan spoke more flattering words about her love to him being greater than her sister's and he was much pleased. Then his youngest daughter, Cordelia, was called and she did not say any flattering things to him. She told him she loved her father as any daughter ought to love her father. This reply made King Lear very angry and he decided to divide his kingdom into two shares, giving one share to each of his daughters Goneril and Regan, and he gave Cordelia nothing. The King of France admired Cordelia and she became the queen of France. Afterwards her sisters were very cruel to King Lear and drove him from their homes and made him wander out in the cold. When Cordelia heard this, she sent her husband brought an army to England to save her father from his cruel daughters. Then the cruel sisters and their husbands came to a bad end.—Mary E. Whalen.

—I would like to tell you a true story about Christmas. On the day before Christmas two years ago, a man was coming home from Peterboro on the train. He was a very poor man, and always worked hard to make a living. He had a wife and a child. He had no money for some several months, as he worked in Peterboro. On the train he became very chilly, as he had not enough clothes. He saw a lovelyfur coat on he put it on, intending to put it back on the seat before he got off. He soon went sound asleep. The man who left the coat there, came for it but he could not find it, so he told the conductor. Just then he saw the sleeping man with it. The conductor woke him up and arrested him. The man was shocked to hear them say that he had stolen the coat and would have to go to prison. He said that he didn't intend this would happen, the conductor wouldn't believe what he said. The man told him that he had a wife and child, and the conductor laughed at him for making up such a story. At the station the conductor called a policeman to take him to prison. The policeman said he had two big parcels for his family in the baggage car. The conductor went to see if this were true, and saw the things all right. Then he saw a note which the man had put in the parcels for his family. He was surprised to find that the poor man had told him the truth. He was very sorry for what he had done and he sent word to the manager of the railway and told him that he had made a mistake to send the man to jail. The manager sent a telegram at once to the policeman to let the man go free and to send him home on the flier. When the other train stopped at the man's home town, his wife and child were waiting as they were very anxious to see him, but he was not there. The conduct or gave a sum of money to the lady and told her that her husband would be home soon. When the flier arrived he got off and they were all very glad to see each other. They soon arrived home and spent a very happy Christmas. Their home was in Kingston.—M. Laura Whalen.

THE CANADIAN

Eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Ontario School for the Deaf

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

GEO. F. STEWART, ... EDITOR.

OUR MISSION:

First—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

Second—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf subscribers.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils now in the School, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

SUBSCRIPTION:

Fifty (50) cents for the school year, payable in advance, postage prepaid by publisher. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postal notes, or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us, that mistakes may be corrected without delay. All papers are stopped when the subscription expires, unless otherwise ordered. The date on each subscriber's wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

☞ Correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted—if we know it.

ADVERTISING.

A few select advertisements will be inserted. Rates made known on application.

Address all communications and subscriptions

THE CANADIAN,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 15th, 1920.

Christmas Time.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will toward men.

So sings the poet and so should sing each heart at this happy Christmas time, when joy and love and peace permeate the very atmosphere. Herein lies the significance and the utility of this festival. Some people decry these celebrations as being childish and absurd. Absurd they are not, but childish they may be, and it would be well for all of us if we would more frequently indulge in such childishness. For after all the child is the central figure in human life; Christmas is celebrated in honor of the Christ-Child; and to be tender, kind, hospitable and gently affectionate to the child, to enter into its joy and to recall again our own childish feelings on the same festival, would be to warm the whole household of society into a spirit of mutual helpfulness, and to breathe kindness into our whole life. There is a special fitness and a practical utility in our Christmas celebration. We come nearer to each other, we use the show of kindness in our gifts to each other, and even if the act is not prompted by the feelings of love and good will, the feeling will be produced by the act. It is a law of chemistry that matter cannot be destroyed. It may change its form but not its existence. It is a law of physics that energy also is never wasted, though its form and direction may be altered. We know that every unit of energy that we expend or that is put forth by the mighty forces of nature is all conserved. None is lost, it is all stored up and accumulated for future use. And the same law applies, but with intensive force, in the spiritual realm. Not one kindly act, not one loving thought is ever lost, but adds to the sum total of the good that is in the universe. Hence the love that is in the world is a little larger after each Christmas Day. "Good will to men" is the key note of the song that was the lullaby of His manger-cradle and the melodious harmony of His life. Good will to men has rung out from steeple and tower every Christmas Day since; and though men have been slow to learn the lesson, yet on every Christmas Day some bitterness has been allayed, some enmity lessened, some harsh judgments reversed; and so, gradually but surely, good-will to men has become or is becoming the great animating principle of human intercourse.

Let us all enter fully into the spirit of this festival. Let this new governing force became the motive of our life, and as the coming of Christ was the noblest instance of self-sacrificing love the world has ever known, let us give evidence of our appreciation thereof by making some sacrifice for others, for thus only can we enter into the real spirit and realize the truest joy of this happy Christmas time.

Oh, song down the ages rolled,
Oh, song that never can be told,
Oh, Christ Child, born the world to bless,
And show the way to happiness;
May we, like shepherds, to Thy feet,
Bring love, the gift of all most meet,
And worship there, while singing still,
Of "Peace on earth, to men good- will."

Very Appreciative Visitors

Last month the Annual Congress of the Associated Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce in Ontario, was held in the city of Belleville. This is a representative and very influential gathering, being composed, as it is, of some of the most prominent business men from all parts of the Province. The purpose of these annual assemblies is to consider and discuss matters that pertain to the commercial, financial and general interests of the Province and Dominion, and the results of these deliberations, generally embodied in the form of resolutions, naturally carry much weight with the governments of the land, and do much to focus public attention, and, to a considerable extent, influence and direct public opinion on matters of special and timely importance.

On the evening before the Convention opened, Mr. John Elliott, manager of the Belleville Branch of the Standard Bank, tendered a complimentary banquet at the Hotel Quinte to the members of the Executive of the Association, at which Dr. Coughlin was a guest, and he took advantage of the opportunity to extend a hearty invitation to all in attendance to pay a visit to the School for the Deaf, which was received with great cordiality and was instantly accepted by nearly all present.

On the following morning some thirty or forty of the delegates came up to the school, accompanied by several members of the Belleville Chamber of Commerce, and saw as much of our work as was possible in the all too brief time at their disposal, and one and all manifested the keenest interest in everything they saw. They were also taken through the girls' residence, which elicited many expressions of admiration for its comfort, cleanliness and adaptability to its purpose, and the quality of its appointments. The contrast between it and our present antiquated and unsuitable school room was freely commented upon, and all were strongly impressed with urgent need for the new school building now being erected.

Before leaving the school, Mr. J. D. Allan, of Toronto, an Ex-President of the Congress, speaking on behalf of all the delegates present, expressed their great appreciation of what they had seen of the work of the school. To all of them it had been a revelation and an inspiration, and he was certain that not one of them would ever forget their visit there. They regretted very much that they had not time to visit all of the classes and shops and see more of the work. They had all been strongly impressed with the zeal and devotion shown by the members of the staff and the very evident affection and confidence existing between the teachers and their pupils. It was surely a noble work in which they were engaged, and to which many of them seemed to have consecrated their lives, and was the most impressive demonstration of practical christianity that they had ever seen. He assured Dr. Coughlin that these were not empty words, but the sincere expression of their feelings, and he was sure that every delegate present would be in hearty accord with himself in expressing their warmest wishes for the future success of the school. He was glad that the Government had made such generous provision for the education of the deaf, and hoped that if any other things were needed to promote their highest and best interests, the Government would freely grant it, in doing which they would have the hearty approval of the people of the Province. They were very glad, indeed, to see that a new building was in process of erection, the need for which was so obvious, and they hoped that, when completed, which he trusted would be as soon as possible, it would be equal to the best on the continent in its suitability, and in the standard of its equipment. He assured Dr. Coughlin that if the Associated Boards of Trade could at any time do anything to promote the interestes of the school and the welfare of the deaf, they would gladly do so.

Dr. Coughlin thanked Mr. Allan for his very kind and complimentary remarks, which he appreciated very much, as, he was sure, would all the members of the staff. The work of educating the deaf was a very necessary and important one, calling for a high standard of teaching efficiency and much devotion and perseverence, and it was a pleasure always to find their work recognized and appreciated by others. If any of them ever had an opportunity of doing so, he hoped they would come again to the school and make a longer visit, and he could assure them of a hearty welcome.

The visitors then returned to the city, and at the afternoon session of the Convention the following resolution was unanimously and heartily adopted:

Moved by Mr. G. F. McKinnon, of Smith's Falls, seconded by Mr. J. G. Elliott, of Kingston,

That the members of this Congress of Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce of the Province of Ontario, after a visit to the Institute for the teaching of the Deaf, desire to express their appreciation of the splendid work being done in that Institution. They have seen with great satisfaction the wonderful things being done in the School by which the deaf are made to understand, the dumb to speak, and, as a result, a new life opened up to the unfortunate young people who are denied the great blessing of speech and hearing which, no doubt, every member of this Congress values more highly today than ever before.

The members wish to thank the Head of the Institute, Dr. Coughlin, for his courtesy this morning, to record their admiration of his administration of the Institute, and to commend to the Ontario Government increased and generous support of so spendid a Provincial Institution.

As evidence that these, and many other individual, expressions of interest and appreciation were not more empty words, but came from the heart, a considerable number of the delegates, on their return to the city, expressed their desire to become subscribers to THE CANADIAN, and a few days later the Superintendent was naturally gratified at receiving the following communication from the Secretary of the Congress:

Ottawa, Nov. 29th, 1920.

My dear Doctor;

No visit to an institution impressed me so strikingly as that paid to your school last Thursday, in company with the delegates of the 7th Congress of the Associated Boards of Trade of Ontario.

The work your teachers are engaged in is, beyond doubt, one of the highest forms of service any human being could render and from yourself down the people of the Province should become more fully acquainted with the work you are accomplishing.

As a slight token in appreciation to the boys and girls, who so cheerfully provided us with samples of what they had been taught, I have much pleasure in enclosing a money order for $6.50 to cover yearly subscriptions for THE CANADIAN. A list of the subscribers is shown on a separate sheet.

Very sincerely yours,
H. K. Carruthers,
Secretary.

In this connection we would like to pay our compliments to Mr. John Elliott, and congratulate him on being elected President of the Associated Boards of Trade. It is an honor which was wisely conferred and will be worthily sustained. To him and to Col. W. N. Ponton is due the arrangements made for bringing the delegates to the school. Both Mr. Elliott and Mr. Ponton have always proved themselves staunch friends of the O. S. D., and we thank them for this, as for all their many kindly favors.

Two very welcome and appreciative visitors at the School for the Deaf a few days ago were Hon. Nelson Parliament, M. P. P. for Prince Edward County, and Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, and Mr. H. K. Denyes, M. P. P. for East Hastings. These two gentlemen spent several hours visiting various school rooms and shops, and evinced a keen interest in every phase of work. They were entertainted to lunch by Dr. and Mrs. Coughlin. We hope they will come again and stay longer. We are always very much pleased to have members of the Legislature visit our School, so as to become conversant with our work and requirements. In fact, if we may venture an opinion, we think it would be mutually advantageous were the members-elect of every Legislature to visit all the government institutions, for in no other way can they fully acquaint themselves with the special conditions and needs of each.

Diseases at the School

We regret to have to report that we have at the present time a small number of children suffering from small-pox and chicken-pox. The cases are all of a mild type and none are seriously ill, so parents need have no anxiety about their children.

These and other infectious diseases have been prevalent in this locality for some months, and the contagion unquestionably came into the school from this vicinity, as the outbreak did not occur for over two months after school opened.

We are glad to be able to present to our readers, in this issue of "The Canadian", a paper of the normal size of eight pages. We are still without a printing instructor and the boys who are learning the trade are doing all the work, under the capable direction of Alton P. Dick, who deserves great credit for the efficient work he is doing. He and his assistants have done well, indeed, to get out an eight-page paper in addition to attending to their classroom work and all their other duties.

Ontario Association of the Deaf

OFFICERS.

HON. PATRON	R. MATHISON, M.A., Toronto
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PRESIDENT	F. FRASER, Toronto.
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SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Hon. President	Dr. Coughlin
President	Wm. Nurse.
Manager	. . . .

THE CANADIAN

SCHOOL MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 15th, 1920

CHRISTMAS

It is only three or four weeks till Christmas, and as usual our pupils are looking eagerly forward to that occasion. This year none of the pupils will be allowed to go home, but we will do all we can to make the Christmas season as happy and pleasant for the children as possible, and in this the parents and friends should heartily assist. We will do our part, but the pleasure of the pupils will largely depend on the way they are remembered, by the loved ones at home. We hope that every child here will receive a present from home.

All parcels and boxes should arrive here not later than December 20th.

Every year a number of parcels are received too late for distribution on Christmas morning. This was the case last year. Do not let it be so with your child this year.

We have a number of children whose parents are dead or too poor to send presents. We hope that well-to-do parents and other friends of the deaf will include in their boxes something for these children. Any money sent direct to the Superintendent will be very much appreciated and judiciously expended for these little ones.

Address all parcels in the name of child, care of the School for the Deaf, Belleville, Ont. All express charges must be prepaid.

Christmas 1920

There is no need for anyone in this Institution to study the almanac to be made aware of the fact that Christmas is approaching; for during the last two weeks it has been the chief topic of conversation among the pupils, it has formed the burden of every letter sent home, and it has constituted the warp and woof of every slateful of news and of all other language lessons where it is possible to make reference to this inspiring topic. All children eagerly anticipate the joys of this festive season, and await the coming of the happy day with eager expectancy; but when there are over two hundred children in the same building, where each one fans the ardor and longing of all the rest, the cumulative effect is something almost overwhelming, and the atmosphere becomes fairly electric with excitement and desire. And of course in such an institution as this there is much transpiring during the two or three weeks before Christmas to stimulate this feeling of delightful anticipation. Every day, as the messenger returns from the city, his conveyance is piled full of boxes and parcels of every imaginable shape and size, and suggestive of the infinite variety of their probable contents. These the larger boys are called upon to convey to the vault, where they are carefully stored away to await the great day of distribution; and our reading may be sure that they do not fail to find out whom each parcel is for, and to give full information as to its dimensions, weight, etc., to the fortunate consignee. Then about the same time the boys working in the store become aware of the arrival of boxes of nuts, candies, raisins, etc. intended for the Christmas party; and still later some prying eyes will see loads of turkeys being transferred to the refrigerators ready to grace the tables on Christmas day. So it is no wonder that our children, and especially the smaller ones, are wrought up to the very highest pitch of excitement and expectancy. Nor is their joy entirely a selfish one, for they find quite as much pleasure in sending some little token of remembrance to the loved ones at home. And this, through this interchange of expressions of love and remembrance, we are all exemplifying the beautiful spirit and motive that prompted the first great Christmas gift, and doing what little we can to produce "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men."

HOME NEWS

—We are getting some big Christmas trees from the woods and will have plenty of room for anything extra that kind friends may send us for this purpose. We want to make the coming holiday as bright and happy for our children, far from home, as we can, and will welcome any help from their friends.

—The Christmas boxes began coming in early this year and we are ready for all that come. Our little ones do not talk of much else but of Santa Claus' coming visit, and all have big expectations. There will be some disappointed little ones if he does not bring something very special for each of them.

—We hope no parent will forget to send a letter in time for the Christmas mail at noon. We want each and every one to get a remembrance from home at this time.

—We hope to have good ice for Christmas skating. A late rain and thaw spoiled the ice on the rink that the boys had worked hard to get.

—A large number of the girls and boys enjoyed their first skate last Saturday afternoon on field ice at the head of the road.

—Work is being rushed on the new building to get as much as possible under cover before the winter sets in hard.

—If parents supplied their little boys with a stout pair of overalls to wear during play hours, it would be a good investment in the saving of their clothes. The boys and then sleds swarm wherever there is a bank to slide down and parents know the rough usage clothes get at that play.

—We are going to have a toboggan slide here that will be the envy of every boy for miles around. The platform is being built in our carpenter shop; it will then be taken apart and rebuilt on the adjoining field, on Mr. Ponton's farm. The starting platform, which is reached by steps, will give an elevation of about ten feet, and the timber slide runs down an incline forty feet long. The impetus is expected to take the sleds the whole length of the field to the front road. It will mean a lots of work to carry water over there to make the ice slide, but when once completed we expect that it will furnish our girls and boys with plenty of the healthiest winter sport there is and outrival skating and hockey.

TORONTO TOPICS

Mr. Neil A. McGillivray accompanied his brother-in-law, Mr. H. W. Roberts, on the latter's mission trip to to London on Nov. 20th.

Mrs. W. J. Baird, of Beeton, was in the city for a little while lately, visiting her many friends.

Miss Fanny Sourkes, who has been in Detroit visiting her old friend, Mrs. John Ulrich, was calling on friends here for a few days recently while on her way home to Montreal.

Mr. Thomas Sipe, who went back to his parental home in Minden some weeks ago on account of lack of work here, came to the city very quietly on Nov. 20th, and led Miss Winnifred Gilson, late of Brantford, to the altar, and with her as his bride, disappeared from our midst just as serenely, preeximably for his parental haunts at Minden. Though we did not see them after they were made one, we wish them every happiness.

Mrs. Alex B. McCaig, after a few weeks' visit at her parental home in Chesley, whither she went to comfort her mother during the latter's trying ordeal lately, has returned to our midst.

Not many weeks ago there were as many as thirty of our deaf friends employed at the Good Year Rubber works at New Toronto, but summer at time of writing there are but four tenaciously clinging to their jobs in that establishment, all the others having been laid off on account of dull times.

A certain young fellow, with a somewhat prophetic foresight as to the future, told us that if it rained on the first of November, we would have a deluge of either rain or snow for at least a month. As it rained very hard on the day in question and, judging by the kind of weather we have had for the past few weeks, we should take his prophetic expositions with more consideration.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Thomas, of Oakville, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pugsley recently.

Two of our young friends came out almost unheralded as candidates for the hymenial knot on November 27th and at ten o'clock that evening were sailing down the stream of wedded life. We refer to Miss Mabel Curtis and Mr. Roy Baker.

We were very much pleased to see Mrs. William Baillie of Simcoe, in our midst lately. She was the guest of Mrs. N. Moore for a few days. Mrs. Baillie, who is well known to a good many of the deaf on account her expert use of our sign language, though not deaf herself, has the deepest sympathy of all in the recent death of her mother. Mrs. Baillie is a niece of Mrs. William Sutton, of Simcoe.

Mrs. Nancy Moore and Mrs. Mabel Wilson have returned from an extended visit with friends in Simcoe.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Slater, who unfailing go out and spend the summer at their home in King, have come to the city for the winter. Mr. Slater is a very ardent checker player, and is often found at the Central Y. M. C. A. following this pastime.

Mr. David Turrill, of Detroit, with his customary smile, brushed into town the other day greeting old acquaintances and there with the greatest cordiality. Needless to say all were glad to see him and to hear he was pushing ahead in the American industrial world. He was accompanied by Mr. Cohen, another Belleville graduate of the eighties, and both spent some time visiting in the city.

A special collection in aid of the Chinese famine sufferers was taken up on Nov. 28th, and a tidy sum was realized, which will go to appease many a starving Celestial in the Land of the Dragon.

Misses Myette and Ivy Hughes, of Ottawa, were visiting in the city for a little while lately while on their way to join their mother in Woodstock, where we hear they will live hereafter.

Mr. Fred Brigden, Jr., son of our lamented Supt., was the exhortant at our Sunday meeting on Nov. 14th, and gave a very good and far reaching sermon to a big audience.

Mrs. W. W. Scott, who entered the married circle but a couple of months ago, has gone for a month's sojourn with her parents at Wellandport. Despite his lonesomness Billy still continues to evade his customary smile.

We wish all your readers and all connected with your school a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

FROM FAR AND NEAR

Miss A. Ingles, of Ingersoll, has secured a situation in London, and is very popular with the deaf of the "Forest City."

We hear that Mr. Thomas D. Crozier, of Springvale, now owns a car. He is still a sport and going up the grade.

Mr. W. H. Gould, Jr., of London, was recently in Sarnia for a few days, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jonnie Henderson.

Mr. Charles A. Ryan, of Woodstock, attended the Saturday and Sunday meetings in London on Nov. 20th and 21st as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Fisher. Since the death of Mrs. Ryan last Easter, Charles has sold his cosy residence in Woodstock and with his son, Clarence, now boards at the Y. M. C. A.

Mrs. B. M. Thomas, of Oakville, celebrated the 20th anniversary of her wedding day last September by entering four different exhibits in the fancy and domestic science departments of the Oakville fair and carried off three prizes. Diligent work is well rewarded.

An inscription in a bronze tablet in the public library at Fairhope, Alabama, thus reads. "In gratitude to Cornelius and Arthur Gaston, who on March 27th, 1920, risked their lives in saving eight children and their teacher from a watery grave, when blown adrift in the teeth of a raging storm on Mobile Bay."

In connection with the above, Harry Murray Peters, we may say, well deserved the medal thus presented to him in recognition of his herculean efforts in assisting in the rescue in an useless boat in the face of a howling tempest. Little Harry, who is only nine years old, is a grand nephew of Mr. R. M. Thomas, of Oakville.

We all deeply sympathize with Mrs. Euphemia Terrell, of Whitby, upon the death of her brother-in-law, Mr. James Watson, whom many of the older generation will well remember. He passed away on Nov. 15th, the first anniversary of the death of Mrs. Terrell's sister, Mrs. Ashcroft. The news of his demise was a great shock to Mrs. Terrell, who was then thinking of her beloved sister, who passed away just a year before. The late Mr. Watson, who died at the home of his daughter, Hilda, wife of Mr. Edward Tillinghast, Supt. of the State School for the Deaf at Salem, Oregon, formerly taught at the old Hamilton School as well as at the Belleville School, before going to assume the duties as Superintendent of the Washington State School for the Deaf, from which he retired several years ago on account of his advanced years. The deceased, who was in his eightieth year, was of a loveable character, always imbued with a warm heart for the deaf and their advancement.

Among the large crowd from a distance who attended the lecture given by Mr. H. W. Roberts, of Toronto, at the Y. M. C. A. at London on Nov. 20th, and also the service next day, were Mr. and Mrs. R. Pincombe, of Poplar Hill; Mr. Charles A. Ryan, of Woodstock; Mr. N. A. McGillivray, of Toronto, and Mr. Edward Paul of St. Thomas.

The legion of friends of Mr. Edward Ball, of Detroit, and his sisters, Mrs. Casimir Sedofsky, also of Detroit and Mrs. William Riberdy, of Pontiac, Mich., will learn with deepest regret of the death of their mother, who passed away on Sunday morning, Nov. 14th, at a ripe old age at the home of Mrs. Riberdy in Pontiac. The deceased was well known to many of the deaf and was possessed of a loving and motherly disposition, always greeting every one with a sunlit smile. To the bereaved relatives we extend most-heartfelt sympathy.—H. W. R.

KITCHENER GLEANINGS

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Robertson, of Preston, were in the city lately. They are always welcome.

Messrs David A. Turrill, of Detroit, and Jacob M. Cohen, of Chicago, dropped into town on a few days' business lately.

Mr. Charles W. Golds made a business trip to Baden one day recently. Charlie is a hustler.

Mr. Augusta Stunbitz gave an instructive and helpful address at the service for the deaf held in Hamilton on a recent Sunday.

Mrs. Louis J. Hochler has gone to her parental home in Ailsa Craig for a few weeks' holiday. She will return when business picks up again.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Nahrgang and children spent Sunday with the former's sister in Preston on December 5th.

Misses Margaret and Pearl Golds and their brother, Charles, were calling on friends in Preston one Sunday lately and had a good time.

All our friends here are working on steadily except Messrs Wilbur J. Elliott and John Brown and Louis J. Koehler. However they will be back on their jobs ere long, we hope.

Christmas Carols

Why do bells for Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?
Once a loving, shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light,
Made a manger's cradle bright.
There a darling baby lay,
Pillowed soft upon the hay,
And its mother sang and smiled.
This is Christ the Holy Child,
Therefore bells for Christman ring,
Therefore little children sing.

The little Lord Christ
Came down from the sky,
Oh the snow lies deep
And the wind is high,
But the Christmas bells are ringing.

The little Lord Christ,
They found him no bed.
With oxen and sheep
He laid his dear head,
The Magi gifts are bringing.

The little Lord Christ
Loved you and loved me,
The shepherds have left
Their fires,—and see!
The Christmas angels singing.

Away in a manger,
No crib for his head,
The little Lord Jesus
Lay down his sweet head.
The stars in the sky
Looked down where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus,
Asleep on the hay.
The cattle are lowing,
The poor baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus,
No crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus,
Look down from the sky,
And stay by my crib,
Till morning is nigh.

Santa Claus and The Mouse

One Christmas Eve, a long time ago, Santa Claus went into a house to fill the children's stockings. He saw a little mouse. It was not afraid of him and did not run away. It stayed and watched him fill the stockings. He filled all of them as full as they would hold. Then he laughed and said, "I do not think I can put one thing more into the stockings." The little mouse said, "I can put one thing more in them. Let me try." Santa said, "You are a silly little mouse. Don't you think I know how to fill stockings? You may try, though." The little Mouse smiled and then began to gnaw a hole in the toe of one of the stockings. It said to Santa, "See! I put in one thing more." Santa laughed and laughed. He said, "You shall have some cheese for Christmas because you are such a clever little mouse."

The First Christmas Tree

Long ago in Germany a man was walking home on Christmas Eve. It was a cold frosty night and many stars were in the sky. He thought the stars never looked so bright before. When he got home he tried to tell his wife and children how very bright the stars were but they did not understand. So he went out into the yard and cut down an evergreen tree. He brought it into the house and put it in a corner of the sitting-room. Then he fastened many tiny candles all over it and when he lighted them they looked like stars.

That night a neighbor came in and saw the tree. She thought her children would like one too. Soon she had one in her house. Many other people saw them, and after a while all the people in Germany had Christmas trees.

Many years after the people of England Ireland, Scotland and France had Christmas trees for their children, and now the people of Canada have pretty Christmas trees for their little girls and boys.

The First Christmas

Many, many hundreds of years ago in the little town of Berthlem, a little baby boy was born in a stable. The baby's name was Jesus. His mother's name was Mary.

Mary had no place to put her little son so she wrapped him in some warm clothes and laid him in a manger.

Some shepherds were watching their flocks that night when they saw a bright star shining over Bethlehem. An angel appeared and told them to follow the star and they would find the Saviour.

They followed it and found Mary and the baby Jesus. They were exceedingly glad. They glorified and praised God.

Who was born on Christmas Day
  Many, many years ago?
Jesus Christ was born that day.
  Many, many years ago.
Mary was the mother's name,
  Many, many years ago.
Jesus was the baby's name.
  Many, many years ago.
And we love that baby still,
  Mary's baby years ago,
And we keep his birthday still,
  Jesus' birthday, years ago.

Miss Yale.

Mary's Dream

Mary wanted to see Santa Claus.

She asked her mamma to let her stay awake.

She sat in her little chair a long time. Santa Claus did not come.

In the morning she told her papa that she saw Santa Claus.

He laughed at her. He knew it was a dream.

Billy's Christmas Stockings

It was a dark, rainy afternoon on the day before Christmas. Bessy was sitting in her little room with Pussy on her lay. "What shall I do, Billy?" she said to the cat. Then she started to laugh. "Why, I know! I'll make Billy some stockings. I am sure he would like to hang one up so Santa could fill it,"

Little Bessie was soon very busy indeed. At last she had made four stockings for Billy. How small and funny they looked.

That night, after Bessie had gone to bed, mother happened to walk into the dining-room. There hung five stockings a row. A note was pinned on one of them. It said;

Dear Santa; Here are four stockings belonging to Billy, and one stocking of mine. Please fill them all because Billy is a good cat and I am a good girl.

Your little friend, Bessie.

How mother laughed when she read the note.

The next day, however, Billy as well as Bessie found his stockings full to the top. In one stocking was a beautiful collar. Billy felt very proud when Bessy fastened it around his neck. Now he wears it all the time.—Selected.

What is the thought of Christmas?
  Giving.
What is the heart of Christmas?
  Love.
What is the hope of Christmas?
  Living.
What is the joy of Christmas?
  Love.

C is for Candles and Candies;
H is for Holly so bright;
R is for Rings and Ribbons;
I is for Ice Cream so white;
S is for Snow and Tin Soldiers;
T is for Trumpets to blow;
M is for Mistletoe waxy;
A is for Apples, you know;
S is for jolly old Santa,
Who brings to us all good cheer.
All of these letters for Christmas,
The merriest day of the year.

News Items from the Junior Department

Ruby Snell is very happy because she can say her sounds well.

Jinmie Farrance is back at school. We were glad to see him.

Pearl Liddel, Carl Bradshaw and Herbert Richardson can lip-read well.

Julia Anderson is beginning to write very nicely.

Almina Wagler had a birthday. She got a box from home.

Bessie McGovern likes to get postcards from her mother.

Elsie Wright and Shina Bluestein like to play with doll's her bed.

Dorothy Baillie received a nice box from her brother, Jack.

Carl Eames' mother sent a sleigh to him. He likes to play with it.

James Reid can speak twenty words. He is glad.

Harvey Henderson works hard. He wants to be at the head of his class.

—Mary Harris asked her mother to send a wooden box of good things to her at Christmas.

Jean Lawrence got a letter from her mother. She will come to see Jean soon.

Doris Wensel enjoyed the box of candy that her grandmother sent to her.

Bert Watson is glad that the weather is cold enough for him to wear his new sweater.

Little Alva Stothers entertained her class mates on her birthday. They had ice-cream, cake and candy.

Margaret Brent, Sadie Little, and Walter Daniels are good in dictation.

Leonard Brown got a letter from home. Perhaps his father will come at Christmas. Leonard will be glad,

Lorena Tweedie was pleased to see her aunt's picture in the Toronto Sunday World.

Dennis Armes, Rose Benedict, Robert Thompson, Ian Simpson and Susie Sheritt can writes their names nicely. They are very proud.

Glady Tettman was a happy little girl on the 8th, it being her birthday. She received a box from home. Nine birthday cards and a book.

The little boys and girls are happy these days drawing and cutting out Christmas trees, bells and Santa Claus pictures.

George Fawcett can speak several words now. He is so pleased when he learns a new one that he practises it at every opportunity,

Kenneth Andrew's mother came to visit him. She came to school one morning and the girls and boys showed their writing to her.

Margaret Partrick's sister sent a toy balloon to her. Her mother sent fifty cents to her. Margaret was glad to get the money and the balloon.

Nettie Wall's mother sent a Bible to her last week. Nettie will thank her mother for her kindness when she writes a letter to her next Monday.

We shall recite Christmas Carols on Christmas morning in the chapel. We shall decorate our class-rooms for Christmas.

Douglas McMillen received a handkerchief and some pictures in a letter from home. His little brother drew the pictures and Douglas liked them very well.

One day a big yellow dog came into Miss Scott's schoolroom. He played with the children. Some of the girls were afraid of him. After a while Joeeph led him out of doors.

Cecil Martell's birthday was Nov. 25th. He was twelve years old. He got a box from home. Cecil's father has a new store. He sells ice-cream and candies.

Freida Ducker has a pretty new dress. It is blue and red. Her sister bought it for her. Frieda's father sent her a Bible last week. She carried it to the Sunday school last Sunday.

Alma Olson got a box from her mother Nov. 22nd. She got two aprons, some chocolates and some gum. Alma's father and mother do not live in Black Hawk now. They in live Shenston.

—Yesterday afternoon Miss Rierdon had a party for her class. She invited Dorothy Healey, Sylvia Foster and me because we were her pupils last year. We played many games. We enjoyed the ice-cream and cake. We thanked Miss Rierdon for her kindness.—Evelyn Durrant.

Irene Foster invited Dorothy Healey, Evelyn Durrant, and Sylvia Foster to the party in her school-room the eighth of December. Dorothy Healey served the ice-cream at the party.

The boys and girls in Miss Ward's class say their sounds to Santa Claus every morning. They try to speak well because they want Santa Claus to bring them a nice big box at Christmas.

Last Friday the children in Miss Scott's class made some pretty calendars to send home to their parents. The girls made pretty green chains to hang up at Xmas. The boys made red ones.

Miss Ford invited some of us to a party Nov. 20th. We had ice-cream and cakes. We thanked her for her kindness.—Maisie Fairful.

—The boys flooded the skating rink yesterday afternoon. They will flood it again this afternoon. We hope that the ice will soon be good. We will skate soon.—Charels Bennett

—It will soon be Christmas. We shall be very glad to get Christmas boxes from home. George recevied a letter from mother on Tuesday, Dec. 7th. She said that she would send a new suit to me at Christmas. I shall be very glad to get it.—Clifford Hunter.

—Yesterday afternoon my cousin came to see me. She came from Toronto. She gave me anice bov of candy. I thanked her very much. Rev. Mr. Wallace of Belleville came with her. I was very glad to see her. I hope that she will come again.—George Hirons.

What Did Santa Claus Bring

On Christmas Eve, Mary and her little brother, Sam, hung up their stockings. They went to bed early.

Santa Claus likes to come when the children are asleep.

He wants them to be surprised when they wake up in the morning. Christmas morning Sam and Mary found many good things in their stockings.

On the floor were two baskets. One was for Sam and the other was for Mary. In Sam's basket there was something alive. It was white. It had long ears and a short tail. Its eyes were pink.

In Mary's basket there was something gray. It was alive too. It had short ears and a long tail. Its eyes were green.

What were the children's presents?—Selected.

Christmas

The night before Christmas Mary hung up her stockings at the fireplace.

Then she went to bed very early. She dreamed about Santa Claus, reindeer, toys and a Christmas tree. By and by the house was very quiet. Santa Claus came down the chimney and filled her stockings with good things. He put a pretty Christmas tree in one corner of the room.

In the morning Mary looked into her stockings, Then she saw the tree. She was very happy.

She hopped and skipped around the room.—Ex.

Lotta's Christmas

It was Christmas. Lotta was sick. She lay in bed. She had many presents. But she was too weak to enjoy them. Her papa got a little Christmas tree. Mamma decorated it with colored paper and strings of bright red berries. She filled little baskets with bird seed, grain, and bread crumbs and fastened them to the tree. Then papa put the tree outside Lotta's window. She could see it. Pretty soon some birds flew to the tree and began to eat,—after a while more birds came. Soon the tree was full of birds. Lotta liked to watch them.—Selected.

The Three Wise Men

Long ago there were three wise men. One night they saw a beautiful star. It led them to Jesus. They found Jesus in a manger. They were very happy. They gave him many beautiful gifts.

Sing A Song of Christmas

Sing a song of Christmas,
  Gladdest day of all,
O'er the hills and valleys
  See the splendor fall.
Sing of gleaming holly;
  Sing of mistletoe,
Sing a song of Christmas,
  Everywhere you go.

Sing a song of Christmas,
  Holy, happy day;
Sing of Bethlehem's manger,
  Where the Christ child lay.
Sing of love unbounded—
  "Peace, good will to men,"
Sing a song of Christmas;
  O'er and o'er again.

Sing a song of Christmas,
  E'en on this glad day
There are griefs and heartaches
  All along the way—
Hearts that wait the uplift
  Of your note of cheer.
Sing a song of Christmas,
Strong and sweet and clear.

—Edith Virginia Bradt,

The Real Christmas Story

"Little ones," a mother said. "Shall I tell you the real Christmas story?"

The children said, "Yes," so the mother began:

"Many, many years ago this very night some shepherds were out on the plains watching their sheep. The little lambs were all asleep, and the large sheep were sleeping too. The stars shone bright and clear above, and all was very still below. The shepherds sat beside each other without a word, leaning on their crooks and hardly moving.

"Suddenly a great light shone all around about them, right through the darkness; they did not know what it was, and they were all afraid. Then an angel, white and beautiful, came to them from out of the light, and told them not to fear; for great joy and gladness had come to the whole world. A little baby had just been born which was to become their king, and save them from all wrong and suffering, and do great good for them and all mankind. The angel then showed the shepherds where to find the babe, saying that it would be wrapped in swadding clothes and lying in a manger.

"And suddenly there were with the the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.'

"And a wonderful light was all about them, and when the angel had gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, let us go and see this child of which the angel told us. So they left their lambs sleeping on the plains, and took their crooks in their hands and started out.

"And they found the babe lying in a manger, and then they told all the people that came to see the child of what they had seen that night on the plains, and how the angel had told them to come to the child, and of the wonderful light which had made them afraid, and how the multitude had sung of angels. All they that heard it wondered at the things which were told them by the shepherds. The mother of the babe was very glad and remembered all these things.

The kind shepherds departed and went back to their flocks, telling every one they met of the young child.

"They called the child Jesus, and the child grew, and was strong and beautiful, and Jesus taught the whole world how we should love one another and be good, even as our Father in heaven is good and and loves us."—Bright Jewels.

Christmas

I have always thought of Christmas time when it has come around, apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything can be apart from that, as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time, the only time I know of when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely. I believe that it has done me good, and I say God bless it.—Charles Dickens,

Keeping Christmas

It is a good thing to observe Christmas Day. The mere marking of times and seasons, when men agree to stop work and make merry together, is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual. It reminds a man to set his own little watch, now and then, by the great clock of humanity which runs on sun time.

But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas Day, and that is, keeping Christmas.

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow men are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough: to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts, and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas.

And if you keep it for a day, why not always?

But you never can keep it alone.—Rev. Henry Van Dyke.

Sleeping Hearts

Old farmer Pettigrew was driving along the pike toward the country town, his grays going at a brisk rate.

"There's that young Evans walking," he said to himself; "he's dressed up like he was goin' to catch the train."

"Goin' up the road, Bob?" he said as he passed the younger man; "I'm bound for the burg."

"I was going down by train, but don't mind riding in; that is, if you'll agree to bring my stuff back,"

"So 'tan't two wagon loads," was the retort. He liked Bob Evans because he joked and laughed and was good company. College boy, too, education had never hurt him. Fine farmer, steady and smart.

"What'll your load be?" he asked Bob, as the hard mud flew under the horses' feet. "Not much weight," laughed his companion. "Christmas gifts. This is the time when a little money buys a lot things to warm the heart."

"Sho!" said Farmer Pettigrew, "When you're old as I am you won't be spending money for Christmas gifts. Thar's no one but me and mother now. We'd look fine making Christmas presents."

"That you would," said Evans, heartily, "and it would make good old Aunt Pettigrew feel ten years younger. I wish you would."

"Now, Bob!" exclaimed the old man, "are you in earnest?"

"Never was more so. She is often lonesome since your daughter moved west. She would be not only surprised, but happy. Try it once," he added.

"What are you going to get Addie?"

"Me? Oh, I've be planning for months. A new dress for one. Books she wanted. Some little nicknacks. Nothing is too good for my wife. She deserves more than I can give her, but I'm getting some things for mother. I wouldn't forget her. We'll go over tomorrow afternoon and see how happy she'll be over our presents."

"I never did give anything a'cept little candy to the children on Christmas," said the old man, but he didn't discuss crops clear to town.

About the middle of the afternoon Bob Evans hurried into the big dry-goods store after numerous bundles. He was surprised to see old Farmer Pettigrew sitting at a counter near the front, while an obsequious clerk was holding up folds of gray silk.

Bob was so glad he stopped to help in the selection, and then went on his way. It was nearly dark when the two men met at the livery stable, Old Farmer Pettigrew as excited as a boy.

"Say, Bob, I bought'er a chair, too, and a gold comb, and candy, and I'm kind of 'shamed to give them to her. And I sent Minnie ten dollars, registered letter, you know."

Bob shook the old man's hand.

"I'm glad I came in with you. I wish I could see auntie when you give those things to her."

"I'll tell you about it, Bob."

But he did not introduce the subject when Bob went over the next week. The young man followed him out to the barn lot and asked him about the gifts. Old Farmer Pettigrew looked at him long and solemnly, a sort of quiver about his mouth.

"Well, when I laid 'em out Christmas mornin' by her bed, Bob, I jest stepped out. She didn't come out an' I got skeered. I peeped in through the crack an'—an'—she was on 'er knees by 'em sobbin'. I didn't calkilate it was going to have no sech effect, Bob."

Bob's eyes grew misty.

"Well," he said.

"I went in then an' she riz up an' kim to me, an she said Pa an' kissed me, fur the fust time in ten years, Bob.—American Farmer.

A Scientific Defense

AN INCIDENT OF THE EARLY DAYS OF GOLD-MINING, IN THE KLONDYKE.

One of the most interesting trials that ever took place in any country was that of James Stevens in the California courts, for theft. The circumstances were as follows:

There were four prospectors in the Klondike region when the gold fever there was at its height, among whom Stevens was one. They "struck it rich," divided up, and started out for the United States. Just before leaving, Stevens got into a faro game and lost everything he had. Winter was coming on, and he bid fair to starve unless something was done for him. So the other three decided to pay him so much to guard their dust on the ship and pay his way home to San Francisco. They each had their share of dust and nuggets accurately weighed and then put them into a common pile, pending, of course, their reapportionment on reaching port.

This they placed in a strong box, which they nailed up and sealed carefully. It was Stevens' duty to watch this by day and sleep by it by night until the destination was reached There was exactly six hundred pounds avoirdupois of the gold, sworn to by a regular weigher. It was worth a great deal of money.

Well, everything went along smoothly until San Francisco was reached. Stevens seeming to appreciate what his former partners were doing for him, and guarded his trust jealously. When the ship came into port the box was immediately removed, under the supervision of Stevens, to a place for reweighing, so that each could take his share again and deduct so much for Stevens' pay.

It was found that instead of having six hundrd pounds of gold as before, there was now only a fraction over five hundred and ninety-eight pounds. The partners were loath to distrust Stevens, and so had it reweighed twice; but with the same result each time.

Reassured as they were of his guilt, and having contempt for such ingratitude, they immediately swore out a warrant for his arrest. He all the time protested his innocence, but was not able to account for the loss.

The poor fellow was thrown into prison and held for trial. Not having any money or friends, he gave up all hope of being acquitted as the circumstantial evidence seemed absolutely against him. A young lawyer was appointed by the court to defend him. This young man, Thaddeus Wayne by name, set to work on the seemingly hopeless job with great enthusiasm, as he had few clients, anyhow, and plenty of time.

The case was soon called and all the circumstantial evidence set forth. Wayne did not even question a witness.

When all the testimony was in, Wayne requested the judge to allow him to qualify Samuel L. Johnston, teacher of physics in a high school, as an expert witness. The judge, not seeing any relation of physics to the theft, was about to refuse the young man, when a peculiar glimmer in the latter's eye persuaded him to humor the boy. Johnson was placed on the stand and the followed colloquy ensued:

"With what does physics deal?"

"With natural phenomena, or the changes in the state or condition of matter."

"Does the weight of a person change as he changes his location on the earth?"

"Yes"

"Just how much does the weight change?"

"The weight of any body is greatest at the poles of the earth, as they are the nearer points to the centre. It gets less and less the farther we travel toward the equator; for we go away from the centre. This effect is enhanced by the rotation of the earth, bodies tending to fly off more at the equator than near the poles. The combination of these two makes a body weigh one two-hundred-and-eighty-ninth less at the equator than at the poles, and a proportionate amount for distances between."

"About what fraction of its weight would a body lose in going from Cape Nome, Alaska, to San Francisco?"

"I should say about one in three hundred."

"Then gold weighing six hundred pounds in Nome could not possibly weight over five hundred and ninety-eight pound here, could it?"

"It could not."

"It is needless to say that Stevens was acquitted by this evidence. His former partners were so sorry for their recent suspicion, and so eager to make amends, that they not only paid him the salary they had promised, but set him up in business from their ample funds.

This fact is peculiar but perfectly in accord with reason. It is recognized by the United States Government. Every time bullion is sent from Washington to the New Orleans mint, a certain amount of weight is lost in the mere act of transit. So, in order to get the same amount of metal in each coin, compensating weights or those specially calibrated have to be used, or else special scales. If the weights are made at Washington and sent to New Orleans, of course they will lose in weight also, and will weigh true on a pair of balances. But spring balances can not be used.—Lawrence Hodges, in St. Louis Sunday Magazine.

"There is nothing so kingly as kindness, and nothing so royal as truth,

It is more shameful to distrust people than to be deceived by them.—Hubbard.

In East Indian schools mental arithmetic is much more treated seriously than it is in schools of this country, Catch questions are numerous and pupils of ten years are taught the multilpication table up to forty times forty.

Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices

Hark! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding through the skies!
Lo! the angelic host rejoices.
Heavenly alleluias rise.

Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy—
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high.

"Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven.
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

"Christ is born; the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
Oh, receive Whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest and King.

"Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name to magnify,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
"Glory be to God most high!"

Stephen Clark's Christmas Carol

It was Christmas Day, and Stephen Clark sat in his accustomed corner of the old church of Stretfield. He was the churchwardeu, and the most highly-respected man in the whole parish.

Everyone had a good word for Stephen, who was a bachelor, and lived alone in a cosy little cottage close to the church. His brother, Philip, a good-for-nothing fellow, who had quarrelled with Stephen when they were both young, lived at the other end of the village with his sickly wife and his little girls, Mattie and Molly.

Stephen had made up the quarrel long ago, but he did not care to see much of poor Philip, who was no credit to anyone, and certainly not a relation to be proud of.

Stephen loved the old church, and was never so happy as when he was inside its walls. As he was there that Christmas morning, hale and strong and well-to-do, and harassed by no cares of wife or children, there was no more contented man in Stretfield than Stephen Clark.

Poor Mattie and Molly sat near to him; they were alone, Philip had not been inside a church for years, and his hard working wife maintained that she had no fit clothes to go in.

As Stephen looked at the wistful little faces he felt glad that, beyond his handsome annual present to them, he was not troubled with unfortunate Philip and his delicate wife and children.

The church felt very warm and comfortable on coming in out of the sharp frosty air, and Stephen Clark was becoming conscious of a pleasant drowsiness, when suddenly he was surprised to see that the chancel was filled with a choir of white-robed angels instead of with the ordinary surpliced school-children. As for the music, it was far more beautiful than anything he had ever heard before.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on the earth peace, good will to men."

So ran the angel chorus, and the wonderful strain seemed to lift the arching roof, and to ascend right up to heaven. Stephen felt that he must join in this glorious Christmas Carol, so he also raised his voice, as was his wont in the House of God. But, alas! great was his surprise and horror to hear himself singing, "Glory to Stephen Clark, and on the earth ease, disdain towards men."

The angels all looked round to see what mortal had dared to mar their heavenly melody, and poor Stephen was ready to sink through the floor for very shame and confusion. He could not imagine what possessed him to do such a thing, as he had intended to sing the same words that the angels were singing.

Then he perceived that one of the choir was standing beside him, and whilst he gazed in silent awe, the angel said:

"What dost thou here, Stephen? The song thou art singing is not fit for angel-ears?"

"O sir," cried Stephen in anguish, "Pray tell me why such words came out of my lips. Why cannot I sing your Christmas Carol?"

"Because thou has not learned it, Stephen, 'Glory to, God' has never been thy theme."

Stephen Clark regarded the angel with amazement.

"Pardon me, sir," said he; "but how can you say that of me, who have devoted myself to the work of the Church and the good of the parish from my youth up until now?"

The angel smiled.

"True," he answered, "thou hast graced the fold and guarded the flock. But thou didst it in order that men might praise thee; and thou hast gained the desire of thy heart, for there is no man in Stretfield more beloved and respected than thyself. Glory to Stephen Clark has been the theme of thy life, as it is the theme of thy carol this Christmas Day; but it is not a song that angels care to hear."

Then Stephen's heart was heavy within him, for he felt the truth of every word that his companion uttered, and he knew that the calm angel eyes were piercing his very soul. After a moment he spoke again:

"But pray tell me, great angel, why I likewise fall to sing aright the second part of the heavenly carol. I have ever been a peace-loving man, and to no living creature do I bear ill-will."

"It is ease that thou hast sought, not peace," answered the angel. "Thou hast not loved thy fellow men enough for their doings to trouble thee."

"But I have given alms," said Stephen.

"To be seen of men," replied the angel.

"And I made friends with my brother Philip, though I am sure his was the fault, not mine."

"And thou didst let him alone," continued the angel, "because he was no credit to thee, and thou didst quiet thy conscience by a yearly gift to him out of thine abundance, and thou went thankful that his sickly wife and children did not disturb the comfort of thy soul. Such doings earn the praise of men, Stephen, but they are far from the Glory of God. As thou has lived so thou must sing; and thy singing is not such as angels love to listen to."

Then Stephen was humbled to the dust before the angel, and as he was pondering in his heart what to say in order to appease the righteous wrath of his stern accuser, he opened his eyes and behold it was a dream. He was from his usual corner of the church, the surpliced choir-boys were singing in their stalls, and Mattie's and Molly's thin little voices were joining in the Christmas carol.

But though the dream passed away, its influence abode with Stephen Clark, urging him to translate into practical realization the lesson he had been taught. When the service was over he joined the two little girls, to their great surprise, and walked home with them.

His brother looked up in amazement as Stephen entered the poverty-stricken dwelling, and it was indeed awkward for the long-estranged churchwarden to explain the change which had come over him. At length he succeeded, and presently, by a little loving persuasion, he brought back Philip and Philip's wife and children and made them sit down with him at his comfortable Christmas dinner in his cosy house.

Stephen Clark never forgot that wonderful dream of his. He made up his mind that for the future he would seek the praise of God rather than that of men, and would strive to regard his neighbor, not with the easy tolerance of a selfish indifference, but with the love that "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

He and his brother renewed the affection of bygone days, and with Stephen at his side, to guide and encourage him, Philip became quite a respectable member of society.

The careworn wife grew brighter and stronger in these happier circumstances, while Mattie and Molly were the light of their uncle's eyes and the joy of his old age.

On the next Christmas Day, when Stephen Clark stood up in his old corner of the church, surrounded by his brother and his brother's family, he felt that now he might sing from his heart, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men;" and this time his carol was one that the angels loved to listen to.—Sel.

SINGLE OR DOUBLE
Alphabet Cards and Writing Pads
FOR SALE
2 for 5c., postpaid 7c.
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J. T. Shilton, Manager

SCHOOL POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED and distributed without delay. Mail matter to go away, if put in box in office door, will be sent to city post office at 1.40 p. m. and at 4.45 p. m. of each day (Sunday excepted). The messenger is not allowed to deliver letters or parcels, or receive matter at post office for delivery, for any one unless the same is in the locked bag.

LETTERS—PACKAGES—BOXES.

If parents or friends send letters, packages or boxes to pupils, address as follows:

——— (name of pupil)
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

☞ Prepay postage, express or freight charges in all cases.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION

WEST—2.15 a. m.; 7.50 a. m.; 11.40 a. m.; 3.00 p. m.; 4.50 p. m.
EAST—12.35 a. m.; 1.05 a. m. 11.10 a. m.; 12.11 p. m.; 4.35 p. m.
MADOC AND PETERBORO' BRANCH—4.30 a. m.; 12.10 p. m.; 4.45 p. m.

Canadian Northern Railway.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS

For Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points: 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday) 1.25 A.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
For Trenton, Picton, and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M., 1.25 P.M. and 3.15 P.M. (Daily Except Sunday).
For Maynooth, Bancroft and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. (Except Sunday).
For Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
For Frankford, Marmora, Coe Hill and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. and 12.45 P.M. (Except Sunday).
For Napanee, Deseronto, Harrowsmith, Kingston and Intermediate points: 7.55 A. M., 1.25 P. M. and 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday).
For Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate points: 3.10 A. M. and 1.25 P. M. (Except Sunday).
For Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk: 3.10 A. M., 7.55 A.M., 1.25 P.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).

From Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points: 3.10 A.M., 1.25 P.M. (Except Sunday) and 9.35 P.M.
From Trenton, Picton and Intermediate points: 7.55 A.M., 1.25 P.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Maynooth, Bancroft and Intermediate points: 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
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From Kingston, Harrowsmith, Napanee, Deseronto and Intermediate points: 3.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate points: 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday) and 3.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk: 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday), 3.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The date after your name on your paper shows when your subscription expires. We would like you to continue taking the paper. Our terms are in advance, which plan is the best for subscriber and publisher. Should you desire to renew, kindly remit your subscription at once, as we hardly think you desire your name taken off the list. Many subscribers wait until they think it convenient to renew promptly it saves them and us delay.

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THE CANADIAN,
Belleville, Ontario.

TORONTO EVANGELICAL CHURCH OF THE DEAF

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows every Sunday:—

West End Y. M. C. A., Corner of College St. and Spadina Ave., at 11 a. m.
Toronto Bible School, 110 College St., at 3 p. m.
Central Y. M. C. A. at 11 a.m. and 7.45 p. m.
Bible Class every Wednesday evening at Central Y. M. C. A., 8 College St. at 8 p. m.

Superintendent MR. P. FRASER, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.
Ontario Mission Committee Convener—MR. F. E. HARRIS, 114 St. Patrick St., Toronto.
MRS. J. R. BYERS, Deaconess, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.

ALL WELCOME

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send me the names and post office addresses of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them, so that I may forward to them particulars concerning this School, and inform them where and by what means their children can be intructed.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

School for the Blind

BRANTFORD, ONT

THE PROVINCIAL SCHOOL FOR the Education and Instruction of Blind children, is located at Brantford, Ontario. For particulars address

W. B. RACE, Principal

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS—From 8.00 a. m. to 1 p.m. with recess from 10.40 to 11.00 during which lunch is served to the pupils.

AS SOON AS THE PUPILS ASSEMBLE in the class-rooms in the morning each teacher will open by prayer. At 9 o'clock the pupils will assemble in the chapel and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner. The pupils will be allowed to read the use by the Public Schools of Ontario. Teachers and Instructors are to be in their respective rooms and departments five minutes before the time for the assembling of pupils.

EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8 p. m. Voluntary reading hours for senior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY—Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. General Lecture at 2.30 p. m. Pupils of all denominations attend their respective churches whenever desired by the parents in charge.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN—Rev. Ven. Archdeacon Beaudoin, M. A. (Anglican), Rev. A. S. Kerr, M. A. (Presbyterian); Rev A. H. Foster, (Methodist); Rev. H. Wallace, (Baptist); Rev. Father Killeen (Catholic).

BIBLE CLASSES, Sunday morning at 9.00: International Series of Sunday School Lessons. Superintendent, Mr. George F. Stevens; Teachers—Mrs. Bolls, Miss Linn, Miss Hull, Miss Ford, Miss Sangster, Miss Bryce, Miss Paley, Miss Scott, Miss Curry, Miss Hardy, Miss Panter, Miss Springer, Miss Wise, Miss Sunter, Miss Stark and Miss Malcolm.

THE CATHOLIC PUPILS receive religious instruction on Sunday morning: from 8.45 to 10 and on Friday afternoon from 2 to 3.30. Teachers, Miss Leonard, Miss Hierlihy, Miss Ahearne and Miss Carrol.

☞ *Clergymen of all denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.*

Industrial Departments:

GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday after noon of each week from 2.15 to 4 o'clock.

THE PRINTING OFFICE, SHOE AND CABINETS SHOPS from 2.30 to 4.30 for junior pupils and from 2.30 to 5.30 for senior pupils who attend school; for those who do not, from 8 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 2.30 to 5.30 p. m. each working day except Saturday, when the office and shops will be closed at noon.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASSES as may be arranged from time to time.

THE SEWING CLASS HOURS are from 8.15 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do not attend school, and from 7 to 1 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons.

☞ The Printing office, Shops, Sewing Room and Domestic Science Department to be left each day when work ceases in a clean and tidy condition.

☞ Pupils are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments, except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent.

☞ Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work in hand to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the School, will be made welcome on any day except Sunday. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays. The best time for visitors to arrive is from 2 to 4 days as soon after 9 o'clock a. m. as possible.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the School, they are kindly advised not linger and prolong leave-taking with their children. It only makes discomfort for all concerned, particularly for the parents. The child will be tenderly cared for, and if left in charge without doubt will be quiet happy with the others in a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. If parents must come, however, they will be made welcome to the class-room and allowed every opportunity of seeing the actual work of the school. We cannot furnish lodging or meals, or entertain guests at the School. Good accommodation may be had in the city at the Quinte Hotel, Crystal, Queens, City and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management

Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. No correspondence will be allowed between pupils and officers or employes under any circumstances without special permission upon each occasion. Every letter addressed to the Superintendent will be promptly answered.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parent or guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTERS FRIENDING PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE THEY ARE WELL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every fortnight, and may write oftener if they wish; letters will be written by the teachers for the little ones who cannot write, stating, as nearly as possible, their wishes.

☞ No medical preparations that have been used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the school.

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise medicine and appliances for the cure of Deafness. In 999 cases out of a 1000 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well-known medical practitioners in cases of adventitious deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice

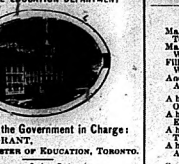
C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.

THE CANADIAN

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Ontario School for the Deaf, Belleville.

VOL. XXVIII BELLEVILLE, JANUARY 1, 1921 NO. 7

ONTARIO SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA
UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT



Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. R. H. GRANT,
MINISTER OF EDUCATION, TORONTO.

Officers of the School:

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., ...*Superintendent*
J. W. PEARCE .....*Bursar*
W. V. BOYCE, M. D. .....*Physician*
DR. J. CHANT, M. D. .....*Aurist and Oculist*
MISS K. A. WILLOUGHBY .....*Matron*
MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD.....*Assistant Matron*

Teachers:
ORAL
W. J. CAMPBELL
Supervising Teacher Senior Oral Dept.
MISS CATHERINE FORD
Supervising Teacher Junior Oral Dept.

MRS. F. STEWART	MISS E. SCOTT
MISS I. B. PALEN	MISS F. NURSE
MISS B. SIMSON	MISS L. CARROL
MISS L. DRANNARD	MISS S. SUNTER
MISS E. PANTER, B. A.	MISS I. MALCOLM
MISS F. CURRY	MISS J. STARK
MISS G. SPRINGER	MISS S. E. WARD
MISS V. HANDLEY	MISS B. A. WILSON

MISS G. BRADLEY

MANUAL
MISS GEORGINA LINN
Supervising Teacher Manual Department

D. H. COLEMAN, M.A.	MISS ADA JAMES
MRS. SYLVIA L. BALIS	MISS NINA BROWN

MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD,
Teacher of Domestic Science
MRS. L. G. WILLIAMS, *Teacher of Sewing*
—Teacher of Fancy Work

MISS I. MCBRIDE,
Stenographer & Clerk.

ALEX. MORRICE,
Instructor of Printing.

WM. NURSE,
Storekeeper & Associate Supervisor.

ALEX. MORRICE,
Master Shoemaker.

W. SMITH,
Supervisor of Boys, etc.

Engineer.

M. W. PARKES,
Master Carpenter.

MISS CLARA COOMBE,
Friend Supervisor and Instructress in Home Nursing.

J. N. BOYD,
Master Baker.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this School is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, *who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools*

All deaf persons between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious disease, *who are bona fide* residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $50 per year for board, Tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf persons whose parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT CHARGED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Baking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in General Domestic Work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of Sewing Machines and such Ornamental and Fancy Work as may be desirable. Manual Training in woodwork for boys, and Domestic Science for girls have been introduced.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

☞ The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent,
BELLEVILLE, ONT

POETRY

The New Year

Make it a glad one, Thou dear Lord,
To whom the years belong;
Make it a happy year, all crowned
With love, and praise, and song.
Fill it, yes, let it overflow
With loving gifts from Thee;
And best of all, dear patient Lord,
A grateful heart we pray.

A heart to thank Thee for the gift
Of each new year of life;
A heart to trust the Hand which sends
Each joy, or care, or strife.
A heart to pray and to believe
That Thou dost answer prayer,
A heart to hope, a heart to love,
A heart to keep and share.

O tender Christ, bless Thou this year!
Bless Thou its dawn, and bless
Its noon-tide and its evening, Lord:
And let each heart confess,
As days and weeks and months go by
To help the year grow old,
That of Thy glory, King of Kings,
The half not yet is told.

—Ex.

MISCELLANEOUS

For Tommy

It was New Year's Eve, but the Tramp did not know that, he was tired and hungry. He had been walking all day and had not been well treated. At many houses he had been turned away without ceremony; at others work had been offered. Only one woman had taken him in and fed him for nothing, and she had given him soda bread, which always disagreed with him, and cold tea. The profession was not what it had been cracked up to be, thought the Tramp, and he began to think that the burglar had the best of it, after all. He had always called himself an honest man, and had now and then split wood, when he could not get food without, but after all, was honesty the best policy?

He thought he should try stealing, after all; he stopped, full of the thought, and looked around him.

A bright light shone from the window of a cottage hard by; the blind was up; the Tramp stepped to the window and looked in. A neat, bright, cosy kitchen; a little, old woman busy over the stove. No signs of masculine presence anywhere.

"I'll try here!" said the Tramp.

He opened the door without knocking and went in. The little woman looked up, "Good evening!" she said.

"I didn't hear ye knock. What can I do for ye?"

"I want some money!" said the Tramp, hoursely, for he had made up his mind now.

"Well, I haven't got a cent!" said the little woman, "and if I had, I wouldn't be fool enough to give it to you. So there it is, you see! But you can do something for me!" she added brightly. "You've come just in the nick of time. I want this soup taken to a sick boy round in the next street. His mother is sick, too, and can't cook things nice as he ought to have them; hasn't means to get 'em neither, I expect; and I set out that he should have something good and hot to go to sleep on, and begin the new year with nourishment inside him."

All the time she was talking the woman was busy getting out a bowl and cover and finding a clean napkin.

"Here!" she said, and she poured some of the steaming broth into a small cup. "See if that ain't good! I guess likely 'tis."

The Tramp glowered at her, but drank the broth and said it was good.

"Then you take this!" said the little woman. "Go round the corner to the fourth white house, and say it's for Tommy. What ye waiting, for?"

"I didn't come here to do errands!" said the Tramp.

"Yes, you did!" said the little woman, sharply. "That's just what you came for. I've been waiting the past half-hour for the Lord to send some one—I can't go out at night myself, fear of the asthmy—and he's sent you. Reckon he knows what he's about!"

She pushed the Tramp out gently but decidedly, and shut the door on him.

"Well, I swan!" said the Tramp.

He carried the bowl safely to the fourth white house from the corner. Once, indeed, he stopped on the way and muttered to himself.

"Tommy!" he said, and his tone expressed deep injury. "Yould think they might have called him Williams or something else. There's names enough, you'd think, without hitting on Tommy. But that's the way! A man doesn't have no chance!"

A horse and buggy stood before the white house, and when he knocked the door was opened by a short, square man with the "doctor" written all over him.

"Soup!" said the tramp, "Tommy!"

"What do you mean, you?" said the doctor.

"Old woman, brown house round the corner." "All right! If she sent you, I suppose you are a respectable fellow. Just jump into my buggy and drive to 140 Gage Street! Give this note to my wife—Mrs. Jones—and bring back the medicine she will give you. Hurry, now!" I can't leave this boy, and I've been waiting half an hour for somebody to come along."

He nodded, and shut the door.

"Well, I swan!" said the Tramp again.

He pocketed the note and drove rapidly away. He did not know where Gage Street was, but a few questions put him the right track, and after a drive of some minutes he drew up before a neat white villa standing back among shrubberries.

A lady answered his ring. She began to speak before she saw him. "Why, John," she cried. "Did you forget your key? I heard the buggy wheels—O, mercy! Who is this?"

The Tramp gave her the note, which she read quickly.

"Yes," she said, "O, certainly! I will get them at once. And while you are waiting—she looked at the Tramp, doubtfully. "The doctor sent you—it must be all right—I wonder if you would be so very obliging as to look at the woman for me? Our maid is out, and I don't know where he can be, and I am sure there is something wrong. The house is cold as a barn, and I can't leave the baby more than a moment, and my girl is sick. If you would be so kind!"

She showed him the cellar door and ran to get the medicine.

The Tramp stumped down the cellar stairs, shook the furnace thoroughly, put coal on and shut it up.

"Swannin' ain't in this!" he said. "This goes beyond any expression I know. They don't give a man no chance?"

When he went up the fire was burning well, and the doctor's wife was waiting for him with a packet and a cup of hot coffee.

"You must be cold," she said. "And I am so much obliged. I cannot imagine where Thomas can be."

"You're a lady, mum," said the Tramp.

On the way back he was haled by a woman who came to her gate with a shawl over her head.

"Say, mister, was you goin' anywheres near the post office?"

"Most probably I was," said the Tramp. "I'm in the delivery business tonight."

"Then if you'd post this letter for me I'd be a thousand times obliged to you. It's to my son, and he'll fret if he don't hear from me New Year's Day. Think you, sir, I hope your mother feels comfortable about you this cold night."

The Tramp winced at this. He said nothing, but took the letter and went.

He found the doctor waiting at the door of the white cottage.

"Sharp's the word!" said the doctor. "I was getting uneasy, my man."

"So was I!" said the Tramp. He explained that the hired man was gone and the lady had asked him to see to the furance."

"Gone, has he?" said the doctor, and his face darkened. "Then that's the the last time. He needn't come back, the tipsy rascal."

Again he looked keenly at the Tramp who was shifting a buckle of the harness in a very knowing way.

"Know anything about horses?" he asked.

"Reckon!" said the Tramp.

"Who are you, anyhow?" asked the doctor.

"Well, I was wonderin'!" said the Tramp. "I took care o' horses five years. I've been sick, and since then I been trampin' a spell. Tonight I started out to be a burglar, but I ain't had no chance. I might as well go back to work again and be done with it."

"I think you might!" said the doctor, "Come in and help me with this boy. He's pretty sick, and his mother's not much better."

"Well, it's all in the night's work," said the Tramp. I'll be dressmakin' before I get through with this."

He stepped inside, but stopped short at the bedroom door with a white face. A child's voice was heard within, asking for water.

"Who's that?" asked the Tramp, staring at the doctor. "Whose voice is that?"

"Tommy's," said the doctor. "Tommy Trent."

"O, my Lord!" said the Tramp. "How did he come here?"

"His mother came some weeks ago," said the doctor. "to get work in the mill. Good, steady woman! She was doing well till she fell sick, and then Tommy took this fever. Nice boy, Tommy! Do you know anything about them? They seen to be quite alone. There was an older son, I believe, but he seem to have got into bad ways and gone off. Do you know anything about Mrs. Trent?"

"Reckon I do" said the Tramp. He hid his face against the wall for a moment; then he turned upon the doctor with flaming eyes. "Something's ben after me to-night" he said. Bercely. "Things is all of a piece! I don't say what it is. You may call it the Lord if you're a mind to, I shan't say nothing! Tell you I ain't had no chance!" He put the doctor aside with one hand, and slipped noiselessly into the room. "Tommy," he said, softly, "how's things?"

The sick boy started up on his elbow with a cry, looked, then fell back on his pillow laughing and crying. "It's the Lord!" he said. "Mother, it's all right! I'll get well now! Brother Jim's come!"

"Reckon!" said the Tramp.

A Happy New Year

Be still, do, Master Raymond, said Jane, the nursery-maid, as she perched him on the little table and rapidly buttoned up one of his boots. The other lay just beyond her reach, and as she stretched out her hand for it the child leant over the table, and before Jane knew what was happening, he had overbalanced and gone headforemost on to the floor.

Jane expected a howl which would summon Nurse, and her face went as white as her apron, for it was one of Nurse's strictest rules that the children should not be seated on the table, but Ray did not cry, and Jane picked him up, determined to say nothing about the fall. What did it matter if he was not hurt, she argued.

"Is Master Ray ready?" asked Nurse, coming in with his twin sister Lettice, and Jane answered hastily, "Oh, yes."

It was two days before the New Year, and Ray's little mind was full of the story his mother had told him of the passing away of the Old Year and the coming of the New.

(Continued on page 6)

THE CANADIAN

Eight pages,

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Ontario School for the Deaf

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

GEO. F. STEWART, ... EDITOR.

OUR MISSION:

First—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

Second—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf subscribers.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils now in the School, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

SUBSCRIPTION:

Fifty (50) cents for the school year, payable in advance, postage prepaid by publisher. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postal notes, or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us, that mistakes may be corrected without delay. All papers are stopped when the subscription expires, unless otherwise ordered. The date on each subscriber's wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

☞ Correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted—if we know it.

ADVERTISING.

A few select advertisements will be inserted. Rates made known on application.

Address all communications and subscriptions

THE CANADIAN,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO.

SATURDAY, JAN. 1st, 1921.

1921

The joyous Christmas season is now past, and with hearts filled with the spirit of the great Yule-tide festival we are now wishing each other a Happy New Year. And if we all really mean what we say, what a happy year this would be to the world! Just think what it would mean if all these good wishes were to become transmuted into real experiences as the days go by! And if everyone who expresses a wish for the happiness of others would sincerely endeavor to bring about the fulfilment of those good wishes, what a mighty uplift this world would receive, and how much would be done towards bringing about the fulfilment of the angelic prophecy sung above the hills of Palestine of "Peace on earth, good will to men." And this is just what each and every one of us should do. It is the veriest hypocrisy for us to wish happiness for other people unless we are willing to help secure that result. And in thus seeking to benefit others we would be doing the greatest possible good to ourselves. The motto of our Institution is "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy." Those few words express the highest philosophy of life and conduct, and embody a law that, we doubt not, contains the secret of the felicity of heaven. To all our readers we commend this motto for the year 1921. If at any time they feel discontented and unhappy, or if the cares and troubles of life weigh heavily upon them, let them but seek out some one in need and extend the hand of sympathy and relief, and a joy will fill their own hearts such as nothing else can bring. Nor need they wait for great opportunities, or for cases of special destitution or trouble in order to exercise this divine attribute of helpfulness. There is not a day of our lives in which every one of us has not many opportunities of saying some helpful word or doing some kindly act to people with whom we come into contact. And if we would but utilize all these chances, dispensing daily little acts of kindness, little deeds of love, so would we act well our part in life; so would we make life, death and the vast for ever one grand, sweet song.

Telling Versus Educating

An article in a recent issue of the *Mt. Airy World*, entitled "Don't do too Much," emphasizes a very common fault in teaching, and one that every teacher is often tempted to commit. When a child is struggling with a hard problem, it is so much easier to solve it for him than to enable him to surmount the difficulty by his own efforts, or with the least possible amount of prompting. When a child does not comprehend the meaning of a word or phrase, it is so much easier to explain it off hand, than enable him to discover the meaning for himself by noting the context, or by a judicious series of questions and examples. When a child cannot, or thinks he cannot, answer a question which the teacher is sure is within his knowledge, it is so much easier to just tell him the answer than to "educate" it out of him by leading him gradually up from his assured knowledge to the discovery of what he had forgotten or but dimly understood, or even to the correct inference of the unknown. Yes, it is easier to just tell the pupil, but a fatal mistake from the standpoint of the pupils' mental development and training in self-reliance. And it is easier for the teacher only for the time-being, but in the long run it is the reverse, for the child taught chiefly by the pouring-in process, and by being tenderly carried over all hard places, will never become a satisfactory pupil; and the teacher will assuredly find that what seemed the easiest method at first, proves to be the most difficult in the end for the teacher himself, as well as seriously detrimental to the pupil's intellectual development.

This has been a good year for the farmers of Canada, a record year in same ways. The wheat crop is estimated at 275,000,000 bushels, of which 175,000,000 can be exported. This exportable wheat, if it were bagged, and the bags laid on the ground end to end, would make eighteen continuous rows from Montreal to Vancouver. The oat crop was about 550,000,000 bushels, which is 85,000,000 more than was raised in any previous years. This year 140,000,000 bushes of potatoes were produced, an increase of 36,000,000 bushels over last year. The sugar beet crop totalled nearly 11,000,000 tons. It is expected that in a few years Canada will grow enough sugar-beets to supply our whole requirements for this important product. The total value of the field crops of Canada for 1920 at present price it over \$2,000,000,000, an increase of more than half a billion over that of 1919.

Christmas at the Institution

Christmas festivites at the Institution are always of a most enjoyable character and the Day is ever looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation. Memories of Christmas days that are passed and gone linger in the minds of the boys and girls. They recall with what pleasure they watched the arrival of the Christmas boxes, they remember the joys of the Christmas tree, the fun and frolic of the afternoon and evening and, best of all, perhaps, the visits of relatives and friends. All the events of past Christmases recur to the minds of big and little and a repetition of all is looked forward to with pleasurable excitement. Several weeks previous to the arrival of the great Day that 'comes but once a year' the Christmas fever gets into everybody and the spirit of Santa Claus is ever in the air. In the class-room some evidence that the spirit of Christmas is hovering about is almost certain to creep into the morning "News." The school boy artists get busy with chalk and crayon, and pictures of Santa Claus in various attitudes adorn the boards, while no little one is completely happy unless he or she has in his or her possession several pictures of the patron saint of Christmas clipped from the comic sections of the newspapers or even from advertisements.

On Christmas Eve a large Christmas tree was erected in each residence, which was beautifully decorated, and illuminated with vari-colored electric bulbs, and which Santa Claus loaded with gifts during the night. The usual waking-up process was reversed on Christmas morning. On other days the supervisors have the by no means easy task of awakening the pupils and getting them up in time for breakfast, but on Christmas morning every child was awake long before the regular time and some of more irrepressible ones were soon pounding on the doors of the subervisors' rooms to rouse them up and, oh, what an age it seemed to take them to dress that morning. But at last the door of the mystery room was unlocked and thrown open, and the eager and delighted children filed in to drink in the beauties of the tree, after while the presents were distributed and duly admired.

About half past nine the pupils all assembled in the chapel, where Mr. Nurse entertaint them for an hour with Christmas stories and then they all marched into the large room where the most pleasing and most eagerly anticipated event of the day took place. The centre of attraction was a large platform at one side of the room, which was piled high with boxes and parcels of every imaginable size, shape and variety of contents, and on this delectable scene all eyes were steadfastly fixed. Dr. Coughlin first spoke a few words of welcome th the visitors present, of whom there was an unusually large number, and extended to each and every one his best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. The presents were then distributed, there being something for every pupil, after which they were taken to the residence and opened and inspected by the happy recipients.

Notes

One of the most enjoyable features of the proceedings in the room where the presents were distributed, was the annual appearance of Santa Claus Nurse, who delighted all, and especially the little ones, with his beaming countenance and cordial manners. Those whom he honored with a handshake were "set up" for the rest of the day.

A most pleasing event was the presentation by Dr. Coughlin to Alton Dick of a pair of ebony military brushes. Alton has had charge of THE CANADIAN during this term and has done his work faithfully and well Though only seventeen years of age, he has run the office nearly as well as a veteran printer. He has done the "making up," and the press-work for the paper, as well as doing some pretty difficult job-work, and all in a most creditable manner. We are all proud of Alton and his good work, except himself, who takes his new honors with becoming modesty.

The usual party was held in the evening, at which games and dances were indulged in. At the close each one present received a bag containing nuts, candy and an orange. This ended the day's festivities.

Our kitchen and bakery staff deserve all the good words we can say for the excellence of the cooking and all other arrangements for the big dinner. To prepare a dinner for 300 is a big job at any time, but a Christmas banquet is the limit. The turkeys were the finest lot of birds we have ever had and every thing went off fine.

We expected a heavy sick list the next day, but all turned out as well as usual, apparently none the worse for the plethora of repletion of the day before.

The boys tried hard to get good ice for Christmas skating, but we could not control the weather and had to make the best of it that we could.

We suppose Santa had read about our tall chimney in "The North Pole Star" and planned to come down that on his tour. We guess he was a tired old boy when he got through.

Our teachers are only children of a larger growth, so while Santa was piling up boxes and parcels for the youngsters, our Bursar made the big folks happy by proclaiming an early pay day, thereby adding zest to the season's greetings.

What a mess there was of empty boxes and paper wrapping in the dormitory buildings when the boxes were opened. We almost despaired of ever getting things tidy again, but the youngsters were happy, so what else mattered for the time being?

Our wagon made a trip to the woods and brought in a load of evergreen trees. Two of the biggest were set up in the pupils' sitting rooms, and kind helpers spent much time and labor in dressing them up beautifully. There was a grand display and a visit from Santa at 5.30 in the morning, when every little one got some gift from the tree. This year the trees were girdled with colored electric lights which added to their beauty.

The children appeared to enjoy the evening party very much, but all were tired when it was over. The officers' parlor piano was wheeled into the dining room and the hearing visitors were entertained with music by Miss Schofield.

The boys expressed their appreciation of the kindnesses received from Miss Ford and Mrs. Williams by a kind remembrance at Christmas.

Few except those immediately concerned have any idea what preparations for Christmas means in our big school. It was 1.30 a. m. in the morning of the 25th when some of our staff completed their arrangements and were able to retire for a much needed brief rest.

About forty visiting friends of the children took dinner with us and our large dining room was filled to capacity.

We usually have a few former pupils of our school here with us at this time, but this year Mr. Gerow, of Peterboro, was the only one and he came specially to see his daugher.

The Real Reason

"Too bad you missed it, sonny," remarked the goodnatured bystander to the boy as he rushed breathlessly into the station. "I saw you coming and you seemed to be hurrying right along, but I guess you didn't move fast enough after all."

"No, it wasn't that," replied the boy disgustedly, "I ran fast enough, but I didn't start in time."

How many have had that boy's same trouble in life! Some people seem to be so constituted that they never awaken to an appreciation of values until it is too late. Inadequate business training in youth has kept many a man from the goal of business success in later life. Others are constitutionally behind time in everything they undertake because of some habit of indolence or shiftlessness acquired in childhood. Those who would arrive must not only put forth every effort, but they must start in time.—Exchange.

PUPILS' LOCALS

Written on Dec. 20th, 1920.

—One day Miss Palen told us to make relief maps of North America. She gave some soft clay to us and we modelled it to look like North America. We did it very carefully. Our maps were good. Mr. Campbell came into her classroom. He looked at our maps and told me that my map was the best. So Miss Palen gave me 100 marks. The others got from 75 to 50. Can you make a clay map of North America?—Fred Suddy.

—Last week I received a letter from my cousin, Vera McGregor, and was delighted to hear from her. I read it and laughed at her. There was a lot of fun in it. She said that when she started to school that morning, some of the boys pelted snowballs at her. One went down her neck and she told the teacher about it. She scolded the boys for throwing them but they did not care and threw them at her and other girls again. She is at the High School in Hamilton. They all had a grand time playing with snow there.—William Tait.

—Everything here is so quiet that I can't tell you any interesting news. Some of us spend our spare time reading books. Our lessons are more interesting than last year. We learned some about the Greek History. We have read the Iliad, the Odyssey and and the Æneid. Most of us like these books very much. We read Ivanhoe and Talisman recently. We will try to read as many books as we can before our rink is good. I think we will be able to skate before January.—Lucy Buchan.

—Rodger Pye received a letter from Mirton McMurray a few days ago. He told him that Mr. Munro, the manger of the Junior O. H. A. Hockey team at London, asked him if he could play hockey well, and he told him that he could. So Mr. Munro asked him to practise with the Junior. O.H. A. boys at the Arena. If he thinks Mirton can play well, he will let him play with the Junior boys. We are very proud of him. We hope that he will give a good account of himself. We will read the newspapers to see how he plays against other teams and if he can make many goals. He can skate very speedily like a train and is a fancy skater, too.—Tom Goulding.

—We have to make our rink ready. I am very anxious to play hockey this winter. Our team will play in the City Hockey League in Belleville. I think that they are strong boys and may win the championship. Nearly all new players will play on the deaf team. They are Rodger Pye, Willie McGovern, Joseph Meyett, Melvin Cole and Nicholas Nouak. Three boys who used to play in the City League last year are James Tate, Alton Dick and William Dand. I hope that they will give a good account of themselves. Maybe we will have a series of shop-games. They consist of the printers, shoemakers and carpenters.—L. J. Goldman.

—One day when I was a little boy at home. Adam and I hitched two horses to the sleigh and drove them to the woods. The snow was very deep. Adam cut down a good evergreen tree for a Christmas tree and put it into the sleigh. We drove back home. Adam put up the tree in the house. At night my father told me that I must go to bed early. I wanted a pair of skates so I put money on a table near the Christmas tree. I went to bed, but I did not go to sleep because I wanted to know when Santa Claus came. Adam told me that Santa would scratch my face if I did not go to sleep. I was afraid and went asleep. Christmas morning when we got up, we found our presents on the Christmas tree but I did not get the skates.—B. Barbour.

Perhaps you would like to know the story of Sir Philip Sidney. I will tell you the story. Sir Philip Sidney was a very brave man. When he was a small boy, he learned many things and, when he grew up, he was a very wise man. The Queen wanted to see him and she sent a letter to tell him to come to the palace. He stayed there awhile. He did not like to be idle and asked the queen to give him some work. She set him at the head of the army to fight for her country. He and the army went to Holland. They won. There was another war. Sir Philip Sidney was shot in the leg. As he lay on the ground wounded, a soldier offered him a cup of water. He did not drink it, but gave it to a dying soldier near him. Three weeks after this Sir Philip Sidney died, too. Many people loved him.—Michael Coules.

—I am going to tell about British History. I think you would like to read this. Do you remember about Alfred the Great? Last year we learned it from the beginning to Edward VI's reign. This year we are learning in Henry VII's reign. I think Alfred was the best king that reigned over England. He was brave and good and fought the Danes. When he felt that his army was strong enough to attack the Danes, he led them out and won a great battle at Ethandune. He invited good teachers from other countries to England. He translated Bede's "Ecclesiastical History" into English. He had the monks begin to write a history of England, called the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," King Alfred was called, "King Alfred the Great" because he did many great things. He saved his land from the Danes. He made the Treaty of Wedmore with the Danes in 828. Alfred the Great did more to help Britain than any of the early kings. Alfred the Great died in 901.—M. Allen.

—Last summer, when I was at home in July, I went to the Broadview Y. M. C. A. on Broadview Ave. to meet my brother Douglas after the baseball practice in the Y. M. C. A. building. My other brother Everett came and invited me to go to the Athletic Field to see the races between Broadview Y. M. C A, and the Central Y. M. C. A. After the races began, Eddie Payne found me walking across the track. He invited me to meet his uncle in the field. I was surprised to see Eddie helping the Broadview Athletic team. He nearly beat the Central team in one mile fast run. He was five or ten yards ahead of the runners but he was second. When the races were over an officer of the Y. M. C. A. presented prizes to the winners. After that Eddie invited me to go to his uncle's home. He wanted me to join the Broadview Y. M. C. A. next summer and I told him that I would. I would like to be a hurdle racer but I could not find any Athletic Club with hurdles. If there aren't any in Toronto, I will be a road racer like George Black. —V. Reading.

—We always study our lessons in Canadian History. I have chosen Madeleine Vercheres to write about. Madeleine was a brave heroine, fourteen years old. Her father was a seigneur. Madeleine had two brothers. The brothers were ten and twelve years old. One October morning in 1692, Madeleine's father and mother went away to Montreal. When Madeleine was standing near the St. Lawrence River, talking with a servant, the Indians began to shoot and she heard them. She ran to the gate and had her two brothers, some women, children, two soldiers and an old man at the fort. After a while, Madeleine shouted and ran to the fort calling, "To arms, to arms" to help to keep her pursuers back. She worked to keep the Indians out of her fort. Most of the men were working in the fields, when they saw the Indians coming and the Indians killed them. but Brave Madeleine defended her fort against the Indians. She knew that the Indians believed that the fort was guarded well but she ran to the block-house to find a soldier with lighted matches ready to blow up the place and the soldier said that it would save them from being captured by the Indians but Madeleine said that he was a coward because he did not fight against the Indians and Madeleine said that they should fight to help their king and country. Madeleine came to the fort and then the cannon was fired and Madeleine knew that some of the men who were working in the fields were in danger. They frightened the Indians and they knew that the fort was guarded well but Madeleine was a very smart girl. Her brothers, soldiers and others began to shoot against the Indians. Madeleine was very careful that the Indians who came near the fort, could not see her and the others but it grew dark. When the Indians heard Madeleine and the others calling, "All's well!" the Indians thought that the fort was full of soldiers and they were afraid of the soldiers. Madeleine laughed at the Indians. She won and she was a very brave girl. A lieutenant and forty men came and saved them and they said that Madeleine was a very brave heroine to fight against the Indians. They were surprised and delighted to know Madeleine. They called her home, "The Castle Dangerous." Her parents returned to their children and heard that the Indians were afraid of her and their children. They were proud of them. Do you like to read in Canadian History?—Joseph John Meyette.

—I read in a book about Tommy's Lesson. Tommy True was a careless boy. He always used to be late for school. He did not know his lessons. His mother was annoyed. She bought him a pair of fairy shoes. They pinched his feet when he was careless. He wore them to school every day. The fairy shoes helped him to remember to be careful and he worked hard in school. He soon got to the head of his class.—Russell L. Groves.

—Last night I dreamed that Iona Osborne saw a thief near Dr. Coughlin's house. She told two girls about it. They ran to Myrel Jackson's bed. Iona pulled Myrel's hair. She woke up and watched out of the window with them. She saw the man and they watched him all night. In the morning some of the girls told Miss Deannard that the three girls had run away. Miss Reid found them in Myrel's room. They told her that the thief was near Dr. Coughin's house. Then the big boys caught him and took him to jail. The policeman gave the boys money. Dr. Coughlin was proud of them. I woke up and found it was only a dream.—Gladys Blais.

—We read a book called, "Nell and her grandfather" recently. It is adapted from "The Old Curiosity Shop," by Dickens. Some characters in the book are Nell, her grandfather, the kind schoolmaster, Mrs. Jarley and Quilp. Nell's grandfather loved her very much but he gambled and lost all his money, so he borrowed some from Quilp. At last Nell and her grandfather had to leave home. They wandered around England for many months. Nell was given some work by Mrs. Jarley and she did her work very well. One day she found her father gambling again with another man. She was troubled and told him that they must leave the place where they were and they wandered away again and suffered very much from cold, hungry and exposure. At last the kind schoolmaster found them again and gave them a home. Sometime after, Nell died. She is supposed to be the sweetest and best character in Dickens' books.—G. Christian.

—Two or three months ago, I received a very nice letter from my sister, Kathleen. She went to visit British Columbia. I think that the pupils would like to hear about her lovely trip. Kathleen and Mrs. Lappin left West Toronto C. P. R. station at 10.20 p. m. on Saturday. Kathleen woke up about 7 o'clock, Sunday morning, in Sudbury and at 12 o'clock, Sunday night, they reached Fort William. She did not see the city because she was asleep. On Monday morning, she woke up in Kenora. It was a very nice place and the station was very pretty with flower beds around it. She arrived in Winnipeg on Monday at 1.50 and stayed there till 2.40. At 4.10, she reached Portage-la Prairie. She saw Indians and cowboys riding on horseback. She was out on the prairies, over miles and miles of level ground; sometimes there were no houses for five or ten miles. At some places on the prairie, she saw something white on the ground and thought at first that it was snow but it was alkali. She went through Brandon, Medicine Hat and other places and reached Calgary Tuesday night. From Calgary, she passed through the mountains, The Rockies are the most easterly of the three ranges. They are very beautiful. She says "It looks funny to see trees growing at the foot of the mountain and the top covered with snow, but some of them arr very high." She saw Mt. Stephen, which is the highest. It is 5,326 feet high. The next range was the Selkirks. She went through the Connaught Tunnel which is 5½ miles long, passing through the mountains 3,594 feet above sea-level. When she came down on the other side of the Selkirks, she travelled for miles along the Columbia River, past Sheesweep Lake and Kamloops. From the Columbia River, the mountains were called the Gold Range or sometimes the Gold Coast Range. She reached Vancouver at 10 o'clock Wednesday night. Vancouver is a very large city with many fine buildings and they have an excellent harbour. She stayed in Vancouver till Sunday morning, then took the boat for Victoria. Victoria is a beautiful city. The houses and gardens are wonderful. She stayed in Victoria till Monday noon and then went by boat to Seattle, Washington, U. S. A. Seattle is a very large city, larger than Vancouver. There is a great deal of manuftacturing and commerce in Seattle. One building there is 31 stories high.—W. H. McGovern.

—Now, I am going to tell you a good story of Robert Lee. He was born on a beautiful plantation in Virginia. His father was very rich and had many servants. Robert's father and other members of his family were soldiers. Robert loved to hear their stories about the battles which they had fought. He became a soldier when he grew up to be a big man. His father died when Robert was about eleven years old and his brothers were away from home and he was very sad. His mother was very sick and he helped her in many ways. One pleasant morning, he took her out for a long drive and he talked with her about his work and play. When he was about eighteen years old, he studied and worked very hard. Then he went to West Point to learn to be a soldier. When the Civil War commenced, he was a general and was in command of all the soldiers of the Confederation States. He was one of the greatest and ablest soldiers in the United States and the people in some parts of the United States celebrate his birthday every year.—Frances Kenney.

—I read a story about Sir Galahad. He was one of the Knights of the Round Table. He was a son of a brave knight named Sir Lancelot. Sir Lancelot gave his son to twelve nuns to bring up of. When he was grown, his heart was pure. A long time before, the legend says, the cup which Jesus drank trom at the last supper had been carried to England by Joseph of Arimathea. All the knights of the Round Table sought to find it but none of them could except Galahad, whose heart was pure. One night he and Percivale found themselves on a high hill with a dark and evil swamp around it. There was a long bridge across the swamp. Sir Galahad rode along over it but Percivale could not follow him because each span of the bridge caught on fire as soon as Galahad passed. He reached the other shore, then rode up a hill till he was shrouded by a glowing cloud and then passed within the golden city.—Melvin Cole.

—I read an interesting book about Gareth and Lynette, so I will tell about it. Gareth was a young prince. One day he asked his mother if she would let him be a knight. She refused, but he asked her several times and at last she said he could go if he was willing to be a kitchen knave in King Arthur's palace for a year. She thought he would not agree to this, but he was greatly pleased and went to Camelot where King Arthur and the knights lived, and he served in King Arthur's kitchen for a while, and then he became a knight. One day a beautiful young lady came to tell King Arthur about her sister, Lyonors, who was in distress in a large castle. She was kept there by a knight, who wanted to force her to marry him. King Arthur chose Gareth to help her. Lynette was very angry as she did not know he was a prince. She said that she did not want a kitchen knave, she wanted a good and brave knight to save Lyonors. She spoke meanly to Gareth and called him names, but he always answered her courteously. One day Gareth met the first of the three brother knights, called Morning Star. They fought with each other, and Gareth oevrthrew him easily. Afterwards he met the second knight riding on a large horse, who was called the Noon Day. They rushed into the centre of a stream, and fought hard. Gareth's sword struck his enemy's helmet several times till the Noonday knight fell into the water. Then Gareth and Lynette came to a bridge. Suddenly the Evening knight rushed at him and they fought with each other fiercely. At last Gareth was victorious, and hurled the knight into the water, and then Gareth travelled towards the castle with Lynette, who had begun to admire Gareth for his bravery, skill and courtesy. Soon he saw a horn hanging by a tree and went up to it and blew it loudly three times. Suddenly he saw an enormous black knight, who was called Night, riding on a large black horse. Gareth was very nervous, but he decided to meet him though Lynette begged him not to do so. The black knight rushed at him fiercely and Gareth at once struck the knight's helmet with his sword and cut it in two, and he was very much surprised to see a pretty young boy come out of the armour. He let him go without harm, as the boy said his brothers had compelled him to appear in this armour to frighten any knight who might come to save Lyonors. So Gareth saved Lynette's sieter, Lyonors, from distress, and Gareth had became a famous brave knight. I think that Lynette probably liked him and married him.—James R. Tate.

Lessons From The Old Year.

Are we better, are wiser
  Then we were a year ago?
Turn the pages that are written—
  Does their record tell us so?
Looking back on Time's swift passage
  And life's discipline severe,—
Do we find our courage stronger
  As we face another year?

With a fixed and steadfast purpose
  Striving toward some goal afar,
Where ambition's high ideals
  Beckon like a radiant star,
Are our inspirations purer
  For the ever upward flight?
Does the New Year find us stronger—
  Pressing forward for the right?

All along the backward journey,—
  Life has been no idle quest;
There is joy in work accomplished,
  Pleasure where we did our best;
And the forward march seems easy,—
  Spirits tried grow brave and strong,
Glad to give the future welcome,
  In a happy New Year song.

Looking forward, we are ready
  For the joy or heart-break sore,
Ready whatsoe'er to-morrow
  As our portion has in store;
Ready for whatever fortune
  May be our appointed lot,—
Strengthened, happy in the present,
  Well content, complaining not!

—Margaret Scott Hall in Christian Observer

Major and the Birds

Major was a big Newfoundland dog and he slept in a nice warm kennel and had plenty to eat. One morning it was cold and the ground was covered with snow, so his mistress brought a crock of food and put it inside the kennel. Major was hungry and began to eat, when he noticed a flock of little snow-birds settle down in the yard. They were chirping and looking for something to eat; but there was nothing to find on the snow. Major watched them a few minutes then he took a piece of bread from his crock and took it out of the kennel to the birds. They flew up in the trees; but Major dropped the bread on the snow and went back into the kennel. Then the birds flew down and had a good meal. Major's mistress was a kind-hearted girl and never forgot to feed her dog; but she never thought about feeding the birds till she saw how Major gave them some of his food. After that she scattered some crumbs and seeds on the snow every day for the birds and kept a trough of water in the yard, so they could get a drink and take a bath. She said she was glad that Major taught her to be kind to the birds. —Ohio Chronicle.

The Chinese New Year

The Chinese New Year begins in February. They have a whole week for their holiday. They use a great many fire-works. The boys bring a large barrel full of fire-crackers. They fire off package after package as fast as they can. Often they set fire to a whole bunch at a time.

Every Chinese family keeps the house open for visitors on their New Year's day. They set up a little image or picture in the place where it can be best seen. In front of this they put a table. On this are good things to eat. Some of these are for an offering to their gods. Some are for their friends to eat. Everyone who calls is expected to take something. On the table in the house where the people are poor there may be only a few little cups of rice and one candle.

But in the house of the rich there will be all kinds of Chinese dainties. The Chinese are polite and generous to all their callers.—Rocky Mt. Leader.

The New Year

The Old Year is gone. It is finished. Good by, Old Year. We had a good time with you. We tried to be good and we tried to improve while you were here. Perhaps we made mistakes. Sometimes, perhaps, we were bad but we can't help it now. It is too late. The New Year has come. Welcome, New Year. We shall try to keep clean the new page in our Book of Life. We shall try to do better than we did last year. We shall try to study hard in school. We shall try to be good always in this New Year.

The Birds and the Cat

I must tell you about my cat, and how the birds whipped her.

Mose had had a good breakfast, but like a glutton, she wanted more. So she thought she would steal a young bird. She went out in the yard and sat under a tree. Up in the tree was a box with a marten's nest in it. The birds were busy feeding the little ones, so Moses hid under a bush.

By and by, the birds flew away and Mose climbed up the tree. Jumping on top of the box, she put her paw into the hole to feel for a bird. The old birds came back and saw her.

They made a great deal of noise yelling at the cat; but Mose would not move.

Then the father bird flew to the large marten-box on the barn and in a few minutes came back with several other martens. They all jumped on Mose and pecked her until she was glad to run down the tree and escape from the birds.

I think she will not want to steal young birds again very soon.

But Mose only did what bad boys often do. Boys know the difference between right and wrong but a cat does not.—Chronicle.

Popping Corn

One evening in January, when John and Jessie came home from school, there was a nice warm fire in the fire-place. They saw something by the fire-place that pleased them very much. It was in a pan and it came from John's garden. It was hard and white. They put their books on the table and hurried to the pan. What do you think it was? It was pop-corn. Jessie shelled the corn and John popped it. They ate so much that they did not want any supper. Did you ever do that? Do you like hot pop-corn with butter on it? Sometimes John and Jessie popcorn and their mother makes popcorn balls with molasses. They are sticky, but they are very good. Did you ever trim a Christmas tree with pop-corn?

The Months

January—
  The glad New Year to you I bring,
  With joy and gladness—everything.
February—
  Although the smallest in the line,
  I'm honored by St. Valentine.
March—
  The month of winds both great and strong,
  Of coming spring they sing a song.
April—
  With pattering raindrops soft and clear
  I wake the flowers, for spring is here.
May—
  The birds sing in the perfumed air,
  Blossoms sweet are everywhere.
June—
  Roses red and white and pink,
  The sweetest month of all, I think.
July—
  Sunshine golden, skies of blue?
  These the gifts I bring to you.
August—
  A welcome warm is mine I know,
  Though summer leaves you when I go.
September—
  The fields are full of golden grain.
  Harvest time has come again.
October—
  Nuts of all kinds—what a store!
  Enough for everyone, and more.
November—
  Glad Thanksgiving now is here,
  Day of gladness and good cheer.
December—
  Winter's snow I bring to you,
  But Christmas and its pleasure, too.

Western Pennsylvanian.

The Savages and Carpet Tacks

One evening a captain anchored his ship near an island. There were many savage people on the island. They were cruel and treacherous. The captain knew that his ship was not a safe place. He knew that the savages would try to get on his ship during the night and kill him. He did not want to watch all night. He was sleepy and wanted to go to bed. He scattered carpet tacks all over the deck. Then he went to bed and slept peacefully. At midnight many savages climbed up the sides of the ship. Their feet were bare. They jumped upon the deck. They stepped upon the carpet tacks. They yelled and left the ship as fast as they could. Many jumped into the water. The noise woke the captain. He ran on the deck with his gun. He fired at the savages. Then he went to bed again and slept soundly until morning. The savages did not try to get on the ship again.—Companion.

A Little Boy and a Bible

Once there was a little boy. He was a good boy. He wanted a Bible. He had no father. His mother was poor. He asked a store-keeper for work. The storekeeper hired him. He did errands. He earned some money. By and by he got enough money for a Bible. He went to a bookstore. He asked for some Bibles. He looked at them and chose a nice Bible. He paid the store-keeper the money. The store-keeper was surprised, because the boy had so much money. He said to the boy, "I am afraid you stole it." The boy felt very bad and began to cry. He went home. He told his mother. She felt very sorry. She went to the book-store and told the store-keeper that the boy earned the money. The store-keeper was sorry for what he had said and praised the boy for his industry and gave him the Bible.—Selected.

How Bessie Saved the Train

Bessie's father was a conductor on a passenger train. Every morning when he left home. Bessie went to the gate with him and kissed him good-bye.

The train went right by their house and Bessie would wave to her father, who was always standing on the rear platform watching for her.

One day a great storm came up. It thundered and lightened and the rain poured. When the storm was over a beautiful rainbow came out. After watching it a while, Bessie asked her mamma if she might go down to the creek to watch for her papa's train coming over the bridge. Her mamma said, "Yes," so Bessie picked up her big doll and ran off.

As she neared the creek she heard a loud roaring and soon saw that the little creek was a raging torrent. She looked at the bridge over it, on which the train would come, and as she looked, she saw the earth at one end begin to slide. Then she knew the bridge was unsafe for any train. How could she stop it?

She walked slowly out on the bridge and it seemed safe enough for her. The bridge was not very long, so she was soon across.

Just then she heard the rumble of the train. What should she do? How could she signal the train? She glanced at her doll which she still carried. It had on a bright red dress. Just the thing. She ran down the track waving her doll from side to side. The train came closer and closer, shrilly blowing its whistle and at last it stopped.

Bessie's father was the first one to get off the train. Bessie ran to him and told him about the bridge. He called her a brave little girl.

The passengers were so grateful that the next week they sent Bessie a little gold watch and chain, with the words "For a brave girl," engraved upon it.,

The New Year

Slipping in among the children,
  Bright and eager at their play,
Comes the New Year, sweet and shining,
  Just as gay and dear as they.
Not a trouble yet has fallen
  On its merry, laughing face;
Not a single wrong step taken
  In its hurrying, happy pace.
All the beauty lies before it,
  Dew and rain and frost and flowers,
Flying months and weeks and seasons
  Woven out of dancing hours.
Hail thee, lovely coming stranger,
  In thy first bewitching day,
Slipping in amongthe children,
  Just as bright and dear as they.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Exchange.

Coffee

Coffee does not grow in the United States.

It grows in a warm climate.

Brazil raises more coffee than any other country in the world.

It grows on trees,

Coffee trees are about five feet high, and look like tall bushes.

The leaves of the coffee tree are always green.

The flowers are white and very fragrant.

There are little round red berries on the trees.

These berries are picked and put on large floors in the sun to dry.

They are stirred frequently so they will dry evenly.

When they are dry, the outside skin falls off and two little green seeds come out.

These seeds are flat on one side, and are called coffee beans.

The beans are roasted over a fire in a large pan until they turn brown and then used to make coffee to drink.

Then they are ground up fine.

The Snowball

Fred was a little boy only five years old.

One day last December he went out of doors and played in the snow. He made a snowball. Then he carried it into the house and put it near the stove.

Fred's mother took off his coat and cap.

After a while Fred wanted to play with the snowball. He looked for it, but he could not find it. The floor was wet. Fred cried.

A Jealous Dog

Once there was a little girl, and her name was Jennie. She was seven years old. She owned a little dog. His name is Jack. They were very fond of each other, and often played together.

One day a lady called Jennie, and gave her a gray kitten. She carried it home, and played with it a long time. Jack saw her, and was rather jealous. He did not want Jennie to love the kitten. One day Jennie went to school. The kitten was asleep on a rug. Jack came to it, and seized it in his mouth. He ran to a pond, and swam far from the shore with the kitten. Then he dropped it into the water, and left it there. The kitten mewed very loudly, and after awhile Jack felt sorry, so he jumped into water again, and carried it to the shore. Afterwards they were good friends, and Jack did not trouble it again.

The Storm

One night there were many black clouds in the sky. Soon the wind began to blow hard. It began to rain. It thundered and lightened. We could not go to sleep. After a while the rain stopped. The sky was clear. Then there were many puddles of water in the road and in the yards.

Ontario Association of the Deaf

OFFICERS.

Hon. Patron - R. Mathison, M.A., Toronto
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THE CANADIAN

SCHOOL MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

SATURDAY, JAN. 1st, 1921

Music and Speech by Deaf

Two excellent pantomime performances have recently been given by the Catholic Deaf Mute Association under the auspices and able direction of the Ladies of Loretto. The first of these was held in Loretto Abbey Day School (Brunswick) a couple of weeks ago, and was repeated by request at the Abbey. Those taking part in the performance were; J. J. O'Rourke, James Kelly, Eugene McCarthy, Dan Gordon, A. Pilon, J. M. Cohen, D. D. Tuirill, Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Pilon and the Misses Sellers and Legault. All are students of the Ontario School for the Deaf, Belleville.

The pantomime entertainments were conducted by Rev. Mother Columbiere of Loretto, who holds a religious instruction class each Sunday afternoon for the association, and were aurt of the celebratoin of Archbishop McNeil s recent golden jubilee. The association were anxious to express to Archbishop McNeil their appreciation of the interest and encouragement shown by him in their behalf.

A greeting to his Grace was rendered in the dumb language followed by an illuminated address, accompanied with a handsome gift. An excellent musical program followed, the solo parts being sung by Mrs. Ed. Hickey and Mr. Lawrence Stock and interpreted to the deaf mutes who rendered them in graceful gestures and perfect accord. The rose dance was also artistically performed by some of the ladies of the class, accompanied by exquisite music.

His Grace replied, and thanked them for the intelligent entertainment they had given, his words being conveyed to the class through an inteperter, and he pleased them very much by the statement that they had proven themselves "not dumb, but able to express themselves in a language quite intelligible to the audience. —Toronto Globe."

THE STORY RETOLD

Amongst the first pupils to die at the Institution were Masters J. Lindsay and Mark Ezard, and Misses Eliza Sloan and Jennie Lovell.—1879

Mr. Christie, bursar of the Institution, Messrs Watson and Coleman have erected fine residences on the Trenton Road.—1870

Prof. Greene is preparing a pantomime for Christmas entitled "The Statue Blanche." Mr. Wallbridge is to appear as Pantaloon, Miss Dowling as Columbine, Prof. Greene, Clown, Miss Perry and Mr. D. J. McKillop, the old couple; Miss Lorenzen, the lovely but troublesome daughter.—1879

On the 18th. Sept. 1879, Dr. Palmer resigned as Principal of the Institution. He was succeeded by Mr. R. Mathison.

A deaf girl who stands some six feet in height, only fourteen years of age, and about 280 pounds in weight, has entered the Institution for the Deaf at Belleville.—1879

The death of John Barrett McGann took place at Belleville on the 21st Jan., 1880, at the age of 69 years. Mr. McGann opened the first School for the Deaf in Ontario, and the deaf of the Province erected a monument to his memory which is located in the Belleville cemetery.—1880.

The pupils of the Belleville Inst. resident in Toronto on whom the audephone was tried on the 8th of August, were Misses Nellie Flight, Bessie Ball, Cassie Johnson, Lizzie Beamish, Eva Elliott and John Rhodes, Chas. Elliott, John and Sidney Walker and J. J. Peake.—1880.

At the close of the exercises at the Instiution, in 1880, the valedictory address, written by Miss Mary Bull, a member of the graduating class, was read by the Superintendent and interpreed by Prof. Greene.

The officers of the Dufferin Lit Society in 1880 were: President S. T. Greene: Vice. Pres. D. Bayne; Sec, W. Kay; Treas. D. J. McKillop; Librarian, J. Gallagher.

The chapel at the Inst. is having a grand new dress put on by Mr. W. Elliott of Toronto Mr. Elliott has three children at the school—Laura, Charles and Eva.—1869.

Miss Minnie Rumley married Mr. James McCoy, and they live in Belleville. They have two little girls. The Rev. Dr. Galaudet baptized the oldest one while he was here at the convention. Mrs. McCoy died on the 9th Jan., 1880, aged 32 years.

Mr. P. Fraser writes to a friend here from Woodstock, and says, "I read in the Globe that there is a new bursar, Mr. Livingstone. How does he look? Is he or Mr. Christie the best looking."—1880.

In attendance this session, there are 233 pupils, of which 97 are girls and 136 boys. There are 13 teachers.—1880.

Miss Annie Perry is a splended succefs as a horticulturist. She keeps the windows of the boys' and girls' sitting rooms and the stand in the superintendent-office, a mass of living green.—1880.

Miss Perry is still living in Toronto, and is hale a hearty, over 80 years of age.

TORONTO TOPICS

Mrs. Nancy Moore and Mrs. Mabel Wilson left on December 6th for Philadelphia, New York, Washington and the South, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. Walter Bell accompanied Mr. H. W. Roberts to Aurora on Dec. 19th, where the latter took charge of the service for our friends up that way. Mr. Bell was much interested in Aurora.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Lester Smith, lately celebrated the forty-fifth anniversary of their wedding day by inviting more than forty of their, deaf-friends to a grand party at their new home. It was a gala event and this venerable couple were showered with many costly and useful presents by their children, grandchildren and friends. In justice to them, we should say that Mr. and Mrs. Smith have the distinction of having the greatest number of grandchildren of any deaf couple in the city, if not in Province. They have fourteen in all,—eleven boys and three girls. Some time ago Mr. and Mrs. Smith sold their old home on Augusta Ave. and purchased a new cosy one at 72 Dagmar Ave. in the eastern end of the city, where they are always at home to their many friends.

Miss Margaret Borthwick left on Dec. 21st for her old home in Ottawa, where she will remain for an indefinite time. We will all miss her here.

A few weeks before Christmas a suggestion was made that we do something towards bringing happiness into the homes of some of the Deaf throughout the Province at whose doors the wolfe was snarling. A fund was immediately launched and an appeal made to our friends for self-denial contributions, not only in Toronto but all over and the result was most gratifying. Over a hundred dollars was soon on hand which was very wisely spent in bringing hope, sunshine and good-will to many a hithert gloomy and forlorn home. God provides for those who call on Him.

Mrs. Thomas Sipe, of Minden, and Miss Gladys Lloyd of Brantford, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Bartley for some time lately. Miss Lloyd tried to obtain a situation here in the meantime, but was unsuccessful.

Mr. Percy Allen took a pleasure jaunt to Montreal for a couple of days lately.

The 21st of Dec. was the natal day of Mr. Asa Forrester and to make it more than a passing event, a party on the quiet was gotten up by that ever smiling little maiden, Miss Muriel Kennedy, and when all was ready swooped down upon unspecting Asa, like a band of stampeding buffaloes and for the time being chaos reigned at his mother's home on Perth Ave. All who were there had a swell time. Mrs. John Crough and Mr. Eddie Payne won the prizes put up the games. They were all generously treated to tempting eats by Asa's kind mother.

Those who were at the Brigden Club meeting on Dec. 11th certainly had a treat. Mrs. Henry Whealy, draped in the Union Jack and showered with maple leaves, rendered with exceptional grace and clock-like precision, "O, Canada." So awe-inspiring did she render it that an avalanche of applause greeted her at the finish. Mrs. Whealy has a very captivating charm of poetical motion. This rightly applies to her.

In days of yore, when we were young,
  She was the Queen of May,
But since that time she has become,
  Our song Queen of today.

Following this came a debate on "Resolved that summer affords more benefit to mankind than winter." Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Watt supported the balmy days while Mr. C. R. Ford and Miss Ethel Griffith argued for Kriss Kringle's favorite season. For over an hour nothing but fun and laughter predominated in the room as each side hurled back arguments of every description in support of their respective sides, thus making it all the harder for the judges. Miss June, however, led the way with old Jack Frost smiling in a back coach. There will be no official meeting of the club until January 8th, 1921.

Mrs. John E. Crough, of Windsor, arrived here on Dec. 18th on a month's visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Buchan, Sr.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts and Mr. Neil A. McGillwray went up to their parental home at Purpleville for Christmas cheer.

Mr. James Green of Chesley was down for the yuletide holidays visiting his sister, Mrs. Alex. B. McCaul, and his many friends.

Miss Mona McFarlane has gone to her parental home in Eastwood for an indefinite stay.

We are all pleased to see Miss Evelyn Hazlitt around again after her recent operation for appendicitis, which she underwent at St. Michael's hospital. We trust she will soon be stronger than ever.

We regret to state that at time of writing Mr. A. C. Shepherd's father is very ill, but we look for a turn for the better soon.

Miss Florence Brown was out to her parental home in Woodstock for the festive holidays.

We are pleased to say that Mrs. Butler, mother of Mrs. W. C. Mackay, who was very low lately, is convalesing nicely and almost herself again.

Mr. James Ross spent Christmas with his sister and daughter in Bracebridge.

Mr. Cohen did not attend Belleville School as stated in your last issue, but is a graduate of the Flint School. An error is sometimes liable to occur.

The deaf of Toronto were treated to their annual social at the Bible Training School on Dec. 18th by the Broad of Trustees of our church, and was a pronounced success. Supt. Fraser had charge of the whole affair and was warmly congratulated on his foresight and good judgment. Mr. R. Mathison as well as many others heartily joined in the happy gathering. Blessed are the ties that bind us in love and good will. —H. W. R.

FROM FAR AND NEAR

Mr. and Mrs. William Sutton of Simcoe attended the Sunday Service in Brantford on Dec. 12th conducted by Mr. P. Fraser of Toronto. Mr. A. E. Smith of Burford and Mr. and Mrs. Robert McKenzie of New Durham were also there.

Mr. and Mrs William Riberdy of Pontiac, Michigan, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. White of Strathroy for a couple of weeks during the holidays, and report a grand time.

We all sympathize with Mrs. Eli Corbiere of Aurora, on the death of her grandmother, who recently passed through the Golden Gate at the patriarchal age of over 93.

The Misses Hughes and Mr. Chas. A. Ryan of Woodstock attended the Sunday meeting in London on Dec. 19th. Mr. August Stanbitz of Kitchener was the exhortant and gave a very helpful and interesting sermon. Mr. Stanbitz's meteoric rise to a niche in public favor has been wonderful of late.

We regret to say that Mr. George S. McKenzie, of Moncton, N. B., is not in the best of health at present, but trust he soon will be.

We hear that Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Averall of Newton Robinson intend moving to Aurora in the near future. They sure will be made welcome to that beautiful spot up Yonge St.

Mr. G. Staley, of Simcoe, who met with a distressing accident lately, is being helped along very liberally by the Dominion Compensation Board in a financial way.

We are pleased to say that Mrs. Herbert McKenzie and her lovely daughters, Alice and Sarah, of Aurora, who have lately been under quarantine owing to an outbreak of diphtheria in in their home, are now in the recess of freedom again.

We clip the following from a local paper: "New currency on two illuminated Christmas trees in the windows of a bank at the most prominent business corner of the city attracted thieves just before day break one morning lately. They hurled stones through the windows and gathered up the bills, indifferent to the burglar alarm loudly clanging over their heads. Police hurried to the scene and picked up the men with their pockets bulging with new bank notes. One was Tommy Cawley. The other refused to write his name. Both were deaf."—H. W. R.

Sunny California News

Mr. Thomas Bradshaw, late of Hamilton, Ont. has purchased a fine new home in Santa Barbara and is now living in it with his wife and three daughters. His address is 526 Castillo Street.

The population of Santa Barbara is over twenty thousand. It climate is wonderfully warm all the season round, with beautiful vegetation in bloom nearly all the time.

Mr. Theodore Law, formerly of Toronto and Hamilton, Ontario, was another to emigrate Pacific-ward and went to Berkeley first, but finding it not agreeable moved to San Diego, Cal., early in December. He stopped over at Santa Brabara for a couple of days to visit the Bradshaw and Wood families, while on his way south. We have since heard he has secured a good job as a furniture finisher and brought his family there. They like San Diego very well.

Mr. Albert Munro, formerly of Winnipeg, has sold his shoe business in Los Angeles and is going to run a similar one in San Diego.

Miss Steele, formerly of London, Ont., has moved with her parents to San Diego where they will reside hereafter.

The parents of Mr. Nelson Wood have been visiting their sons in Santa Barbara for several months past, but will soon go on a visit to their married daughter at Little Falls, Minnesota.

Mr. Thomas Bradshaw is busy working as a trimmer on new buildings now going up. He recently joined the carpenter's union here.

Mr. Cosgroves, of Los Angeles, was visiting friends here lately while on his way to San Francisco. He formerly worked at the Goodyear Rubber works at Akron, Ohio, and visited the deaf in Toronto, Ontario, a few years ago.

On Dec. 3rd Mr. Nelson Wood, with his family, his parents and the Bradshaw family, motored to the Barbecue picnic at Tucker Grove and had a great time. The Barbecues hold their picnics in Spanish style, roasting their meat on wire screens over fires on the ground.

We frequently receive visits from Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Parks, who live on a lemon grove on which are over two thousand lemon trees, just outside this city. Mr. Parks, before purchasing this orchard, was a teacher in the Berkeley School for the Deaf, and was a college mate of the late Prof. J. C. Balis of Belleville at Gallaudet College, Washington.

Santa Barbara has about twelve deaf people living within its environments, while Los Angeles claims about five hundred.

Mr. Nelson Wood works for his brother at the latter's big fire-proof garage where over 35 cars are constantly ready for hire. His brother is the city-agent for the Buick Car.

We wish all your readers the season's best compliments.—N. W.

Last month, by request of, Superintendent Dobbin, Mrs. Balis of our School, attended the Gallaudet Day exercises at the Arkansas School, and gave an address on "Canada," which was most interesting and informative. She also gave four addresses at St. Louis, Mo. and spoke once at Jacksonville, Ill.

The Three Best Things

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life with which to guide my feet;
I asked and paused; he answered, soft and low,
'God's will to know.'
'Will knowledge then suffice, New Year? I cried;
And ere the question into silence died,
The answer came—'Nay, but, remember, too,
God's will to do.'
Once more I asked, 'Is there no more to tell?
And once again the answer sweetly fell—
'Yes, this one thing, all other things above,
God's will to love.'
—M. C. Advocate.

A Happy New Year

(Continued on page 8)

"You know, Lettice," he said, as they walked hand in hand, 'God keeps all the old years when they go away from us, and he gives us a new one, and Jesus looks at us every day to see how we use it. It's coming on Saturday night.'

'What's a New Year for?' asked Lettice, whose mind flew to some sort of new toy.

Ray looked puzzled. 'I don't know,' he said slowly. 'Mother said the bells rang in the middle of the night when she came. I shall stay awake and listen.'

"So shall I," assented Lettice, who always did what Ray did. "Shall I wake you, if you you go to sleep. You are always the sleepiest.'

Ray nodded. He began to feel tired and weary, and Nurse, noticing his dragging footsteps, took a short cut home.

'I don't think Ray is the thing,' she said to herself later in the evening. 'I wish his mother were coming to-morrow instead of Friday.

Morning came, and Raymond slept on and on.

Jane,' said Nurse, 'you must run around to the doctor's. I expect he's got a chill.'

Jane's conscience woke up again. Should she tell Nurse about that fall? It can't be that, she answered to herself, and again she kept silence.

Then the doctor came, and his first question was whether the child had had a fall, and Jane said "No", and shrank away in the nursery.

Then a telegram went away for Ray's mother and father, and the house was kept without a sound, and Lettice was banished from the nursery. The doctor came in and out, and toward evening little Ray's father and mother bent over their darling. He did not know them. The last day of the Old Year came, and Ray was no better. Jane, with swollen eyes, had confessed to the fall she had caused him, and the doctor had shaken his head and promised to look in shortly after midnight.

And Ray tossed from side to side of his bed, murmuring over and over again something about bells, and how he must keep awake.

Upstairs in her strange nursery little Lettice lay in her cot with wide-open eyes. It was Saturday night, when Ray had said the bells would ring to tell them that the New Year was come and she had promised to wake him.

She lay in her cot listening intently, but at last her blue eyes closed, and she slept.

At midnight she suddenly awoke. There was no sound in the house, and a candle burning in the room showed that Jane's bed was empty. Lettice sat up and then she heard a faint sound music.

'The bells! The bells!'

Scrambling out of bed, she listened for one moment beside the snow-flecked window, and then, barefooted and white-robed, she set out to find Ray. In the nursery, with breaking hearts, the father and mother sat watching him and the lowered gaslight showing dimly his wide-opened eyes.

And then the door was softly opened and Lettice came in. Her mother's first impulse was to stop her, but the doctor had said that nothing was likely to make any difference now—so Lettice, unheeding anything but her anxiety to make Ray hear the bells, came straight across and touched her twin's hand.

'Ray,' she said, 'it's come. Don't you hear the bells? Sit up and listen; it's so pretty!'

A smile came over Ray's face and he struggled to sit up while Lettice clambered up beside him.

'Listen!' she said again.

And then, faintly and far off, Ray heard the bells ring out their welcome to the New Year. The two children listened intently for a few moments, and then Lettice broke the silence.

'Let's lie down and listen, Ray,' she said sleepily. 'Daddy, open the window a little tiny crack.'

With their golden heads close together the children lay and listened, and as the mother watched she saw both pairs of blue eyes close. Ray had fallen as peacefully asleep as Lettice.

Half an hour later the doctor crept noiselessly into the room, looked down on them, and crept out again.

'He will do now,' he whispered in the passage. 'Under God that sleep will save him. You may wish him a Happy New Year in the morning.'—'Our Darlings.'

The Fairy's New Year Gift

Two little boys were at play one day when a fairy suddenly appeared to them and said: "I have been sent to give you a New Year's present." She handed to each a package, and at the same instant was gone. Carl and Philip opened the packages and found the same thing in each—a beautiful book with white pages, as pure, white and beautiful as snow when it first falls. After a long time the fairy came again to the boys. "I have brought you each a book," she said, "and will take back the others to Father Time who sent them."

"May I not keep mine a little longer," said Philip. "I have hardly thought about it lately. I'd like to paint something on that last page."

"No," said the fairy, "I must take it just as it is."

"I wish I could look through mine just once," said Carl. "I have only seen one page at a time, for when a leaf turns over it sticks fast, and I never can open the book at more than one place."

"You shall look over your books," said the fairy. And she lit for each of them a little silver lamp. The boys looked in wonder. Could it be that this was the same fair book she had given them a year ago? Where were the pure white pages? Here was a page with ugly black blots and scratches upon it; while the very next page had a lovely picture. Some pages were decorated with gold and silver and gorgeous colors, others with beautiful flowers, and others still with a rainbow of most delicate brightness.. Yet even on the most beautiful pages were those ugly blotches and scratches.

Carl and Philip looked up at the fairy at last. "Who did this?" they asked. "Every page was white and fair as we opened to it, yet now there is not a single blank place in it?"

"Shall I explain some of the pictures to you?" said the fairy smiling at the two little boys. "See, Philip, the sprig of roses blossomed on this page when you let the baby have your playthings, and this pretty bird would never have been on this page if you had not tried to be kind and pleasant the other day."

"But what makes this blot? asked Philip.

That, said the fairy sadly, "came when you told an untruth one day; and this when you did not mind mamma. All these blots and scratches were made on the books when you were naughty and did not obey papa, mamma or teacher. Each pretty thing came when you were good, and each blot when naughty."

"Oh if we could only have the books again," said Carl and Philip.

"That cannot be," said the fairy. "See they are marked '1920,' and they must now go back into Father Time's bookcase, but I have brought you each a new one, that perhaps you can make these more beautiful than the others."

So saying she vanished, but each held in his hand a new book open at the first page. And on the back of this book was "1921."—In the Child World.

Remember, no government is ultimately strong but in proportion to its kindness and justice.—Ruskin.

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SCHOOL POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED and delivered at post office, by the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go away, if ready at office before 4 p.m., will be sent to Belleville that evening. Mail matter for others at 1.50 p. m. and at 4 p. m. of each day except Sundays. The messenger is not allowed to post letters or packages, or receive mail matter at post offices or elsewhere for any one unless the stamp is in the pocket bag.

LETTERS---PACKAGES---BOXES.

If parents or friends send letters, packages or boxes to pupils, address as follows:—

(name of pupil)
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Prepay postage, express or freight charges in all cases.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION

WEST—2.15 a. m.; 7.50 a. m.; 11.40 a. m.; 3.00 p. m.; 4.56 p. m.
EAST—1.45 a. m.; 1.55 a. m. 11.10 a. m.; 12.11 p. m.; 3.35 p. m.
MADOCKS BRANCH—5.30 a. m.; 12.10 p. m.; 5.45 p. m.

Canadian Northern Railway.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS
For Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points: 7.50 A. M. (Except Sunday), 11.40 A. M. and 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday).
For Trenton, Picton, and Intermediate points: 7.50 A. M. and 9.35 P. M. (Daily Except Sunday).
For Marmora, Bancroft and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. (Except Sunday).
For Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
For Napanee, Deseronto, Harrowsmith, King ston and Intermediate points: 7.50 A. M., 1.35 P. M. and 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday).
For Smiths Falls, Ottawa, and Intermediate points: 3.10 A. M. and 1.35 P. M. (Except Sunday).
For Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk: 3.05 A. M., 7.50 A. M., 1.35 P.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).

From Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points: 3.10 A.M., 1.25 P.M. (Except Monday) and 9.25 P.M.
From Trenton, Picton and Intermediate points: 7.45 A. M., 1.35 P. M. and 6.35 P. M. (Except Sunday).
From Marmora, Bancroft and Intermediate points: 8.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points: 7.00 A. M. and 1.10 P. M. (Except Sunday).
From Kingston, Harrowsmith, Napanee, Deseronto and Intermediate points: 3.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate points: 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday) and 3.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk: 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday), 3.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).

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THE CANADIAN,
Belleville, Ontario.

TORONTO EVANGELICAL CHURCH OF THE DEAF

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows every Sunday:—

West End Y. M. C. A.—Corner of College St. and Dovercourt Rd. at 11 a. m.

Toronto Bible School, 110 College St., at 3 p. m.

Central Y. M. C. A. at 11 a.m. and 7.45 p. m.

Bible Class every Wednesday evening at Central Y. M. C. A.—40 College St. at 8 p. m.

Superintendent MR. P. FRASER, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.

Ontario Mission Committee Convener—MR. F E. HARRIS, 18 St. Patrick St., Toronto.

MRS. J. R. BYRNE, Deaconess, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.

ALL WELCOME

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who reads this paper send me the names and post office addresses of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them, so that I may forward to them information concerning this School, and inform them where and by what means their children can be instructed.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

School for the Blind

BRANTFORD, ONT

THE PROVINCIAL SCHOOL FOR the Education and Instruction of Blind children, is located at Brantford, Ontario. For particulars address

W. B. RACE, Principal

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS—From 8.40 a. m. to 1 p.m. with recess from 10.40 to 11.00 during which lunch is served to the pupils.

AS SOON AS THE PUPILS ASSEMBLE in the class-rooms in the morning each teacher will open by prayer. At 1 o'clock the pupils will assemble in the chapel and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner. The prayers are those prescribed for use in the Public Schools of Ontario. Teachers and instructors are to be in their respective rooms and departments five minutes before the time for assembling of pupils.

EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8 p. m. Voluntary reading hours for senior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY—Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. General Lecture at 2.30 p. m. Pupils of all denominations attend their respective churches whenever desired by the pastors in charge.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN.—Rev. Ven. Archdeacon Beamish, M. A. (Anglican). Rev. A. S. Kerr, M. A. (Presbyterian); Rev. A. H. Foster, (Methodist); Rev. W. H Wallace, (Baptist); Rev. Father Killeen (Catholic).

BIBLE CLASSES, Sunday morning at 9.05: International Series of Sunday School Lessons. Superintendent, Mr. George F. Stewart; Teachers—Mrs. Bain, Miss Hood, Miss Ireland, Miss James, Miss Brown, Miss Palen, Miss Scott, Miss Curry, Miss Hand, Miss Paisley, Miss Pentland, Miss Ross, Miss Sunter, Miss Stark and Miss Malcolm.

THE CATHOLIC PUPILS receive religious instruction on Sunday morning from 8.45 to 9.30 and on Friday afternoon from 2 to 2.30. Teachers, Miss Hanrahan, Miss Hinton, Miss Shearer and Miss Carrol.

☞ *Clergymen of all denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.*

Industrial Departments:

GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday after noon of each week from 2.15 to 4 o'clock.

THE PRINTING OFFICE, SHOE AND CARPENTER SHOPS from 2.30 to 4.30 for junior pupils and from 2.30 to 5.30 for senior pupils who attend school; for those who attend in the afternoon, from 7.30 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 2.30 to 5.30 p. m. each working day except Saturday, when the office and shops will be closed at noon.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASSES as may be arranged from time to time.

THE SEWING CLASS HOURS are from 8.15 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do not attend school, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons.

☞ The Printing office, Shops, Sewing Room and Domestic Science Department to be left each day when work ceases in a clean and tidy condition.

☞ Pupils are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments, except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent

☞ Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to their work to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the School, will be made welcome on any day school. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is as soon after 9 o'clock a. m. as possible.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the School, they are kindly advised not linger and prolong leave-taking with their children. It only makes discomfort for all concerned, particularly for the parents. The child will be tenderly cared for, and if left in our charge without delay will be quiet happy with the others in a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. If parents must come, however, they will be made welcome to the class-room and allowed every opportunity of seeing the work of the school. We cannot furnish lodging or meals, or entertain guests at the School. Good accommodation may be had in the city at the Quinte Hotel, Crystal Palace, City and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. No correspondence will be allowed between parents and officers or employees under any circumstances without special permission upon each occasion. Every letter addressed to the Superintendent will be promptly answered.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTERS FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE THEY ARE WELL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every three weeks, and may write oftener if they wish; letters will be written by the teachers for the little ones who cannot write, stating, as nearly as possible, their wishes.

☞ No medical preparations that have been used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the School

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise medicines and appliances for the cure of Deafness. In 999 cases out of a 1000 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well-known medical practitioners in cases of adventitious deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent

THE CANADIAN

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Ontario School for the Deaf, Belleville.

VOL. XXVII BELLEVILLE, JANUARY 15, 1921 NO. 8

ONTARIO SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA
UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. R. H. GRANT,
MINISTER OF EDUCATION, TORONTO.

Officers of the School:
C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,.....Superintendent
J. W. PEARCE .....Bursar
W. W. BOYCE, M. D.....Physician
HL. J. CHANT, M. D.....Aurist and Oculist
MISS E. A. WILLOUGHBY .....Matron
MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD.....Assistant Matron

Teachers:
ORAL
W. J. CAMPBELL,
Supervising Teacher Senior Oral Dept.
MISS CATHERINE FORD
Supervising Teacher Junior Oral Dept.

GEO. F. STEWART	MISS K. SCOTT
MISS S. FRASER	MISS E. NURSE
MISS B. HERDON	MISS L. CARROL
MISS L. DEARHARD	MISS S. SUNTER
MISS E. PANTER, B. A.	MISS I. MALCOLM
MISS J. TURNER	MISS A. SYRES
MISS G. SPRINGER	MISS S. E. WARD
MISS V. HANDLEY	MISS B. A. WILSON

MISS G. BRADLEY

MANUAL
MISS GEORGINA LINN
Supervising Teacher Manual Department

MISS C. COUGHLIN, M. A.	MISS ADA JEWETT
MRS. SYLVIA L. HALIS	MISS NINA BROWN

MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD,
Teacher of Domestic Science
MRS. L. G. WILLIAMS, Teacher of Sewing
Teacher of Fancy Work

MISS I. MCBRIDE, Stenographer & Clerk.	Instructor of Printing.
WM. NURSE, Storekeeper & Associate Supervisor.	ALEX. MORRICK, Master Shoemaker.
W. SMITH, Supervisor of Boys, etc.	Engineer.
MISS CLARA COOMBE, Trained Nurse and Instructress in Home Nursing.	M. W. PARKS, Master Carpenter.
	J. N. BOYD, Master Baker.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this School is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

All deaf persons between the ages of seven and twenty, not being defective in intellect, and free from contagious disease, who are bona fide residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $60 per year for board, lodging, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf persons whose parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT CHARGED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Baking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in General Domestic Work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of Sewing Machines and Ornamental and Fancy Work as may be desirable. Manual Training in woodwork for boys, and Domestic Science for girls have been introduced.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

☞ The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year.

☞ Information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent,
BELLEVILLE, ONT

POETRY

Immortal Love

Immortal Love for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!
No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove:
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And pour the love for love.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with pain, the world's travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.
Yet in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storms and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
I know that God is good.

I dimly guess from blessings known,
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments, too, are right.
I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.
I know not where His islands lift
Their frowning palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

J. G. Whittier

MISCELLANEOUS

Up the Canyon

BY SUSAN HUBBARD MARTIN

"One might as well be out of the world altogether," grumbled Bertha, looking out of the window. It certainly was not a cheerful prospect. Acres upon acres of rolling ground stretched before her, treeless, brown and rocky. Nothing living was in sight except a herd of cattle grazing on the skeleton slope, where although there was to be detected a faint tinge of green.. It was a region of sage bush, cactus and buffalo grass—a typical Western scene, and Bertha had come from a green country, 'way back East, to which her heart clung.

"Look at the scenery, you discontented child," said Aunt Martha briskly, "and learn a lesson from them. I think I can truly say with David, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."

Aunt Martha was a busy, bustling, cheerful soul, very like the Martha of old. She was father's only sister, and accompanied them into the wilderness as Bertha called it.

"I'd give all the mountains for a stretch of decent woods at home," said Bertha, discontentedly. "I wonder, now, why we had to come out here," she went on dismally, "away from everything and everybody. You always look on the bright side of things, Aunt Martha; perhaps you can explain this riddle a little. Why in the world, now, should father get the cattle fever, and come out here, when we were so comfortable at home? And why should I, when I was doing such good work there, be compelled to leave it all?"

Aunt Martha's face looked a little grave as she listened. How sorry she felt for the girl before her with the sad, spiritless face!

"My dear," she answered sympathetically, "it is hard, but first let me ask you one question. Have you noticed how much stronger your mother is, for one thing, since we came here? The pining ones are not beautiful, I admit, but the air above them is pure and health-giving. No malaria or consumption here,—that's evident."

Bertha's face brightened a little.

"Yes, I have noticed it," she answered slowly. "She is always down to breakfast these days, and she does not so often complain of being tired."

Aunt Martha nodded.

"I am going to tell you something in confidence, 'Bertha,' she went on quietly. "Dr. Beals advised a change of climate for your mother last fall; said she needed rarier air and entire change of climate."

"Why didn't you tell me?' demanded Bertha with a pale face.

"We did not wish to worry you," said Aunt Martha kindly. "And you needn't be frightened now, my dear. Please God this fine dry Western air will set her up again. Now tell me," with a little smile, "what you notice about your father?"

"I notice that he looks a great deal brighter and more hopeful," replied Bertha thoughtfully, "and is happier in all ways."

"Exactly," nodded Aunt Martha, well pleased. "Do you know why, child? Well, I'll tell you. First, because your mother is improving. Second, because the long, hard, confining hours in the office never did agree with him. Another thing, it took all he made to keep up expenses, and was a steady, never-ceasing grind. But out here, with a share in cattle he has, before long he is bound to get ahead. A little hard at first, but what of that? We must pull together, and, when your mother is getting better. A few years, here, and then,—who knows?—a good bank account, and a move back."

Bertha's face lost its sad look.

"I see," she answered more happily, "In the meantime," went on Aunt Martha with a tender look, "just trust God to do all things well, my dear. You miss the old life, its pleasant associations, the church society and your friends. You have a beautiful voice, and you regret that seemingly there is no use for it here. But look out. Can you not sing your sweet songs to us, and the dear Father?"

"Well," cried Bertha, rising with sudden energy and coming to Aunt Martha's side. "But you should all have told me. I did not know about mother, Aunt Martha."

"I think myself it would have been better. But you know now."

Bertha looked out of the window, brushing away a quick tear. "Dear, lovely mother! I ought not to mind anything, if only she is helped." She looked at the stretch of plains again, but the brown, treeless landscape no longer depressed her. Viewed with new eyes, there was a wideness, a freedom about it, that expanded one. And there was the sunshine lying warm upon the brown slopes, and such a sunshine!—clear, bracing, exhilarating, with no fogs or mists, or smoke to obscure its splendor.

Bertha turned with a start, for someone was coming up the lane; someone with a horse and a cart. It was a woman, Bertha saw at the second glance. She got down quickly out of the cart, hitched the horse with an ease born of long practice, then came towards the house. A woman with a plain, rugged face full of strength and goodness.

Bertha opened the door, inviting her in.

"Thank you," answered the woman, entering quietly. "I have come on a sad errand," she went on, taking a chair. "I live six miles up the canon. A baby died there yesterday—my nearest neighbor's. She is overcome with grief and cannot bear to lay the little thing away without a hymn and a prayer. No one up there can sing anything, or pray, either, for that matter. I didn't know what to do until someone told me of you. Will you come to the funeral to-morrow morning? The poor young mother feels it would comfort her more than anything, if someone would only sing a hymn over the baby."

Quick tears started in Bertha's eyes.

"I'll come," she answered, "willingly, and I'll sing, too. Are there any hymns she would prefer?" she added, as if struck by an after thought.

"Yes," replied the woman, "she wanted someone to sing 'Asleep in Jesus', and 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.'

"You may tell her that I'll come and sing for her."

"Thank you kindly," said the woman with a grateful look. She rose as she spoke. "No, I can't stay longer, thank you," she replied in answer to Aunt Martha's hospitable invitation. "I must hurry back. You'll be there, then, to-morrow at ten?"

"Yes," replied Bertha promptly, "You may depend upon me."

Aunt Martha and Bertha reached the little house a few minutes before ten the next morning. The way led up a narrow canon from which the mountains rose grand and majestic. Bertha had never been so near their seamed and jagged slopes before, and they filled her with a new awe.

They passed little cabins intervals perched upon the rocks.

"Does it it seem strange?" said Bertha to Aunt Martha as they drove slowly up the pass; "doesn't it seem strange that people actually live their lives here among these mountains so far from everyone? I believe you are right, Aunt Martha," she added thoughtfully, "there is a work to be done for Him here."

It was a little house they reached at the end of the drive. Some rude wagons were already hitched at the gate, and a small knot of men were gathered in the yard.

A man with a sad, weather-beaten countenance came forward and hitched their horse, and Aunt Martha, followed by Bertha, with her hymn book in her hand, went into the little cabin. A tall woman with grey hair advanced to meet them.

"You were good to come," she said tremulously. "My daughter thanks you."

Aunt Martha and Bertha sat down. The little room was full of men and women with rough hands and ill-fitting garments. Over by the window a tiny casket stood, on a table covered with a white cloth. Someone had laid some mountain wild flowers upon it. Near it sat the baby's mother, a frail young creature with a face worn and stained with tears. She bowed her head, rocked back and forth in her grief.

The gray-haired woman came over to Bertha's side. "Will you sing now?" she added, her own seamed face working in her grief. "She's gone on just like that ever since the baby died. Nothing seems to comfort or quiet her."

Without a word Bertha rose. It was a poor little room with cheap pictures tucked profusely on the gaudily papered walls, but Bertha saw none of them as she began to sing. She had been counted a beautiful singer at home, and it had been father's greatest pleasure to cultivate her sweet voice. She had received many praises for her singing in the old days, but she never felt more thankful for her great gift than she did to day standing among those simple people in the humble mountain cabin. Softly, clearly, richly the pure notes came pouring forth, filling the room with sweetest melody. The tired faces lighted, the poor young mother ceased her sobbing.

'Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose
Unbroken by the last of foes.'

When the last verse was reached the young mother sat with her rough hands tightly clasped, her head lifted, her eyes fixed upon the face of the singer.

'Asleep in Jesus, far from thee,
Thy kindred and their graves may be,
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.'

There was a deep silence then the grayhaired woman turned to Aunt Martha.

"Will you read a chapter in the Bible?" she said falteringly. "There is no one else."

Someone handed Aunt Martha a Bible. She rose and opened it at the 23rd Psalm, and in a clear, unfaltering voice read the comforting words, and each carried consolation to that stricken little household. Her voice dwelt especially on the words, "Like as a father pitieth them that fear Him."

After she had finished, she looked around on the little assembly, then said, "We will unite in prayer."

(Continued on page 8)

THE CANADIAN

Eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Ontario School for the Deaf

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

GEO. F. STEWART, ... EDITOR.

OUR MISSION:

First—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

Second—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf subscribers.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils now in the School, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

SUBSCRIPTION:

Fifty (50) cents for the school year, payable in advance, postage prepaid by publisher. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postal notes, or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us, that mistakes may be corrected without delay. All papers are stopped when the subscription expires, unless otherwise ordered. The date on each subscriber's wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

☞ Correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted —if we know it.

ADVERTISING:

A few select advertisements will be inserted. Rates made known on application.

Address all communications and subscriptions

THE CANADIAN,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO.

SATURDAY, JAN. 15th, 1921.

For his own sake, as well as for the sake of his pupils, every teacher, and for that matter every intelligent person should try to keep reasonably conversant not only with the current news of the day, but with the latest obtainable information relative to the political, social, literary, scientific and commercial topics, and to the developments in every field of human thought and enterprise, as contained the newspapers and magazines of the day. Few people have time or opportunity to secure this information at first hand by scanning the multitudinous periodicals in which it is to be found, hence the need and great value of an eclectic journal that reproduces the best that is to be found in other publications. The only Canadian periodical of this kind, and one of the best in America, is WORLD WIDE, issued weekly by John Dougall & Sons, of Montreal. This very excellent journal contains articles from the leading papers of the day on international, political and other affairs of timely interest, as well an on scientific, commercial and financial topics, reviews of recent books, etc. It is absolutely non-partisan and non-sectarian, giving articles from the ablest periodicals on both sides of controversial subjects. We most heartily recommend its to our readers.

What is meant by "an educated man"? Many definitions have been given, not one of which is complete, yet all or nearly all partially correct, and comprehensive. No one is competent to give a dogmatic statement as being a full and accurate definition. Here is a very good one, authyr unknown:

"Correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue, gained only by association with good English; refined and gentle manners, which are the expression of fixed habits of thought and conduct; sound standards of feeling and appreciation of the power of growth, and lastly, the ability to do efficiently without nervous agitation."

Did you make any New Year's resolutions? If so, have you kept them all even for a fortnight? Here are few that are worth while no matter who or what or where you are: Square your shoulders, stiffen your back, turn your face to the light, and pledge yourself to whistle instead of whine, to walk and not wobble, to grin and not to groan, to be a Lifter, not a Leaner.

The following from an American exchange emphasizes a truth that can not be too often reiterated, and describes a condition that should not much longer be allowed to continue. The time, we trust, is not far distant when no boy shall be allowed to become a man without having mastered some trade or profession:

"One of the the tragedies of life is the man without a trade; the man who has wasted the days of early manhood when he might have been fitting himself for a skilled trade or a superior occupation of some kind, and who faces the duties and responsibilities of life without the equipment and training to make himself useful to society. Such a man is condemned to the continual performance of rough and unprofitable work, or to minor positions in which there is little or no opportunity for improvement. Training in a good trade, ability to deliver the goods in some particular line is the best asset that man or woman can have."

The most wearing, depressing, nerve-wrecking thing in life is worry and it is the most senseless, unreasonable thing, for it accomplishes absolutely no good result. Someone has said that there are two things we should never worry or grumble about. One is the things we can prevent, for if we can we should, so why grumble? The other is the the things we can't prevent, for if we can't prevent them, of what use is it to grumble about them? Most worries, however, are about things we fear may happen but most of which do not happen. These kinds of worries are the most foolish and inexcusable of all.

The Canadian comes to our desk regularly and we are always glad to look it over. It is neat, attractive, full of news, and speaks well for the school. This morning, our mind turns to Dr. Coughlin's first trip to the States after becoming superintendent, when he attended the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf at Ogden, Utah. He was warmly received by the Convention and made an excellent address. When the Convention adjourned, accompanied by Mr. Bangs, then superintendent of the School for the Deaf in North Dakota, we took Dr. Coughlin through Yellowstone Park and showed him the time of his life. Later he visited several schools for the deaf in the States and spent several days with us to our joy and delight. We were as kind to him as we knew how to be. That was several years ago. We have looked in vain for his return to all of the conventions and meetings that have since been held. We have written him letters but never a word in reply.

The Canadian and other things we note of the Belleville school indicate that he is a live wire and making things go. But we should be delighted to have him fill the wide open welcome which the schools in the States and all of our professional meetings hold out to him.—The Ohio Chronicle.

During the last six years the minds of both Canadians and Americans have been so much centred on the war and post-war conditions as to exclude to a considerable extent most other considerations, and for this reason, perhaps, the good fellowship existing between the American and Canadian schools has not been so much in evidence as in former days. However, the admiration and esteem we have always felt for that splendid body of men and women, the American Instructors of the deaf, has not abated one iota, and we hope in future many fraternal visits will be paid on both sides of the invisible line, to the mutual pleasure and advantage, we trust, of all concerned. Dr. Coughlin wishes to thank Mr. Jones for his kindly remarks, and he most heartily reciprocates his expressions of good-will. He recalls with the keenest pleasure his visit to the Ohio School, which he believes ranks second to none in America, and he will be delighted to go again if opportunity occurs. Meantime it is Mr. Jones' turn, and we hope he will not much longer delay favoring us with the visit he promised to try to make. When he comes he will receive a most cordial welcome, and can rest assured that everything we have is his.

Four Essentials

A man from his shoulders down is worth $2.00 a day, but from his shoulders up there is no limit to his earning capacity. I never saw a boy or a man who got anywhere if he did not work. As a boy grows older he will find the competition between men very keen, and he who is fairly well educated has a distinct advantage over the man who is not.

Every boy has some kind of a vague idea that he would like to be something or other when he grows up, but he does not know just what. He will find, however, that there are three or four simple things that tend to a man's success. The first is good health. It is impossible for a boy or man to work against the handicap of poor health. The next thing is honesty. No man in this or any other country who is not honest can attain success. He may appear to do this for a time, but when his dishonesty is discovered—which will be sooner or later—his success is at an end and his failure begins. The third essential is education; without education it is impossible to climb to any important position. The fourth essential is work. Nothing was ever accomplished without work, and if any man tells you differently it is not the truth. During this year many capable men will be required to fill important positions, and he who has the essentials to which I have referred is the one who will get the preference.

The things we admire most in other men are the qualities we should develop in ourselves. The first is honesty, the second courage and the third modesty. Without courage, one could not go very far in this world. If a man is content to stand aside for others, he is bound to lose. Without modesty no man can secure the respect of his fellow beings. Every man's hand is against the man who shows he believes himself better than others. When I was younger my father, who was a very wise man, used to say, "Never think you are better than anybody else, but always think you are as good." Modesty is one of the finest qualities a boy or man could have.—E. W. Beatty, President Canadian Pacific Railway.

FROM FAR AND NEAR

We are sorry to say that the mother of Mr. Maxwell McGregor of Brantford died in Ridgetown lately. She was over sixty years of age and very well known. Maxwell and his wife were up to her funeral.

Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell McGregor, late of Chatham, are now living in Brantford, where the latter is working at the Cockshutt factory. They prefer the "Telephone City" to the "Maple Leaf City." Mrs. Maxwell was formerly Miss Florence Branscombe, of Colborne.

Mr H. W. Roberts of Toronto went to Brantford on Jan. 9th in place of George W. Reeves, to conduct the meeting there and according to the leaders at the meeting it was the largest attended assembly on such an occasion they have yet had. Besides a large turn out of the deaf of that city, the following were present from a distance: Missrs Furber and Batston, of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Wm Sutton, of Simcoe; Robert H. Randall, of Paris, Miss Iva Hughes and Chas. A. Ryan, of Woodstock, and Messrs W. Gould Jr. and George Moore, of London.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baumghart, of Brantford, celebrated their tin wedding not long ago by giving a large party to more than fifty of their friends who had one of the jolliest times of the season the merriment being kept up until late in the morning. It was held at their home at 10 Duke St. The happy couple were the recipients of many useful and ornamental presents. A huge wedding cake helped to satisfy the hungry crowd. Those from afar were Mrs. J. A. Moynihan and daughter Beverley, of Waterloo, C. W. Golds of Kitchener; H. Randall, of Paris, George Pepper and Ernie Lawson, of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Robt McKenzie and son, of New Durham, and Mr. and Mrs Harry Agnew and daughter, Helen of Brantford. Friends in Woodstock and London were unable to be present.

It should be remembered that Hon. Beniah Bowman, Minister of Mines and Forests in the Drury Government, is closely related to the Nahrgang families of New Hamburg and Kitchener.

Miss Margaret Kennedy, of Brantford, spent Christmas with her sister in Startford.

Mr. A. E. Smith, of Brantford, was with his family in Brantford on New Year's Day.

Miss Lena Yack, late of Woodstock, is now working in Detroit.

Mrs. J. A. Moyinhan, of Waterloo, was lately on a visit to friends in Brantford.

Mr. Thomas Sipe, who made the grade into the benedict's circle lately, is now working in a bowling alley in Brantford.

The two eldest sons of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Smith, of Brantford, have joined the circle of the Benedicts and are happily living in the "Telephone City." Frank, the younger of the two, was the first to shine for on Sept. 23 last he led Miss Alma Holmes, also of Brantford, but formerly of Chicago, to the altar, and on Oct. 16 his oldest brother, Raymond followed suit and took Miss Helen Pettigrew, a well known and talented young lady of Hamilton as a life partner. Both boys as well as their younger brother, Percy, are employed by the Bell Telephone Company in that city, of which Raymond is a senior official. All the Smith boys are experts in our own language and jovial entertainers. Long may they prosper.

George Smith, of Huntingdon, who has been deaf for more than a year, has just regained that long lost organ in a peculiar manner. A friend, taking note of his misfortune, asked him if he would like a drink. "Yes," shouted George, with such vocular thunder, that his ear drums were forced open. One night later he was up on a soap box talking on the protective tariff and against the liquor traffic.

So far as we can find out the following deaf of Ontario now own an automobile, though there may be more: Andrew Noyes, Denfield; Isaiah Nahrgang, New Hamburg; Oliver Nahrgang, New Hamburg; Chas Ryan, Woodstock; David Sours, Clinton; George Dickson, Fraserburg; Sam. Averall, Cookstown; Thos. Middleton, Shelburne; Thos. Basler, Hesson; F. Scissons, South March; R. McKenzie, Harley; Mrs. J. C. Balis, Belleville; G. Ball, Ash; Thos. Crozier, Springvale; Roy Wright, London; P. Fraser, Toronto; D. W. Fleming, Craighleth; and Wm. Quinlan, Stratford. Those owning motor cycles are Fred Terrell, Toronto; David Dark, London and John Zimmerman, Palgrave.—H. W. R.

A double drowning was averted on Jan. 8th at Milton when John McJommatt and Jean Park, who went through the ice on Martin's Lake, were rescued by Allan McCready and Archie Durno. We should recommend our friend, Archie to the Carnegie Hero Commission. It was a brave act.

Mr. and Mrs. James DeLoug, of West Toronto were the guests of their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs R. M. Thomas, in Oakville over New Year's.

We hear that Mr. W. Teague, of Brantford, who went to his old home in England for a visit last September, is expected to arrive in Canada on his return about the end of January.—H. W. R.

A bad temper is like a bad horse. You never know when it is going to run away with you.

PUPILS' LOCALS

Written on Jan. 3rd 1921.

On New Year's Day we had a shower of rain and it melted and washed away all our snow. It looks like spring now. We intended to have a carnival on New Year's evening but could not as the ice was spoiled, so we went and had a dance over in the main building instead of going to skate. I must say I'm sure I enjoyed it. We have not been skating now for some time but hope we will be at it again ere long. Miss Snow has not been nice to us as she would not come with us on Christmas and New Year's.—M. Loretta Whalen.

One day in Sudbury when I was a little boy, my brother and I went to pick cherries. I tore my stockings on the trees but my brother did not. We went home and my mother was cross. Then she told us that we must take pails and go to the mountain to pick blue-berries for supper. On the way there I fell down and tore my pants and cut my hand. I dropped one of the pails. My brother heard me crying and came to me. When we went home, my mother was cross with him because he did not take my hand when we were going up the mountain. We were little boys and naughty sometimes.—Lorenzo Martel.

—On New Year's Day we intended to have a carnival and skate on the boy's rink, but the snow was melting so we had a party instead. We had music and danced some waltzs and fox trots. We like to waltz very much. We played other games, then we went downstairs to the dining-room and had a lunch, which consisted of cakes, peanut-butter and meat sandwiches, and coffee. we appreciated the kindness of Miss Ford, Miss Palen, Miss Schofield, Mrs Williams and Miss Willoughly for arranging a party for us. We went to bed at abou thalf past ten o'clock. We were very tired but we had a very joyful time.—Nellie Patrick.

—I read a story about Allan's dollar. Allan got five cents every time, he shovelled the snow off the paths. At last he had a dollar. One day Allan was returning from school when some boys began snow-balling him. So he made a hard snowball and threw it at them but it missed them and struck a window. It broke the window-glass. The other boys ran away but Allan thought that it was better to bring his dollar and pay for it. So he went home and got it and gave it to the man who owned the house. In the evening his father asked him about the broken pane. He told Allan that he was glad that he told the truth.—Robert Crowe.

I am going to tell you some things I have learned about India. Most of the people of India are very poor. They are chiefly Hindus or Musslemans. Some places and rivers are sacred and pilgrims come from long distances to worship there. Benares is the chief sacred city, and every year thousands of people go to Benares to bathe in the waters and drink some water of the sacred river Ganges, which they believe will wash away their sins. Sometimes mothers used to throw their children into the Ganges river to please the god and the crocodiles ate them. Many girls are married when they are from 1 to 10 years old. If the husband dies, the laws of the Hindus will not allow the widow to marry again, even if she is only a girl. It must be cruel. Many years ago when the husband died, the widow would be burned with the body. The government of England has tried to stop these cruel practices.—Olive E. Johnston.

—When I was very small, I was a mischievous girl. I always gave my mother and daddy trouble by running away from home. One day my daddy tied the gate with strong ropes because he did not want me to get away. I went to the gate and tried to take the rope off. At last I did get it off. Then I went to my grandma's place. When my mother could not find me, she got worried and ran to grandma's. After I had my dinner mother took me back home. Then my daddy put a lock on the gate that I could not unlock. So I dug the ground out with my hands to make a hole that I could crawl through. I got out and went to a barber shop. My daddy found me sitting on the barber's lap. He was relieved to find me there for he thought that I was lost. My mother told me that I called the barber "Tiny Tom." I did not know why I called him it. When the people in Sutton West heard it, they always called him that name.—Iona Osborne.

—I read in a newspaper about a boy named Henry Kinsman. He was nineteen years old and was kidnapped in Toronto. His home is in Woodstock but he lived with his aunt in Toronto. The thieves blindfolded and gagged him and carried him in a car to a cellar in Toronto. He stayed in the cellar all night. They blindfolded and gagged him again and put him in a car and took him to a log house in the woods about one hundred miles from Toronto. He wanted to escape but one thief would shoot him if he tried. The thief stole twelve dollars and clothes from him and he gave him a suit of old working clothes. In a month they blindfolded and gagged him, and took from the thief's log house to Toronto again and left him on the street. He telephoned to his aunt and he went home. His aunt was glad. His aunt and he went to the police station and told the policeman. He thinks that the thieves were Russians.—D. Towns.

—I read a nice story called "Pippa Passes." Pippa lived in a great factory town. She worked every week day. On Sunday she went to church and Sunday School and then she went to the woods. She was fond of singing and she was always cheerful and happy. One day in summer she had a holiday. She went to the woods singing as she went. She passed the house in which a blind woman lived. She was sitting on a chair in the porch feeling very sad and lonely. Pippa sang "God's in His Heaven, All's right with the world." The woman heard it and it made her happy and contented. Pippa ran on and passed the house of an artist. He was discouraged and unhappy as he could not paint well that morning. Pippa sang "God's in His Heaven, All's right with the world." The man heard it and he became ashamed of himself and went to work cheerfully and painted a beautiful picture and he was happy. She next passed a minsiter who was discouraged over his work. She sang "God's in His Heaven, All's right with the world." He heard it and took heart again. She went home in the evening and she was very happy and had made many other people happy. Robert Browning wrote this story.—H. Myrel Jackson.

—We have just finished reading a book called "Highroads of Literature, Book II." in which were many good stories and I would like to tell you one of them. There was a little boy named Antonio Canova, who lived in Italy long ago. His father died when he was very young. He was very poor and lived with his grandfather. He never played noisely and roughly like other boys. He was fond of making little statues out of clay, sometimes using a hammer and chisel at it. His grandfather said he would be a great sculptor some day. One day a count was giving a feast and had a placed beautiful marble statue in the centre of the table. The servants were busy running about, when suddenly one of them overturned the statue and it fell to the floor and broke into a hundred pieces. Antonio heard of it and decided he would try to help the servant out of his trouble, and so he said he would make a statue of butter. He went alone to a room and carved a very wonderful lion out of some hard butter. It was finished in about a hour, and placed in the centre of the table and the guests came in and were very much surprised to see it, and still more astonished to see that it had been made by a ten-year old boy. The Count was so much pleased that he sent Antonio to school and he became one of the greatest artists of the world; but his first famous piece of work was the lion made out of butter.—D. Foster.

—My sister Evelyn has been at Northampton school since last September. She was going home for Christmas, and she wrote to Dr. Coughlin, asking if he would let me go to the station to see her when she passed through Belleville. He said he would, so, on December 23rd, I got ready and went in the teachers' van to the station at about three o'clock in the afternoon. I waited about five minutes, then the train came in. I was so glad to see Evelyn again and had a good chat with her for a few minutes, then she went on to Toronto. It was a cold day and my hands were almost frozen, so Miss Scott kept my hands in her muff and fur coat and they were comfortable. Evelyn had a lovely time at home. After she had been at home for ten days, she went to Toronto, then came to Belleville on Tuesday at noon but I did not know that she was in Belleville. At noon, when I had finished washing dishes, I intended to go to the sewing-room but a girl said that she saw my sister in the girls' residence. I could hardly believe her and asked how she knew that it was my sister. She said she knew because her hat was like mine. Then I went out of doors and saw her coming toward me. I was glad to see her again and she looked fine. She asked Dr. Coughlin if he would let me go to the hotel with her for the night. He said he would not but he let me go to town, so we went down and some ice-cream and a nice supper at the Quinte Hotel. After supper, I had a good chat with her in the room. At about eight o'clock she called a taxi and we came back here. Evelyn slept at the Main Building. On Wednesday she and I visited Miss Springer's class and talked with her for half an hour. Then she phoned to mother and talked with her for a few minutes. At 11.30 o'clock Evelyn left here for Northampton. I had a good visit with her but I missed her very much when she went away.—Catherine Tudhope.

—I read the story of Robert's Prize. Robert was a fine runner. One day, when he was ten years old, there were to be foot races on his uncle's farm. Robert wanted to win the prize, which was a fine knife with a pearl handle. His father had hired a Shetland pony, named Beauty, to take him to where the races were. When he saw that the pony was jumping for joy, he leaped on its back to ride off. The races were to begin at o'clock. As Beauty and his rider were travelling along as fast as they could go an old lady, named Mrs. Smith, called loudly to him. Robert heard her and rode to where she was and saw that the old lady was in great trouble, as her husband was very sick. She could not leave him and she had nobody to go for the doctor, so she begged Robert to turn back and go for him. Robert told her that he would go quickly and rode away as fast as he could. He thought of the races and of the prize that he hoped to win, and was afraid that he was going to miss all the fun. Robert soon reached the doctor's place and told him that Mrs. Smith's husband was very sick and he and Robert went back as fast as they could. They went to Mrs. Smith's home where the doctor saved the life of Mr. Smith. Then he rode on to the races. When he arrived at his uncle's farm, he was tired. He thought he was late for the races, but thought how glad he was that he had helped poor Mrs. Smith. But when he went to the field where the races were held he found that he was not too late and he won the knife. He felt happy that he had helped the old lady. He had lost nothing by doing a kind deed.—N. Nowak.

—I am going to tell you about David Livingstone, a great traveller. He was born near Glasgow and his parents were poor. When David was ten years old, he went to work at a cotton-mill. He was very fond of reading books and he thought that he would like to be a missionary. When he was a man, he went to Africa, landing at Cape Town. The natives in Africa are black and often very savage. Many wild and fierce animals, were there. David journeyed up north through Africa and he discovered the Victoria Falls, probably the largest in the world. He found out all he could about Africa and he told the English people about it. He came home to England twice but he went back to Africa again. When he went back for the third time, he found many other lakes. One day he went with some black friends to hunt wild animals. Soon they found some lions and David shot at one but the great beast sprang on him and shook him, and bit his shoulder badly, but some of Livingstones' men killed the lion and they helped to bring him to his tent. He had eleven teeth wounds on his arm, and his shoulder-bone was crunched into splinters. For four years the English people did not hear of Livingstone and they thought that he was dead. A brave man named Stanley went to Africa to look for him and he found him. Stanley gave Livingstone many things and he offered to bring him home to England but Livingstone refused to go became he wanted to do all he could for Africa. Soon Livingstone became very ill. A few of his black friends took care of him but one morning they found him dead kneeling beside his bed. He had died praying for Africa. Some of his men carried his body to England. The journey took nine months. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. Livingstone was in Africa for over thirty years and he tried to make the wild savages less wild and he taught them about God and how to live better. Most of the negroes loved him and they were very sorrowful at Livingstone's death.—R. J. Pye.

—I got a letter from George Daly last week and he told me that Jack Coleman and he picked some apples and they went to show them at the Exhibition in Trenton. They got a first prize. They were big red ones called Wolf River.—Arthur Waldron.

It got a letter from my brother John four weeks ago and I was pleased to get it. My brother is improving in writing English. Last summer I told my father that I wanted John to learn it in school, and my father told the teacher that he wanted him to try to to learn it, so the teacher taught him. —V. Lagrandeur

I will tell you about Wellington and the Ploughboy. In England men who hunt foxes often do great damage to the farmers by riding over the fields on horseback. One day a farmer who worked in the field, saw a party of red coated huntsmen with their dog. They came hunting foxes. He told his ploughboy to run quickly and shut the gate. He said, "None must open the gate." His ploughboy shut the gate just as one huntsman rode up to it. He said, "Open the gate," but the ploughboy would not open it. The huntmen was very angry and threatened to thrash the boy with his whip if he did not open the gate. At last one of the huntsmen told him that his name was the Duke of Wellington. The boy was ashamed because he disobeyed him but he must obey his master. Another man offered him money if he would open the gate but he would not. The Duke of Wellington was pleased with the boy because he was faithful. Did you read this lesson?—Flora Leeder.

—About three or four years ago, Mr. Ford, our instructor in the printing-office, told us a story. I think that you would like to read it. Now I am going to tell about it. It is about a boy of eighteen years of age. He was a good boy and kind to his mother. His mother was very poor. She had to earn a little money for food and rent for her house. She had run short of money. She told the boy to look for some work, so he got his coat and hat and left the house and went around the street. Suddenly he saw a broad paper on a window. It was "Boy wanted to help the doctor." At last he was glad to get a position because he failed many times looking for a job. But there was a long line of boys for the position and the boy was late coming. When he walked to the door, the boys said to him, "Don't go there first but go behind the boys," Then he stood behind the boys and he was tired. The doctor in the room told a boy to come there. He told him to wait a little while. Then the doctor went into another room. There were some books and apples on a table. The boy was hungry, so he took some apples and ate them up. The doctor wanted a good, honest boy. He would take such a boy for his position. The doctor saw him through a key-hole eating the apples. When he heard him coming, he sat quietly but the doctor knew. He said to him, "I am sorry you cannot get the position." So he left the room and he was very much disappointed. Another boy entered the room and sat the same as the first boy did. The doctor knew that he was not very polite because he put his boots on the table and read a book. So he put him out of the room. He was very much disapppinted. Other boys stood in the row to get the position but none of them could get it. At last the boy who was a good, polite boy, stood near the door and the doctor told him to come in and he obeyed. Then the doctor told him that he would come back in a few minutes. The boy sat quietly but took nothing off the table and looked at the room. He thought that it was a nice room. The doctor was glad that he could get a good boy at last. He opened the door and told him that he would give him the position and he was very glad. He wondered why the other boys did not get the position who stood before him. He asked the doctor why he did not take the boys and he told him that they were not very polite because they took books to read and ate nearly all of his apples and one boy put his leg on the table. The boy was very much surprised. The doctor told him that he might start to work the next morning at good wages. Then he left there and felt joyful and ran to his home. He told his mother that he had a job and his mother was surprised. Now his mother worries no more. Do you like to read this story?—Lorenzo Maiola.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep!
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

And your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

St. George and the Dragon.

Many, many years ago a fairy stole a beautiful baby from the castle of an English King. This fairy was very wicked. She took the little baby and left it in an old field. By and by a man who was plowing in the field found the baby. He took it home. He called it George.

George lived with the plowman many years. He did not like to be a plowman himself. He wished to become a brave knight and fight for people who were not as strong as he was.

He went to the court of the "Faerie Queen" and became one of her knights.

One day a lady whose name was Una came to the Queen. She was very sad and in much trouble. She told the Queen that her parents were in prison in a castle far away. A great ugly dragon guarded the the castle and killed everybody who came near it.

George said he would go with Una and kill the wicked dragon. Then Una's parents would be free. Una was very happy.

George put on bright shining armor, He buckled on his sword and went with Una to seek the dragon.

When George came near to the castle he heard a terrible roar. He saw a dragon. It was so large it looked like a mountain. Its had scales like brass over its body. Its wings were like the sails of a ship. Its tail was spotted red and black.

It had three rows of iron teeth. The teeth had much flesh and blood between them because the dragon had eaten many people. Its eyes were like fire, and its breath was fire and smoke.

George was not afraid of the terrible dragon. It rushed at George. They had a hard, fierce combat. The combat lasted for three days. George grew very weak and Una felt afraid he would lose. He still fought bravely, and after a while the great dragon was killed. Una's parents were freed and Una was full of joy. George was afterwards called St. George. —Selected

The Hungry Squirrrel

A little squirrel was very hungry. He had been lazy in the fall and now that the winter had come he found that he had no food, so he went out to beg.

First, he went to the oak and asked for an acorn, but the oak said, "I have none." Then he went to the walnut tree and held up his paws for a walnut and the tree said, "I have not any." Next he went to the hickory tree and cried for a nut, but the hickory said, "I haven't any nuts for you, poor little squirrel." Then he crawled to a hazel bush, for he was becoming very weak. He asked for just one little hazel nut, but the hazel bush shook its head and said, "I am sorry, but I have no hazel nuts for you."

Just then a farmer came down the road. The squirrel had always been afraid of farmers, for they sometimes carry guns. He was so hungry now that he asked for a grain of corn. The farmer said, "I haven't any corn."

In a few minutes a little girl came skipping along the road with a basket on her arm. She did not wait for the squirrel to ask her for food, but said, "There is a dear little squirrel. I will give him some of the nuts that grandmother gave me." So she threw him a whole handful.

The Cocoanut

The cocoanuts come from the tropical islands in the Pacific and Indian oceans. They grow to be one hundred feet high without branches and then spread into large leaves. The cocoanuts have "monkey faces" at their ends. "Coco" is a Portuguese word and means "ugly mask."

The cocoanut tree is one of the most useful trees in the world. The natives of the island make baskets of the young roots, and canoes, fence-posts and rafters of the trunks. They make water-pipes of the young green shoots.

They soak the young leaves in water and eat them. The old leaves are made into hats, writing paper, cloth, fans, bonnets, lanterns, bedding, and fish-nets. The ribs of the leaves are used in making boat paddles, spears, arrows, brooms and combs. The juice of the flower yields sugar, vinegar and cement. The old wood of the tree is used in cabinet work.

The natives burn the leaves to obtain lampblack, charcoal and tooth-powder. The covering of the nut is made into a fibre, of which they manufacture many useful articles.

The green cocoanuts are good to eat, and have a milky juice. The ripe hard nuts are used in making many kinds of candies and cakes, oil, candles, and soap.

It is very hard for the natives to climb the tress to get the nuts, but the monkeys climb them easily. When the natives want to get cocoanuts, they just throw stones at the monkeys, which, in turn, throw the nuts at them. You see they return good for ev l.—Adapted.

I Happied Him Up

Agnes is a little girl, with such a bright, happy face that it is pleasure to look at her.

One day, in answer to her mother's call, she came running home from a neighbor's, two or three doors away.

Her eyes were bright, her lips smiling, her mother smiled, too.

"Do you want me, mother, "Not for anything important. Where were you, Agnes?"

"At the Browns,' and, oh, mother, Walter was cross, but I happied him up so that he got all over it; and then the baby cried, and I had to happy her up; then some one stepped on the kitten's tail, and I was going to happy her up, when you called me."

The mother laughed. "Why, what happying time you have had! It must make you happy yourself to happy up little boys and babies and kittens, for you look as happy as possible."

This is true. The more we try to make others happy the happier we shall be ourselves. Then put away frowns and pouting lips.—Selected.

Questions.

1. What part of the lettuce plant do we eat?
2. What part of a bean plant do we eat?
3. What part of a cabbage plant do we eat?
4. What part of a potato plant do we eat?
5. What part of the asparagus plant do we eat?
6. What part of the dandelion plant do we eat?
7. What part of the celery plant do we eat?
8. Why does the cook sift the flour before she makes the bread?
9. Write the names of four kinds of bread.
10. Tell three ways to cook an egg.
11. Tell three ways to cook oysters.
12. When do farmers plant corn?
13. When do they gather the corn?
14. When do birds build their nests?
15. When do birds go south? Why?

Edith's on The Train

Edith was only five years old. Last summer her mother took her to New York to visit her little cousins. They had to take a long ride on the train.

Edith helped her mother pack her trunk. She put in her dolls and some of her play things.

Edith was glad to have a ride to the station that morning. She thought the engine looked very strong. She counted the cars. There were six besides the baggage car. Edith watched the men put the trunks into the baggage car. Then she and her mother got on the train. They had a long ride and Edith looked out of the window and watched the farmers in the fields. She saw a great many pretty wild flowers. She wanted to pick some of them but the train did not stop.

Edith had dinner in the dining car. She thought it was great fun to sit at the small table and have dinner on the train.

In the evening Edith and her mother went to bed. Edith thought that was fun too, but she was a tired little girl and soon fell asleep.

The next morning Edith and her mother reached New York.—The Deaf Carolinian.

Things Some People Eat

The moose's nose is good to eat. A beaver's broad tail is good food. A bear's paws are very nice. An elephant's feet are eaten by some Indians. The Chinese make soup from a kind of birds' nests. Some Indians will eat snakes. Snails are eaten in some places. Frogs' legs are very nice. Locusts are sometimes eaten. Some people eat white clay. Horse flesh is sold in France and Italy. Poor Chinese people eat puppies, cats and rats; they like raw fish too.

Where Our Coal Comes From

Thousands of years ago much of the earth was covered with forests. These died and made great beds of decayed wood and leaves. Rain soaked them, and they sank into the ground. Dust and earth covered them very deeply and the heat of the sun baked them. They turned hard and black, and finally became mines of coal.—Companion.

The Boy and the Chipmunk

A boy was walking on the road.

He saw a small striped squirrel on the fence. It was a chipmunk. It ran into a hole in a tree. The boy picked up two stones. He tapped them together. The chipmunk came out of the hole. It looked at the boy. It was not afraid. The next day the boy saw the chipmunk again. He gave some nuts to it. Soon they were friends.

The Ants and the Grasshopper.

All summer the ants gathered grain and carried it to their nest for food.

One fine day in winter they took it out to dry.

A poor hungry grasshopper saw them at work. He begged them to give him a little food.

The ants asked him why he had not saved food during the summer.

He said, "I did not have time enough, I sang all day long."

The ants laughed at him and said, "You were foolish to sing all summer. No wonder you had no food for the winter."—Ex.

Change to Plural

Change these sentences to the plural form:

1. The woman fed the calf.
2. The ox drew the cart and a load of wood.
3. The man caught a mouse in a trap.
4. The child obeys its parents and teacher.
5. A cargo of coal came to the city on the 17th of November.
6. The child, when in trouble, ran to his parent.

To Our Dear Mother

Another year has come and gone,
Since us you bade adieu,
And took your flight to dwell in light,
Beyond the azure blue.

And night has veiled us ever since,
And kept you from our view,
Yet in the recess of our hearts
Are warmest thoughts of you.

Now in the Heavenly home are you,
Far from all care and strife.
Beyond the realm of earthly pain,
And vortex of this life.

With Him you go through sunny dale,
Where daisies brightly bloom,
Where Angels sing melodies sweet,
To brush away the gloom.

The weather there is never cold,
The skies are ever blue,
And night, it never comes around,
'Tis light the whole life through.

There is no sickness in that land
Where God your foot-step steers,
For it's all song and joy and love
Through all the happy years.

Oh mother, dear, how we would love
To see you once again,
And clasp you to our bosoms warm
In tender love serene.

Not fame or fortune would we crave,
Nor take a golden pile,
But ask just for a moment's grace
To see your sunny smile.

But such a case it cannot be,
We must in patience wait
Until our journey's end we reach
And pass the Golden Gate.

So here we'll quietly wait till dawns
The bright and happy day,
And when the Prince of Glory calls,
We'll homeward wend our way.

Then with His promises fulfilled
Our hopes will all come true,
For on this blessed morn, we will
Your motherly love renew.

And with the Angels we will stroll,
Upon the golden shore,
And in our gracious Father's keep,
With you we'll live forever more.
—H. W. R.

Parts of Things

The parts of an egg are the shell, lining, white and yolk.

The parts of a chair are back, seat, legs and rounds.

The parts of the hand are back, palm, thumb, fingers knuckles, nails, skins, veins, joints, and tips.

The parts of an apple are stem, peel, pulp, core and seeds.

The parts of a knife are handle, blades, rivets and plate.—Ex.

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!
He'll sit in a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing.

Sheep

Sheep are pretty animals.
They are very timid.
Baby sheep are called lambs.
Sheep are covered with soft wool.
In the winter it warms them.
In the spring men cut off the wool from the sheeps' backs.
They make it into warm cloth.
A shepherd takes care of sheep.
Sometimes a dog helps him.

Cows

Cows give milk.
Cream rises on the milk.
Butter is made of cream.
Cows have no upper front teeth.
They have hollow horns.
They walk on their toes.
Leather is made from cows' skins.
Hairpins and combs are made of cow's hoofs and horns.
Cows chew the cud.
A baby cow is called a calf.

Ontario Association of the Deaf

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THE CANADIAN

SCHOOL MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

SATURDAY, JAN. 15th, 1921

TORONTO TOPICS

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Nahrgang and three children, of Kitchener, were in the city for a few days during the advent of 1921, visiting the latter's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. George Elliott.

Miss Mary E. O'Neil hailed the birth of the New Year in Oakville, wheither she went to visit Mr. and Mrs. A. A. McIntosh for a couple of days.

Mr. James Green left on Jan. 3rd for his parental home in Chesley, after a two weeks' sojourn with his sister, Mrs. Alex B. McCaul. On Dec. 30th he and Mrs. McCaul paid a visit to their father in Hamilton, whom they found doing well.

We extend our sympathy to Mr. A. C. Shepherd and his relatives upon the death of his father, who answered the Boatman's Call on Dec. 28th in the 73rd year of his age. He was employed by the Adams Harness Co. for more than thirty years and only forced to relinquish his duties there a short time before his death. Besides our friend, Annival, of the post office department, he leaves three daughters to mourn his loss, two of whom are public school teachers of this city. His wife preceded him two years ago.

Mr. William Corbett, of Owen Sound, was renewing old acquaintances here over the yuletide holidays.

Mr. George Reeves took a trip to Lindsay, where he spent the week end of Jan. 9th with his aged father and other relatives, whom he had not seen for nearly two years. Though in the sunset of his life, his father is braving the storm of every day life.

Mr. Charles A. Ryan, of Woodstock, spent the New Year's holidays at "Mora Glen," the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts.

Mr. Russell Ormiston is to Veterinary College again after spending the Christmas vacation at his parental home in Raglan and also with his sister at Burketon, and the New Year's holidays with relatives in Owen Sound.

Mr. Ernest A. Lawson was down from Hamilton to see his parents here over Sunday, Jan. 9th. He is looking fine.

We are pleased to say that the two little children of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Shilton, who have been laid up with chicken pox, are around again as playful ever.

Mr. Eddie Payne was out to his parental home in Walkerville for Christmas, where he had a very good time.

We all extend our deepest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Chester Pickard upon the loss of their youngest child, little Gordon, a bright and strapping little chap, hardly three summers born, who was rocked to sleep in the arms of Jesus on Jan. 6th. Some time ago little Gordon developed a severe case of whooping cough which finally caused a blood clot on the brain, from which he died. This is the second child they have lost through the grim reaper. They have now only one left, a pretty little girl, now blooming into age.

Messrs A. C. Shepherd, W. W. Scott, W. J. Ross and H. W. Roberts are now working in the postal section of the new seven million dollar Union Station, which, when complete, will be one of the finest, in point of size and finish, on the continent, and perhaps in the world. It has every convenience known to science.

Mr. Robert Ensminger hied himself away to Hamilton for the recent holidays.

Miss Lily Lawson was out at Zephyr over the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Robert Batho went up to Eastwood for the Yuletide holidays.

Mr. William Wesley went out to Wellandport for the Christmas vacation and on his return on Dec. 27th was accompanied by his wife, who had been sojourning for a month with her parents down in the great fruit belt of Ontario.

There is going to be a well prepared programme for our coming Bible Conference, which will be held here at Easter, and we are looking foward to a bumper crowd. The programme will differ from what has been given in former years, so come, dear friends, and share with us in the ties of brotherly love and common will.

Miss Margaret Ferguson has returned to the city after a fortnight's visit to her parental home in Dundalk over the recent holidays.

Mr. Walter Bell made a business trip to Brantford on Dec. 30th. He expects to pay a similiar visit to London ere long.

We are glad to see Mrs. J. R. Byrne around again after her recent serious illness. She was just out in time to assist Rev. Mr. McNicol at our communion service on Jan. 2nd. This service was well attended in spite of the holidays. Mrs. Byrne is indispensible at such gatherings.

After sojourning over the Christmas and New Year's holidays at his home in Carp, Mr. Ernest Johnston is back again. He says all our deaf friends down that way are doing well.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts went out to Purpleville on Jan. 12th, attending the wedding of their niece, Miss Gladys Peterman, to Mr. Wilfrid Maginn of Aurora. As it was the first nuptial event in her family it was a grand affair, with over fifty guests present.

Mr. John Dean, of Nobleton, was seen in the city lately. He was looking well.

Mr. Scotty Wilson, of Detroit, formerly of this city, was here for a few days lately.

Your reporter had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Daniel Gerow, her little son and her father at the Union Station while on their way to spend Christmas and New Year's with her sister in London. He saw them again on their return on Jan. 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Buchan, Sr., ushered in the thirtieth anniversary of their wedding on Jan. 8th by inviting a number of their friends. During the evening Mrs. J. H. Mason and Mrs. J. S. Bartley, on behalf of those present, presented the happy couple with a beautiful cut glass water set, amid a tumultuous scene of applause. Mrs. Buchan, assisted by her daughter Mrs. Crough, of Windsor, treated all to a liberal spread of sandwiches, cake and cocoa. It is a pleasant coincidence to note that just 30 years ago, Mrs. Buchan, then Miss Fanny Smith, left her home in Aberdeen, Scotland, and arrived in Toronto on her twentieth birthday, Jan. 9th, 1891, and was married the same evening to Mr. Buchan at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert on Wilton Ave. Long may they live and prosper.

Mr and Mrs Percy Kindree went up to the former's parental home in Owen Sound for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Grooms and daughter were down with former's parents in Napanee over Christmas.

An old deaf man arrived here from the old country lately, having been told that work was very plentiful and easy to obtain here but on his arrival found that conditions were the reverse. There should be a stop to the dumping of unsuspecting people upon the rocks of destitution and misery by those sharks who shamefully fleece the public by most glaring and insidious means.—H. W. R.

KITCHENER GLEANINGS

Messrs Oliver and Isaiah Nahrgang, of Baden, were visitors to our city one day lately. They report every one well up in their burg.

On account of slack times in nearly every line of occupation, almost all the deaf of this city took a "vacation" for two or three weeks during the recent yuletide.

The Kitchener Button Co., Limited, where Chas. W. Golds is employed, was obliged to close down for a period of six weeks on account of the market depression, but is now in full blast again. Of course, Charlie welcomed a little rest.

Mr. Albert Gies went out to his old home at Zurich for a fortnight's holiday at Christmas and is sorry its all over now.

Miss Constance Gabel was in Toronto for a few days lately and had a good time. While there she attended one of the Wednesday evening Bible classes at the Y. M. C. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Robertson, of Preston, were in our midst on Dec. 12th and attended Mr. A. H. Jaffray's meeting.

Mrs. Louis J. Kochler, who had been sojourning at her parental home at Ailsa Craig for several weeks past is with us again.

Mr. August Stanbits was in London on Dec. 19th and gave a very capable address to the deaf there, who have asked him to come again.

The Christmas holidays passed away here very quietly, as all our friends remained at home feasting on the festive turkey and other goodies, and extending to one another the cordial good will of loving comradship, that is the most essential spirit at this time of the year.

Miss K. G. Constance Gabel, accompanied by her sister and a few friends, went on a motor jaunt to Hamilton one day lately. Their rosy looks on their return bespoke of a good time.

Mr. A. H. Jaffray, of Toronto, made us a call on Dec. 12th and during his stay here gave us an interesting Biblical address to a good sized crowd.

Miss Margaret Golds and her two hearing sisters attended a Gospel meeting in Galt one recent Saturday evening.

Mr. William Crawford, of Hamilton, brushed into our midst for a few days lately and spent the time with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Williams.

Mr. Frank E. Harris, of Toronto, came up on January 9th and led our service with a well got up address, most helpful and interesting.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Black were out of town over New Year's Day visiting the former's parental home up in Huron county. Although he has attained the wonderful age of 98 years Mr. Black's father is still active, but the winters he has endured are beginning to tell on him.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Nahrgang and children went down to Toronto for a few days to welcome in the New Year and visit relatives.

Finding an opportunity for freedom and recreation from the daily grind of labor, Mr. Absolom Martin hied away from the vortex of the city for the country's invigorating clime so went out visiting relatives and friends for a few days lately.

THE STORY RETOLD

An old woman, professing to be deaf, was begging in the streets of Stirling a short time ago. A dog got hold of her dress and she yelled out. It is not every dog that can make the dumb speak.

The deaf of Toronto, wishing to show in some manner their appreciation of of the kindess they have received from Mr. J. D. Nasmith, ever since his connection with them more than a year, presented him with an address, accompanied by a beautiful bound and illustrated volume of Milton's "Paradise Lost."

Mr. A. W. Mason, the deaf artist, is on a visit to Belleville. He brought with him several oil paintings, amongst which is a fine one of his former teacher, the late J. B. McGann. He is now on one for Mr. Greene.

There are five this term who have gone through the whole course of study namely, Misses Bull and Grogan, Messrs David Bayne, W. Johnson and A. E. Smith. These graduates have made good progress in lip reading.

The drawing class is comprised of 17 boys and 12 girls. In the girls' class Miss Lorenzen excels in the water color; Miss Eva Swift in crayon. In the boys Willie Johnson and Sidney Busch are first best. Mr. Mathison intends having the best productions framed and hung up in the reception room as specimens of what the deaf can do.—1880.

A curious lawsuit has just been tried in Paris, France. As the plaintiff and defendant were both deaf they agreed to refer it to arbitrators, who, like themselves, were deaf. As the deaf have a language of their own, judges, lawyers, argued, witness gave testimony, judges decided—not a word was said. You could have heard a pin drop during the whole trial.—1880.

Several of the boys who saw a bottle labelled "Antimontial wine" thought they had a grand treat and divided the contents between them. The effects were too numerous to mention. "A little learning is a dangerous thing." They just knew the word "wine" and smacked their lips.—1880.

Miss Sylvia L. Chaplin, of the Illinois Inst., delivered the valediclery.—1889. This lady is now Mrs. Jas. Balis of the Belleville school.

BARRIE NEWS

On Thanksgiving Day Mr. and Mrs. U. Johnson entertained about twenty deaf people from neighboring towns. Mr. A. Jaffray of Toronto conducted a Thanksgiving sevice after which refreshments were served. The house was beautifully decorated with autumn leaves, flowers, grain etc.

Mr. Sam. Averal has sold his farm in Cookstown and will move to Aurora soon. Their many friend wish them the best of luck and happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. Ursen Johnson's daughter Gladys was successful in the Conservatory of Music examination.

Mr. and Mrs. David Lennox, of Phelpston, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. U. Johnson.

Mr. Eli Corberie has returned to Aurora after spending a few days with his cousins and friends in Barrie.

Christmas Donations

Mr. John Scott	$1.00
A friend	2.00
Miss Willoughby	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Smith	10.00
Mrs. J. Buckle	2.00
Mrs. D. Kaufman	2.00
Mrs. C. Brent	1.00
Mr. R. McKenzie	.50
Mrs. J. Barker	1.00
Mrs. A. L. Moreland	2.00
Mrs. J. R. Tate	2.00
Miss Annabel Thomson	2.00
Miss I. R. McKibbin	2.00
Mrs. F. A. Julien	1.00
A friend	5.00
Mrs. E. Hall	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. F. Young	5.00
Mrs. A. Gilmour	2.50
Mrs. Geo. Wright	1.00
Mrs. J. Thornton	1.00
Mrs. F. Allen	1.00
Mr. S. A. Johnston	2.00
Mrs. W. Gwynne	5.00
Mrs. A. C. McKee	1.00
Mrs. C. Meyett	1.00
Mrs. E. S. McNish	1.00
Mr. Alex Dick	1.00
Miss Stella Meredith	1.00
Mr. E. Henderson	1.50
Mrs. F. T. Ward	1.00
Mrs. L. Wonnacott	1.00
Deaf in Toronto	10.00
Mr. A. Bealer	5.00
Total	$77.50

Mrs. F. Hunter, 2 ribbons, 2 handkerchiefs
Mrs. J. Stothers, 3 books
Miss E. Carter, 12 handkerchiefs, 6 toques, 6 pairs of mitts
Mrs. S. Garside, 3 books, 2 balls, cards
Mrs. J. Tettman, 2 books
Mrs. H. C. Lee, balls, puzzles, games and Xmas stockings
Mrs. J. Sole, ribbons, handkerchiefs, books
Mrs. A. R. McMillan, toys
Mrs. T. Roach, Xmas stocking, game
Mrs. W. B. Bradshaw, doll
Mrs. J. Thornton, crocheted yoke
Mrs. F. T. Ward, sweaters, mittens, shirts, suspenders, handkerchiefs
Mrs. J. Glennie, toys, books
Mrs. C. Eames, candy, toys
Mrs. H. Simpson, sweaters, candy
Miss Scott, books
Mrs. J. Angus, toys.

Thunder can be heard at no greater distance at most than eighteen miles and generally not more than nine miles. The duration of the longest roll of thunder that has been accurately noted was forty-five seconds. In the recent war the explosion of shell and the noise of the big guns in France and Belgium were heard in the eastern part of England a distance of one hundred and fifty miles.

The eagle is commonly spoken of as the largest of the birds of prey. This is wrong. The largest is the condor, a South American vulture. The condor is a natives of the great mountain chain of the Andes, especially in Peru and Chile. It lives in regions of perpetual snow, from 9000 to 16,000 feet above the sea level. The length of the male condor is about 48 inches and the span of wings when extended, 9 to 10 feet.

Impossibilities are scarce. Mankind has not seen more than half a dozen of them since the creation.

Shine Just Where You Are

Don't waste your time in longing
For bright, impossible things;
Don't sit supinely yearning
For the swiftness of angel wings;
Don't spurn to be a rushlight
Because you are not a star;
But brighten some bit of darkness
By shining where you are.

There is need of the tiniest candle
As well as the garish sun;
The humblest deed is ennobled
When it is worthily done.
You may never be called to brighten
The darkness of regions afar;
So fill, for the day, your mission
By shining where you are.

Just where you are, my brother,
Just where God bids you stand,
Though down in the deepest shadow,
Instead of the sunlit land;
You may carry a brightness with you
That no gloom or darkness can find
For the light of a Christ-like spirit
Will be shining wherever you are.

—McCall's Magazine

Up the Canyon

(Continued on page 1)

When the short, touching prayer was over, Bertha sang that sweetest of all hymns, "Nearer, my God, to thee."

"I can't thank you enough," said the grey-haired woman, after the little company had returned from laying the small casket away. "That beautiful singing comforted all of us."

Bertha took the work-roughened hand in both her soft ones.

"I am glad I was here to do it for you."

As they went down the canon, Aunt Martha did not speak until Bertha turned to her with the words:

"You were right,—there is no place so far from the busy world but there is a work to do."

Aunt Martha put out her hand and drew Bertha affectionately toward her. "Love finds its own ways of working. Keep love in the heart, and all will go well," she said.

Kindness

We cannot be happy ourselves nor can we make others happy without the spirit of kindness. It is promotive of all joy and brings smiles to the face and cheers the heart. It puts stamp on the choicest of coin—the coin of human souls, more precious than silver or gold. It is twice blessed in that he who has its spirit receives largely in his own soul, and he to whom the kindness is performed gets the blessing in abundant measure. These are some things many cannot do—some things they would like to, but are denied the privilege, but to perform simple acts of kindness is possible to all. We can be kind to the dumb animals, and to our fellows, and without restriction. The law of kindness may be written on our hearts. Children should be taught it. All should practice it. It is a virtue. It is a grace. It is not harsh, but gentle. It is not hateful, but loving. It is not rude, but tender. It is not repulsive, but attractive. To many it is not natural, but all may be acquire it by grace.

To exercise it, one must have its spirit. Love is its essence. The highest type of kindness is loving kindness. That is Godlike, and so we may be like God.

There is a kindness which is harsh, the kindness of severity, which our rebellion against God and good makes a necessity. But that belongs to God. Our duty and privilege lie in the direction of doing good to our enemies, and of being kind to everybody.—Rev. S. L. Hamilton.

Talk that Deceives

"He did not believe half his own big talk and would not trust it," said a recent writer of a certain man of affairs who was better known, perhaps, for his vigorous opinions than for any other characteristic.

"He could make himself believe absolutely anything he wanted to believe", said a lecturer not long ago in speaking of another well-known statesman of a very different type.

Neither of these judgements may be entirely accurate or fair, but quite aside from any application to the two men in question they point out a danger that it is always well to beware of. "Big talk" is usually unsafe, and still more often is unwise. In the sense that it means "blow" and "bluster" it is distasteful and even offensive, and boasting, as many have found to their cost, is nearly always a pitfall.

To delude oneself with one's own big talk, so accepting and believing what one should know to be untrue, is a sorry mistake. But it is a mistake, too, to talk in this false and unnatural strain, and for others' sakes as well as for one's own.

A New Story of Edison

In Success, a hitherto unpublished incident is given of the way Thomas A. Edison introduced himself to a telegraph manager in New York.

A tall young countryman, looking as green as a suit of butternut clothes and slouch hat could make him, applied for the work in the Broad St., New York, office of Manty Smith in 1871. Mr. Smith was manager of the consolidated telegraph lines, then in opposition to the Western Union. Like all other managers, he could make room for an expert operator, and told the young rustic that an engagement depended altogether upon his skill.

"Try me; I can keep up with the best of 'em," said the stranger.

Mr. Smith noticed that the applicant appeared to be quite deaf; but out of curiosity, and possibly with the idea of having some fun with him, he gave him a table and told him to "receive" a message then due from Washington.

"You will have to work pretty fast," he warned him, "for our Washington man is in the habit of rushing things."

As a matter of fact, there was no message expected from Washington, but all the wire lead there. Mr. Smith connected the receiver with a "sender" in another part of the same operating room, and put his fastest operator, "Dick" Hutchinson, at work sending a 2,000-word message. Edison, for it was he, grasped a pen, and, as soon as the instrument began to click, dashed off the copy in a large, round, legible hand. While deaf to all other sounds, he could catch the faintest metallic click.

On came the message, faster and faster, twenty, thirty, forty words a minute. A crowd of operators gathered around, curiosity and then amazement depicted on their faces. Pages and pages was reeled off, with never a break, and with the last click of the instrument the forty-minute message had been received perfectly, and lay in a heap of manuscript on the table. The young man's triumph was complete. Hutchinson rushed up and shook hands with him, and Mr. Smith gave him a job on the spot.

The greatest dental operation on record was performed upon an elephant in the City of Mexico. The aching tooth was twelve inches long and fourteen inches in diameter at the root. After Mr. Elephant had been securely fastened with chains his mouth was prised open and a quantity of cocaine applied to deaden the pain. When this was done, a hole was bored through the tooth and an iron bar inserted. Then a rope was twisted around the bar and four horses attached.

"Colored rain," in the shape of millions of little red, green, and yellow insects, fell recently at Augers, France. The phenomenon lasted several hours, and so numerous were the insects that they choked the water-pipes in he town and were shoveled up in the streets by the cartload.

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LETTERS—PACKAGES—BOXES.

If parents or friends send letters, packages or boxes to pupils, address as follows:

[name of pupil]
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

☞ Prepay postage, express or freight charges in all cases.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION

West—2.15 a. m.; 7.40 a. m.; 11.40 a. m.; 3.00 p. m. 4.40 p. m.
East—1.35 a. m.; 1.55 a. m. 11.10 a. m.; 12.11 p. m.; 4.35 p. m.
MADOC AND PETERBORO' BRANCH—6.30 a. m.; 12.10 p. m.; 5.45 p. m.

Canadian Northern Railway.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS

For Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points: 9.35 A.M. (Except Sunday).
For Trenton, Picton and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M., 12.05 P.M. and 4.15 P.M. (Daily Except Sunday).
For Napanee, Desoronto, Harrowsmith, Kingston and Intermediate points: 7.55 A. M., 1.35 P. M. and 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday.)
For Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate points: 3.10 A. M. and 1.35 P. M. (Except Sunday).
For Maynooth, Bancroft and Intermediate points: 7.00 A. M. (Except Sunday).
For Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
For Frankford, Marmora, Coe Hill and Intermediate points: 7.00 A. M. and 12.05 P.M. (Except Sunday).
For Napanee, Desoronto, Harrowsmith, Kingston and Intermediate points: 7.55 A. M., 1.35 P. M. and 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday.)
For Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate points: 3.10 A. M. and 1.35 P. M. (Except Sunday).
From Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points: 3.10 A.M., 1.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Trenton, Picton and Intermediate points: 7.45 A.M., 1.35 P.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Maynooth, Bancroft and Intermediate points: 3.55 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. and 5.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Kingston, Harrowsmith, Napanee, Desoronto and Intermediate points: 8.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate points: 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday) and 5.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Napanee, Desoronto and Camp Mohawk: 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday), 3.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).

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TORONTO EVANGELICAL CHURCH

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows every Sunday:—

West End Y. M. C. A.—Corner of College St. and Dovercourt Rd. at 11 a. m.

Toronto Bible School, 110 College St., at 3 p. m.

Central Y. M. C. A. at 11 a.m. and 7.45 p. m.

Bible Class every Wednesday evening at Central Y. M. C. A., 40 College St. at 8 p. m.

Superintendent Mr. P. Fraser, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.

Ontario Mission Committee Convener—Mr. F E. Harris, 114 St. Patrick St., Toronto.

Mrs. J. R. Byrne, Deaconess, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.

ALL WELCOME

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY parent who has deaf children send me the names and post office addresses of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them, so that I may forward to them particulars concerning this School, and inform them where and by what means their children can be educated.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

School for the Blind

BRANTFORD, ONT

THE PROVINCIAL SCHOOL FOR the Education and Instruction of Blind children, is located at Brantford, Ontario. For particulars address

W. B. HACK, Principal

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS—From 8.00 a. m. to 1 p.m., with recess from 10.00 during which lunch is served to the pupils.

AS SOON AS THE PUPILS ASSEMBLE in the morning they are marched to their respective class rooms. At 12 o'clock the pupils will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner. The Public Schools of Ontario, Teachers and Inspectors are to be in their respective schools ten minutes before the time for the assembling of pupils.

EVENING STUDY from 7 to 9 p. m. Voluntary study for the senior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY—Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. Church Lecture at 3.30 p. m. Pupils of all denominations attend their respective churches whenever desired by the pastors in charge.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN—Rev. Ven. Archdeacon Swallow, M. A., Anglican; Rev. J. R. Lord, M. A. (Presbyterian); Rev. J. H. Foster (Methodist); Rev. W. H. Wallace (Baptist); Rev. Father Killeen (Catholic).

BIBLE CLASSES, Sunday morning at 9.05: Intermediates, Mr. Geo. F. Stewart; Superintendent, Mr. George F. Stewart; Young Men, Mr. Geo. Hutcheson; Misses Men, Miss Hall; Miss Ford, Miss James; Miss Brown, Miss Palmer; Miss Ferguson, Miss M. A. Campbell; Miss Panter, Miss Springer; Miss Nurse, Miss Sunter; Miss Stork and Miss Malcolm.

THE CATHOLIC PUPILS receive religious instruction on Sunday morning from 8.45 to 9.30 and on Thursday afternoon from 3 to 4.30. Teachers, Miss Desmond, Miss Hierdon, Miss Ahearne and Miss Carrol.

☞ *Clergymen of all denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.*

Industrial Departments:

GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday afternoon of each week from 2.15 to 4 o'clock.

THE PRINTING OFFICE, SHOE AND CLOG WRITER Shops from 2.30 to 4.30 for junior pupils and from 3.30 to 4.30 for senior pupils who attend school; for those who do not, from 7.30 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m. each working day except Saturday, when the office and shops will be closed at noon.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASSES as may be arranged from time to time.

THE SEWING CLASS HOURS are from 8.15 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do not attend school, and from 7 to 9 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons

☞ The Printing office, Shops, Sewing Room and Domestic Science Rooms are to be left each day when work ceases in a clean and tidy condition.

☞ Pupils are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments, except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent.

☞ Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow visitors foreign to the work in hand to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the School, will be made welcome on any day school. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is as soon after 9 o'clock a. m. as possible.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted, parents come with the Principal of the School, they are kindly advised not linger and prolong leave-taking with their children. It only makes them comfort for all concerned, particularly for the parents. The child will be lonely enough for, and it lost in our charge without delay will be quite happy with the others in a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. If parents must come, however, they will be made welcome to the classrooms, and allowed every opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot allow the School premises or entertain visitors at the School. Good accommodation may be had in the city at the Quinte Hotel, Corner Queens, City and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. No correspondence will be allowed between parents and officers or employees of the Institution without special permission upon each occasion. Every letter addressed to the Superintendent will be promptly answered.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTERS FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE THEY ARE WELL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every three weeks, and may write oftener, if they wish. Letters will be written by the teachers for the little ones who cannot write, stating, as nearly as possible, their wishes.

☞ No medicine or medicine pills that have been used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to pass with the pupils except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the School.

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise positive cures and applications of Electricity. Deafness in 999 cases out of a 1000 they are frauds and only want money. Save your money, and be on your guard against imposition. Consult well-known and reputable Physicians of your locality. Be careful and be guided by their counsel and advice

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.

THE CANADIAN

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Ontario School for the Deaf, Belleville.

VOL. XXVIII BELLEVILLE, FEBRUARY 1, 1921 NO. 9

ONTARIO SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA
UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. R. H. GRANT,
MINISTER OF EDUCATION, TORONTO.

Officers of the School:

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., ...*Superintendent*
J. W. PEARCE .....*Bursar*
W. W. BOYCE, M. D. .....*Physician*
DR. J. CHANT, M. D. .....*Aurist and Oculist*
MISS E. A. WILLOUGHBY .....*Matron*
MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD.....*Assistant Matron*

Teachers:

ORAL

W. J. CAMPBELL,
Supervising Teacher Senior Oral Dept.
MISS CATHERINE FORD
Supervising Teacher Junior Oral Dept.

GEO. F. STEWART,	MISS K. SCOTT
MISS I. H. PALMER,	MISS E. NURSE
MISS B. HIERDON	MISS L. CARROLL
MISS L. DESMARAIS	MISS H. SUNTER
MISS E. PARKER, B. A.	MISS I. MALCOLM
MISS F. CURRY	MISS A. STIRK
MISS G. SPRINGER	MISS S. E. WARD
MISS V. HANDLEY	MISS B. A. WILSON

MISS G. BRADLEY

MANUAL

MISS GEORGINA LINN,
Supervising Teacher Manual Dept. Senior

D. R. COLEMAN, M.A.	MISS ADA JAMES
MRS. SYLVIA L. BALIS	MISS NINA BROWN

MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD,
Teacher of Domestic Science
MRS. L. G. WILLIAMS, *Teacher of Sewing*
Teacher of Fancy Work

MISS I. MCBRIDE, *Stenographer & Clerk.*	*Instructor of Printing.*
WM. NURSE, *Workshop Associate Supervisor.*	ALEX. MORRICE, *Master Shoemaker.*
W. SMITH, *Supervisor of Boys, etc.*	*Engineer.*
MISS CLARA COOMBE, *Trained Nurse and Instructress in Home Nursing.*	M. W. PARKS, *Master Carpenter.*
	J. N. BOYD, *Master Baker.*

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this School is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, *who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools*

All deaf persons between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious disease, who are *bona fide* residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $50 per year for board, Tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf persons whose parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT CHARGED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Baking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in General Domestic Work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of Sewing Machines and such Ornamental and Fancy Work as may be desirable. Manual Training in wood work for boys, and Domestic Science for girls have been introduced.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

☞ The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent,
BELLEVILLE, ONT

POETRY

If You and I

If you would smile a little more
And I would kinder be,
If you would stop to think before
You speak of faults you see;
If I would show more patience true,
With all with whom I'm buried
Then I would help—and so would you—
To make a better world.

If you would cheer your neighbors more
And I'd encourage mine;
If you would linger at his door
To say his voice is fine,
And I would stop to lift him when
His lips in frown are curled;
Both you and I'd be helping then
To make a better world.

But just as long as you keep still
And plod yourself away;
And I rush on, and heedless kill
The kind words I could say;
While you and I refuse to smile
And keep our gray flags furled;
Someone will grumble all the while
That it's a gloomy world.

—By Edgar A. Guest.

MISCELLANEOUS

A Quaker Detective

We were five passengers in all; two ladies on the back seat, a middle-aged gentleman and a Quaker in the middle, and myself on the one in front.

The two ladies might have been mother and daughter, aunt and niece, governess and charge, or might have sustained any other relationship which made it proper for two ladies to travel together unattended.

The middle-aged gentleman was sprightly and talkative. He soon struck up an acquaintance with the ladies, toward whom, in his zeal to do, he rather overdid, the agreeable—bowing and smiling, and chattering over his shoulder in a way painfully suggestive, at his time of life, of a "crick" in the neck. He was evidently a gay Lothario.

The Quaker wore the uniform of his sect, and confined his speech, as many a parliamentarian would save his credit by doing, to simply "yea" and "nay." As for myself I make it an invariable rule of the road to be merely a looker-on and listener.

Toward evening I was aroused from one of those reveries into which a young man, without being either a poet or a lover, will sometimes fall, by the abrupt query from the talkative gentleman: "Are you armed?"

"I am not," I answered, astonished, no doubt visibly, at the question.

"I am sorry to hear it," he replied: "for before reaching our stopping place it will be several hours in the night, and we must pass over a portion of the road on which more than one robbery is reported to have been committed."

The ladies turned pale, but the stranger did his best to reassure them.

"Not that I think there is the slightest danger at present," he resumed, "only when one is responsible for the safety of ladies, you know, such a thing as a pistol in reach would materially add to one's confidence."

"Your principles, my friend," addressing the Quaker, "I presume, are as much opposed to carrying as to using carnal weapons."

"Yea," was the response.

"Have the villains murdered any of their victims?" the elder lady nervously inquired.

"Or have they contented themselves with—with plundering them?" added the younger in timorous voice.

"Decidedly the latter," the amiable gentleman hastened to give assurance; "and as we are none of us prepared to offer resistance in case of attack, nothing worse than robbery can befall us."

Then, after blaming his thoughtlessness in having unnecessarily introduced a disagreeable subject, the gentleman quite excelled himself in efforts to raise the spirits of the company and succeeded so well by the time night set in that all had quite forgotten, or only remembered their fears to laugh at them.

One genial companion fairly talked himself hoarse, perceiving which, he took from his pocket a newly invented "cough candy," and after passing it to the ladies, he helped himself to the balance, and tossed the paper out of the window.

He was in the midst of high encomiums on the new nostrum, more than half the efficacy of which, he insisted, depended on its being taken by suction, when a shrill whistle was heard, and almost immediately the coach stopped, with two faces, one at each window.

"Sorry to trouble you," said the man on the right, acknowledging with a bow two lady-like screams from the back seat, "but 'business is business,' and ours will s.on be over, if things go smoothly."

"Of course, gentlemen, you will spare us for as long an interment with your disagreeable duty, the feelings of these ladies," appealed the polite passenger, in his blandest manner.

"Oh certainly; they shall be first attended to, and shall not be required to leave their place or submit to a search, unless their conduct renders it necessary."

"And now, ladies," continued the robber, the barrel of his pistol gleaming in the light of the coach-lamp, "is so good as to pass out your purses, watches and such other trinkets as may be accessible without too much trouble."

Placing the other pistol in my hand, with directions to fire on the first of the two men that made a suspicious movement, he went to work on Lothario, from whose pockets, in less time than it takes to tell it, he produced every item of the missing property, to the utter amazement of the ladies, who had begun in no measured terms to remonstrate against the shameful treatment the gentleman was receiving.

The Quaker, I need scarcely add, was no Quaker at all, but a shrewd detective, who had been set on the track of a band of desperadoes, of whom our middle-aged friend—who didn't look near so middle-aged when his wig was off—was the chief. The robbery had been adroitly planned.

The leader of the gang had taken passage in the coach, and after learning, as he supposed, our defenceless condition, had given the signal to his companions by throwing out the scrap of paper already mentioned.

After the unexpected capture of the first robber it was attempted to save the booty by secretly passing it to the accomplice, still believed to be unsuspected, who counted on being able to make off with it at the next stopping place.

The result was that both, for a season, "did the State some service."

—The Star.

Spider's Silk Made Into Cloth

The Madagascar spider's web can be woven into cloth that might warrant the spider's cultivation for textile industry. The silk of the spinning spider has been known for centuries, even by the savages of Paraguay, and in the 17th century one Alcide d'Orbigny, in South America, unfolded a pair of trousers of the material.

In Paris some years ago there was exhibited a piece of spider silk fabric, 15 yards long and 18 inches wide. It was woven of 100,000 yards of spun thread of 24 strands, and for its manufacture 25,000 spiders were required.

Courage is a great moral quality; not the common courage of dash and excitement but the courage of a long sustained effort. In the matter of living and carving on its centuries through sunshine or storm, through success or failure, courage is only another name for faithfulness.—Hugh Black.

THE CANADIAN

Eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Ontario School for the Deaf

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

GEO. F. STEWART, ... EDITOR.

OUR MISSION:

First—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

Second—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf subscribers.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils now in the School, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

SUBSCRIPTION:

Fifty (50) cents for the school year, payable in advance, postage prepaid by publisher. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postal notes, or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us, that mistakes may be corrected without delay. All papers are stopped when the subscription expires, unless otherwise ordered. The date on each subscriber's wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

☞ Correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted —if we know it.

ADVERTISING:

A few select advertisements will be inserted. Rates made known on application.

Address all communications and subscriptions

THE CANADIAN,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO.

TUESDAY, FEB. 1st, 1921.

Moving-Pictures for Schools

The use of moving-pictures is destined to become one of the most important aids to educational work in the very near future, and a moving-picture machine will be as necessary a part of school equipment as maps, globes and scientific apparatus. Already a considerable number of films of an educative character are available, and as the demand increases, the supply will also increase. A very notable step in this direction is now being undertaken.

School books will be filmed in the future by the old established publishing house of D. Appleton & Company, of New York and Chicago. The Educational Department of the Universal Films Manufacturing Company will make the films and distribute the reels. One million dollars has been appropriated to begin the undertaking. It is estimated that ten million dollars or more will have been invested in films before the plan is complete. In every case the film will follow the syllabus of the book as closely as the original author can make it do so. Some of the subjects to be shown are United States history, introduction to algebra, commercial geography, physiology and hygiene, bookkeeping and accounting, ancient history, inductive chemistry, high school course in physics, animal and bird studies, elementary studies in botany, etc. The example set by the Appleton Company will no doubt be followed by other publishers, in which it is to be hoped Canadian houses will not be behind. Films depicting natural scenery, geographical and physical phenomena, historical events, industrial operations, animal and bird life and such things, would be especially instructive and helpful, and not difficult to obtain. It is the intention to equip our school with a moving picture machine as soon as our new building is completed, where a suitable room will be provided.

The Retirement of Dr. W. H. Addison

Dr. W. H. Addison Headmaster of of Glasgow, Scotland, Institution for the Deaf, retired on January 1st from the position he has so long held. Dr. Addison's active interest in his profession was such that we are certain his retirement will not involve, if the profession can help it, a complete severance of his connection with the education of the deaf. At the same time the very cordial wishes of the whole profession that they may enjoy many more happy years will be accorded at this time to Dr. and Mrs. Addison.

In 1891 Dr. Addison became the Headmaster and Superintendent of the Glasgow Institution, a position, which for the twenty-nine years he has filled with distinction to himself and in the highest interests of the pupils who had passed under his care. The growth and progress of the school during these years are well known.

Dr. Addison has visited, in the interests of the education of the deaf, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria and Denmark. On three Occasions he crossed the Atlantic to visit American Schools. He is the author, in conjunction with Dr. Kerr Love of "Deaf-Mutism," a standard work, and has written many reports on his visits abroad, and papers of value to the profession. In addition to the honors which the profession have bestowed upon him, Dr. Addison has received outside recognition by election as a Fellow of the Educational Institute of Scotland; and also from Gallaudet College, U. S. A., which conferred upon him the degree of L. H. D.—The Teacher of the Deaf.

The older members of of our staff have very pleasant recollections of Dr. Addison's visit to our school a few years ago. Few educators of the deaf have made so comprehensive a study of all that pertains to the mentality of the deaf and the best methods of its development, and his own work in the Glasgow Institution has been very conspicuously successful. There is probably no educator of the deaf in Europe or America whose retirement will be more deeply regretted, or whose place it will be more difficult to fill.

We suppose every editor has his peculiarities—we have ours. One of our minor ones is our antipathy to the word "sure."—The Palmetto Leaf.

And how we do detest the word "gotten"! Our American friends are wisely, we think, using shortened, though therefore in some cases unetymological, forms of words, such as "enuf", "tho", "thru" etc, thus cutting off superfluous letters, and we wonder why most of them retain the uncouth word "gotten," with its three worse than useless letters.

Canada is fast climbing up to the front rank of the world's great grain producers. Although our population is only about one-thirteenth of that of the United States, yet last year we produced nearly forty per cent as much wheat, nearly forty-five per cent as much oats, and over one-third as much barley. In corn, however, Uniteb stands so far ahead not only of Canada but of every other nation as to be in a class by herself. Her corn production last year was over three billion bushels.

It has been discovered by some wonderful genius that bad spelling is a symptom of a kind of disease or lesion of the brain, or something of this sort. If a child is a poor speller, it should not be scolded or punished but taken to a psychoanalyst, who will locate the trouble and prescribe the remedy. In the writer's happy boyhood days, if he made many mistakes in spelling, he got a good licking. Evidently the strap or switch sometimes as big as the teacher's thumb, was applied to the seat of the trouble, for it always wrought a speedy and effective cure. The new method may be less painful, but we doubt if it is as efficacious.

Punctuality

Punctuality is a necessary asset for one who wishes to succeed in the business world. Employers look after this quality in those they employ. The golden land of opportunity is open to those who possess it. The punctual are always on time, always in their places at the appointed hour. The word late is unknown to them. Punctuality is not given to us as a gift; it is a quality which we must acquire by labor, often times amid many vexatious trials. Once possessed it is the key to success. Always make it a point to be five minutes ahead of time, rather than a minute late. Get the habit of doing things at a fixed and and specified time.—Selected.

A Good Idea

The Canadian requests that the parents of all pupils in the senior department send their children a daily paper, so that each one may have his own paper. This is an excellent idea. Current events are as interesting to deaf children as to others. They are especially interested in the sporting events, and in important events in the political world. And if each one can have his own paper, he will read a great deal more than if he has to read what he can when he can get hold of a common paper, and it is impossible for any school to furnish as many dailies as can be profitably used. In our school the papers belonging to the school are eagerly siezed upon as soon as available. If such parents as can afford to do so would send a Butte paper, great benefit would be received by a child, not only in a better acquaintance with history as it is forming but in a better understanding and use of the mother tongue. It would also be a good thing if the parents would also send to children in the advanced grades the paper from their home town.—The Rocky Mountain Leader.

Timely Warning concerning Quacks

The following clipping from the Minnesota Companion, which has been reprinted in a number of Exchanges, makes timely reading for some of the parents of our pupils. During the past year five of our pupils have been affected in a similar manner: and with the result that considerable time and money was lost. Education must be recognized as the only remedy for overcoming the handicap of deafness. Parents may rest assured that if at any time a restoration to hearing is made, the news will be heralded far and wide, and the Principals of Schools for the Deaf will be the very first to hail such an event with the degree of enthusiasm which it will justly merit.—Maryland Bulletin.

"Nearly every year, when school reopens in the fall, certain pupils fail to return on time. Inquiry develops the fact that they are being kept at home to receive treatment for restoration of hearing. There have been several such cases this fall. It is but natural that parents should ardently desire to restore their deaf children to hearing. But the means employed are often of questionable wisdom. Every now and then some man is advertised in the papers as a wonderful "healer" who can cure all ills that flesh is heir to. Parents take their deaf children to him and spend time and money in vain. We have occasionally heard reports of miraculous restoration of hearing, but invariably when they have been run to earth, they have turned out to be without foundation. During the thirty-five years that we have been editor and teacher at this school, we have never known of a bona fide case of a deaf child being restored to hearing. Quacks and charlatans are numerous. They are always preying upon the public. They are out, not for the good that they may do to humanity, but for the dollars that they may rake in. There is but one right and wise thing for parents to do who entertain a hope that their deaf children may be cured, and that is to consult a physician of repute and abide by his decision. A number of years ago a good young girl was taken from the school by her parents and placed under the treatment of a medical charlatan. The result was that she was ruined mentally and morally and came to an untimely end. —Minnesota Companion.

The contract for the plumbing, heating, ventilating and laundry equipment for the new Manitoba school for the Deaf buildings, now under construction at Tuxedo, was awarded to Bover-Boag, Ltd. of Winnipeg. Their tender was for $ 165,000.

Few of our deaf pupils ever reach the stage of advancement where they will read too much. One of the hardest things schools for the deaf have to do, next to teaching their pupils English, is to persuade them to read. Yet this is a very essential part of the work of such schools. The future progress and happiness of their pupils depends upon acquiring the reading habit. As a rule pupils will do little or no reading unless encouraged to do so. Everybody connected with the school who comes in contact with the pupils, whether as teacher or officer, should do all in his or her power to interest them in reading. All kinds of reading matter should be placed before them. Parents should take some interest in the subject, not only while their children are at home for the summer but during the school term. The Canadian advises the parents of the advanced pupils at the Ontario school to subscribe for daily papers for them.—Deaf Oklahoman.

Truck farming is acknowledged as one of the best occupations for the deaf. Besides providing a good living it means independence. Hundreds and hundreds of places are closed to the deaf just because they are deaf, and even where the deaf are employed they are generally kept in some menial position unless they are very highly educated and trained, and even then any great measure of success is rare. Not so in farming. Every deaf man can succeed as a farmer if he will go at it in earnest and stick to it. He is his own boss. He is not at the mercy of any exacting employer. That means great happiness and contentment.—Mississippi Voice.

Our School has a moving picture outfit, and Mr. Pollard, one of the teachers is an expert in handling it. Every Saturday evening the deaf pupils are entertained with moving pictures, and besides enjoying an evening of pleasure they thus acquire a great deal of valuable information. The films are selected with the greatest care and nothing in the least objectionable ever appears on the screen.—Virginia Guide.

We congratulate the North Dakota School upon the acquisition of a moving picture outfit. We know from our own experience that it will be a source of much pleasure and profit to the pupils.—Minnesota Companion.

This brings, to date, a total of $ 785,000 which is to be expended in the erection of the new school.—The Echo.

The world production of cotton has been on the decline since 1914-16, and the United States crop has been falling off since 1914-15. In 1915 world production reached over 20,000,000 bales. The following year it fell to less than 19,000,000 bales, and the next year it fell to about 17,000,000. At the end of the crop year of 1919, production had fallen under 16,000,000 bales.

A Lake of Soda

Lake Magadi in British East Africa is famous for its vast deposits of soda. Until within recent years, few people knew of this lake, for it lies in the midst of a barren and waterless district; but the railway that was started some time ago by an English company to transport the soda the coast, is now finished, thus opening a way to this curious natural phenomenon.

Ordinarilly the lake looks as if it were frozen and covered with a coating of snow, partially thawed, then frozen again. The temperature gives the lie to this appearance of roughened ice, for the heat is extreme, and at midday almost unbearable. The soda burns the feet even through one's shoes.

PUPILS' PAGE

I read in a newspaper that a king, who ruled over Greece, a country of Europe, was banished by the people as he was helping the Germans during the time of the Great War. His name was Constantine. A few days ago the people of Greece wanted him to be king of Greece again, and so he is the king of Greece now. When the Greeks asked the English to lend them some large sums of money, the English refused to lend it to them as they do not want to be friends with king constantine.—M. E. Whalen.

—I read in a book about "The Monkey and the Hawk." A gentleman lived in the south of France. There were some trees near the house, where he lived. He was rich and had many servants. One day he sat out under the trees, where it was cool and pleasant. The gave two chickens to the monkey to take care of. After a while a hawk, that sat on a tree near the house, flew down and stole a chicken from the window-sill. It flew with it and ate it. The monkey was angry and chattered. Pretty soon the hawk flew down to get the other chicken. The monkey watched and quickly thrust forth his hand. The monkey killed the hawk. The gentleman under the tree saw what the monkey did. He was very much interested. The monkey took the hawk and gave it and the chicken to the cook. They both laughed at the monkey's trick.—M. Egginton.

—Last Wednesday afternoon we had a hockey match in which we senior girls played against the teachers. We found that the ice on the boys' rink was excellent so we girls put forth every effort to play well and win, but we thought the teachers would surely beat us. In about ten minutes we sent one shot into the goal where Mrs. Williams was the goal-keeper. One teacher sent the puck into the goal. Frances Kenney was trying to deflect it into the corner but one teacher was strong and got the puck into the goal. After resting for five minutes, one of the girls got the puck and then another girl got the puck into the goal. Then we had to stop and we all cheered for the score was 3 to 1 in our favor. We were very much surprised that we had beaten the teachers. We practised playing hockey last week. We are sorry that the weather is so mild as we intended to practise every afternoon. We hope next Saturday will be like last Wednesday when it was cold.—Maude McKee.

Robin Hood

I read an interesting book, so I will tell you about it. Its title is Robin Hood. Once upon a time there was a large forest which was called Sherwood. He was the leader of the men in Sherwood Forest. His merry men always agreed with him. The officers searched for him, but they could not find him. One day he came to a large tournament where men were shooting at a target. He called himself Locksley, so the people did not know him. Hubert shot his arrow and struck close to the centre. Locksley shot one quickly and his arrow struck near by the middle of the centre of the target. Hubert again aimed a long time. Then he shot and struck the exact centre of the target. Locksley laughed. He then shot an arrow and his arrow struck Hubert's arrow in the centre. He said it was a shame to ask a man to shoot at a big target like that. A child could hit it. Then he cut a small willow about the size of his thumb, peeled it and stuck in into the ground thirty paces away. He asked Hubert to shoot at that, but Hubert refused, and said no one could hit such a target as that. Locksley then aimed carefully and shot, and the arrow hit the rod and split it. He then disappeared into the forest.—James R. Tate.

Laura Secord

Who is fond of Laura Secord's? Perhaps as some of you ate them, you didn't know they were named after Laura Secord, a great Canadian heroine. She lived near Beaver Dams not far from where St. Catharines stands. There was a war between the Canadaians and Americans. Some Americans came to her home and demanded some food and she brought something to eat for them. While enjoying their meal they talked over their plans and didn't talk quietly, so Mrs. Secord heard it all. Her husband had been wounded so she felt that she must tell the Canadians about them. In the morning she got up and started on her journey. She travelled from sunrise to sunset to reach Col. Fitzgibbon. She met an Indian and made signs to him telling that she wanted to see Col. Fitzgibbon. At last the Indian understood her and took her to the Col. He was surprised to see her. She told him about the Americans who were planning to capture his small band. When the Americans attacked his band, they were surprised to know that they were expecting them. The Amercians thought the Canadians were a greater number than they really were so they were easily brought to surrender.—Helen Middleton.

Alexander and Bucephalus

I recently read one of the famous stories from our Greek Book which tells that Alexander's father, King Philip, bought a fine and noble horse named Bucpehalus. He was so wild that no man could mount him or do anything at all with him. They tried to whip him but that only made him worse. Philip finally bade his servant take him away but Alexander asked his father not to take it away but let him try to ride it. He spoke gently to the horse and patted him with his hand and then he mounted and rode around. They soon became good friends. After King Philip's death, Alexander, who was then only twenty years old, became the most famous king and warrior in it world. Bucephalus carried him through many countries and in many fierce battles. Alexander continued on his way to Egypt and founded a new city ot the mouth of the Nile and named it Alexandria after himself. He conquered all of Asia Minor and Persia and part of India. He finally died in Babylon when he was thirty-two years old.—Blanche Brewer.

About William Tell

—When Austria had conquered part of Switerzland, Gessler, the ruler of Switzerland, was a great tyrant. He often robbed the people without paying them. The people could not call him a tyrant. One day Gessler wanted to show his power, so he set up a pole in the market place and placed his own hat on it and ordered all people who passed by it to bow to it to show respect to himself. Many people did this. A bold mountainer named William Tell and his son walked through the street without bowing to Gessler's hat. Gessler was very furious and ordered him to stand before him. Gessler put an apple on the son's head and told William Tell to shoot it. The little son was not afraid for he knew that his father's aim was sure. William shot the apple and cut it into two pieces. Then Gessler saw that he had another arrow in his pocket and asked him what it was for. William told him that if his son was killed, he had intended to kill Gessler. Gessler tried to seize him but William in the confusion, took his son in his arms and escaped to his home in the mountains. Some time after this, as Gessler was riding through the forest, William Tell drew his bow and shot an arrow through his heart Thus was Switzerland freed from the yoke of Austria. It is now a small country between France, Italy and Germany.—M. Cole.

Alfred and the Cakes

—I read a story about King Alfred and the cakes. A long time ago there lived in England a good king who was named Alfred. He was a very wise and brave man. He helped the people very much. The King had many wars with his enemies. He always led his men in battle. The fighting was the worst in the war. The Danes came over to England to fight a fierce battle with King Alfred and scattered his army. He hid in the woods and swamps to save his life.

He escaped from his pursuers. He was hungry and weary and muddy and did not look much like a king. Alfred asked an old woman, in a hut, to give him something to eat, and did not let her know who he was. She told him that she was going to milk the cow and left him to watch the cakes cooking on the hearth while she was gone, King Alfred sat down in front of the fire and watched the cakes cooking. Then he began to think about his army the people and the Danes, and think about gathering his soldiers together again. He did not pay much attention to the cakes and they were burned. After a while the old woman smelt the cakes burning on the hearth. She came into the hut. The cakes were not fit to eat. She told him that he was too lazy. Alfred laughed at her. He went to bed to sleep. Afterwards, he gathered his soldiers and fought against his enemies. He saved the land from the Danes. He established churches and schools. He translated the Bible into the English language and did all he could to improve his kingdom. He died in 901.—N. Nowak

Alexander the Great

—I read in the Story of the Greeks about Alexander. King Philip was king of Macedon. He had a son named Alexander. He was born at Pilla, a city of Macedon, 382 years before Christ. He had a beautiful horse, named Bucephalus. Aristotle taught him abont all the good. When Philip was assassinated, Alexander became king. He was then twenty years old. He determined to be a great conqueror, so he invaded Asia Minor. He fought against the Persian army near the river of Granicus. He joined in the fighting. The Persian army was much larger than his own army, but Alexander won the victory. He took the cities of Sardis and Ephesus which were rich. He went to Gordium. He saw the Gordian Knot. He drew his sword and cut through it. He fought the Persian army again and won the victory. Darius fled to the northern part of Persia. Alexander went to Babylon which was a very wonderful city. He married Roxana, a Persian princess. His death was caused by drinking, when he was thirty-three years old. His body was carried to the city of Alexandria, which was named after him. After Alexander the Great died, the Greeks grew weaker on account of so much fighting. The Romans became the masters of the Greeks.—A. Dick.

The Wind and the Sun

—I read in a book that the Wind and the Sun quarrelled one day as to which of the two was the stronger. Each contended that he was mightier than the other. They got so angry that the people thought a storm was coming on and ran into the houses. The sun said, "I am able to bring the summer, to ripen the grain and fruit and cover the world with flowers. I melt the icebergs away." The wind said, "I can break down trees. I move the ships across the ocean. I make the icebergs when I am cold. I move the clouds across the sky. I turn wind-mills." So they ended where they had begun, each thinking that he had the greater power. Quarrels never do go very far in settling anything. The wind still boasted of what he could do and the sun still insisted he was stronger. Then they saw a traveller coming. They agreed whichever could make him take off his coat, should be counted the stronger. The wind at first tried to blow the traveller away and blow his coat off but he did not get his coat off. It made a big noise. The sun shone. It grew hotter and hotter. There was no noise and no storm, just sunshine. The traveller threw open his coat and turned it back. He said, "I am glad that the blustering wind has gone and the sunshine has come. It is so hot I must take my coat off." And so it was that the sun who had made so little noise in the world, yet proved himself to be most powerful.—Raymond Hunter.

The Babes in the Wood

—I have just read the story of the "Babes in the Wood" and it is a sad story. Once upon a time there were two children named Willie and Jane who lived in Norfolk, England. Their parents were very rich and loved their children very much, and were very kind to them. One day the mother was taken ill and then the father also. They knew they could not live, so they sent for the mother's brother and asked him to take care of the children and he promised to do so. The father left all his wealth to the children but if they died before the uncle, he was to get everything. When the parents died, the uncle took the children to his home and for a while was kind to them. Then he began to wish he could have all that wealth for himself, and at last he hired two bad men to take the children away and kill them. They took them in a carriage to the woods far away. The children were so good and sweet and so happy that when they arrived, one of the men, named Walter, said he could not kill them. The other man was angry and said he would do so, but Walter drew his sword and stood in front of the children. The two man fought and the other man was killed. Walter then took the children far into wood, till they were tired and hungry. He said, he would go to a town near by and get some food for them, so he went away, but never came back. In the end the children died from cold and hunger and the birds covered them with leaves.—Muriel Allen

An Interesting Story

—I have been reading a book about The Outdoor Girls at Rainbow Lake. It was an interesting story. Grace Ford, one of the girls had some company with her out in her garden. They were talking to each other when a maid came out and told her that her brother. Willie wanted her on the telephone. She said that she thought that he would tell her where there was another box of chocolates so she went in a hurry. He asked her what she did with the last box and she said that they were gone. Willie asked Grace if she would go to her grandma's to get some papers for him because he forgot to get them for his father and she said that she would. He said that he would get her a two-pound box of chocolates if she went there for him. Grace rode Willie's horse to her grandma's place and got the papers. Her grandma told her to be careful about them because they were valuable. She put them in the saddle pocket. She went galloping because she saw a heavy cloud coming toward her. She stopped on the way and telephoned to her father about the papers. Again she went galloping along but the horse got frightened at an auto and ran away. Grace fell out of the saddle. She was taken to a house by a man. She was hurt a little. When she went home she told Willie all about what happened and he was sorry because he thought it was his fault in sending for him. They did not know where the horse was. In a few days Grace and her companions went at Rainbow Lake. A man told them that there was a ghost around there but they were not afraid. That night they heard a queer noise in the distance. They got up and saw something white. The girls thought it was the ghost. Grace's brother Willie went near it and found that it was his horse but the papers were lost. The next morning the girls went hunting for the papers and found the saddle and papers in the bushes. They were glad and went back home with the papers.—Iona Osborne.

The Story of Constance

—This year we are learning much about literature. We have finished the first and second books of literature and are taking lessons from the third book. We learned that Geoffrey Chaucer was the Father of English Poetry. Chaucer lived in the reign of Edward I and Richard II. He was the greatest English poet of that period. His chief work was the Canterbury Tales. These stories are valuable as they describe the people and the customs and the English grammar was organized from this book. The Canterbury Tales were about forty pilgrims, going to Canterbury to see the tomb of Thomas a Becket. To make their journey pleasant, each of the pilgrims was to tell two tales when going to Canterbury and two when coming back. Chaucer intended to write one hundred and twenty stories but he died and left the Canterbury Tales unfinished. He wrote only twenty stories. Some of them were told in the third book of Highroads of Literature. I am going to tell you the one which I like best. In this story the chief character was Constance. She lived in Italy, a Christian country. She was the daughter of the king and a good, beautiful woman. When the Sultan heard of her, he wanted to marry her. He was a pagan. She agreed to marry him when he became a Christian and he promised to do so. When she arrived at the Sultan's country his mother, who hated her and did not want her son to be a Christian, captured her and slew all of her servants. She put her in a boat and it drifted to Northumbria. She was afterwards married to Ella, king of that country. When he was in Scotland, their son was born. Constance wrote a joyful letter to Ella. The messenger with this letter stopped to stay with Ella's mother for a night. She hated Constance and was glad to harm her. She wrote a letter, telling that Constance's baby was a monster and put it into the messenger's bag in in place of Constance's letter. When Ella got this bad letter, he wrote a letter in reply, saying that nothing was to be done until he returned. The messenger came back and again stayed with Ella's mother who changed the letters. She wrote that Constance was to be sent away in a ship with her baby. Constance with her baby floated to Rome where they lived for many years. One day Ella came to Rome to visit the king. The governor took Constance's son with him to the palace. Ella saw the boy, whose face resembled his wife, Constance, so he asked about this boy and at last he found this boy was his son and Constance was restored to him.—L. E. Buchan.

The Naughty Little Robin

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop about the floor.

"Oh, no," said the mother;
"You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree."

"I don't care," said the robin,
And gave his tail a fling;
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything."

Down he flew, and kitty seized him
Before he'd time to wink.
"Oh!" he cried; "I'm sorry,
But I didn't think."

Phoebe Cary

Brother Wolf and the Rock

Once upon a time Brother Wolf dressed himself up very finely, just like an Indian. He put feathers on his head, and moccasins on his feet, and beads around his neck. Then he bought a very gay blanket, just like a chief's blanket. He wrapped it all around him, and then he started on a journey.

As he travelled, he came to a big Rock. Brother Wolf thought that he had never seen such a nice Rock, such a smooth, round, shining Rock. But Brother Wolf thought that the Rock looked cold. So he took off his blanket and wrapped it around the Rock to keep the old Rock warm.

Then Brother Wolf started traveling again, but he had not gone very far when he heard a loud noise—that was the thunder; and he saw a bright light—that was the lightning; and he felt something wet on his nose—that was the rain. So Brother Wolf ran back in great haste to the Rock.

"Oh, Rock," cried Brother Wolf, "it is storming, and I shall be wet. Give me back my blanket to keep off the rain."

But, no, Rock would not. Old Rock, said he would just keep Brother Wolf's blanket a little longer.

Then Brother Wolf hid under a tree, and, by and by, along came Brother Fox.

"Oh, Brother Fox," said Brother Wolf, "go to Rock and bring back my blanket."

So Brother Fox went to old Rock and told him that Brother Wolf wanted back his blanket to keep the rain off his nose. But, no, old Rock would not give up the blanket.

Then Brother Fox went back and told Brother Wolf, and Brother Wolf cried because he knew his feathers would be spoiled. They sat under a tree, and the rain poured and poured, the lightning flashed, and the thunder roared. Brother Wolf asked Brother Fox to please go again to old Rock and ask for the blanket, but Brother Fox said, "No."

After a while they heard a great noise, and a loud roaring. The stones in the road began to come skipping by. Brother Wolf peeped out from under the tree. There was old Rock rolling down the road. The rain had started him, and he was coming so hard that he tore great furrows of earth, and uprooted the trees. He came so fast that he could not stop himself.

Brother Fox scampered into a hole to hide, but he left the tip end of his tail sticking out. Old Rock just grazed it as he went by, and that is why the tip of Brother Fox's tail is pointed.

On and on went old Rock until he came to a river. Splash, in he went, and that was the last that anybody saw of Rock, for he went straight to the bottom.

When the rain was over, Brother Wolf and Brother Fox went down to the river bank to look for old Rock, but they could not find him anywhere. On the top of the water floated Brother Wolf's gay blanket, so they waited until it came ashore, and they dried it in the sun.

Then Brother Wolf said "Good-by" to Brother Fox, and put on his blanket again, and travelled.

Harry and Jip

Harry Smith does not like to get up in the morning. His mother has to call him many times before he will arise.

One morning Mrs. Smith went to Harry's room to wake him as usual. "Come, Harry; it is time to get up," she said.

The boy awoke and answered, "Yes, mother; I'll come at once."

But when Mrs. Smith went downstairs again, Harry thought he would have another little nap.

Mrs. Smith waited for some time.

At last, when Harry did not come down to breakfast, she went upstairs again and found him fast asleep.

Now Harry has a little dog called Jip. The dog is a playful little fellow and is very fond of his master.

Mrs. Smith went to the door and called Jip. He heard her call and came bounding up the stairs at once.

Mrs. Smith opened Harry's door. Jip ran into the room. He jumped up on the bed and began to bark. Then he licked Harry's hand.

Harry awoke at once. How frightened he was! He laughed when he saw Jip.

"Did you come to wake me, Jip? I shall get up at once," he said.

And he did.

The Indians

Long ago there were no white people in our land. The Indians lived there.

These people did not live as we do. They did not build houses. They did not have large cities. They lived in tents in the woods. These tents were called wigwams.

The Indians used the bow and arrow. They had little boats called canoes.

The little Indian boy did not go to school as you do. His school was in the forest. He was taught to use the bow and arrow. He was taught to run and jump.

The little Indian girls did not go to school either. They stayed home. They learned to help their mother.

Dates

Dates grow on palm trees in Persia, Arabia, Northern Africa, California and Mexico. The date palm grows about seventy feet high. It has no branches. The trunk is very rough. The leaves are very long. They grow from the top of the trunks. The flowers are white. They grow in clusters. The dates grow in clusters, too. A bunch of dates weighs about ten pounds. There are about ten bunches on a tree. Dates are very sweet. Men climb the date palms with ropes to get the dates. They pack them in boxes and send them to us. We buy them at the grocery. We pay about twenty-five cents a pound for them. People make pudding, cakes and candy of dates.

The Arabs make mats and bags of the date palm leaves. They make baskets of the leaf stalks. They make lumber of the trunk of the trees. They make a drink like coffee from the seeds.

A Birthday Party

Walter had a birthday last Friday. He is ten. We had a party. We had some ice-cream, some cake and some candy. We had a good time.

To have

Bessie (now) a fur coat.
Ada and Almina (now with no) dolls.
Walter (before) a birthday.
We (before) a party.
Jack (now) brown stockings.
We (bye-and-bye) new pencils.

News Items from Junior Dept

Pearl Liddle is a good girl in school.

The boys and girls who were in the hospital are better now.

Pearl Chambers has been placed in an oral class.

Anna Pembleton is glad to be at school again.

Carl Eames has new skates. He will learn to skate soon.

Margaret Patrick likes to weave. She made a pretty mat.

Isabella Laforte has a new sweater. She is very fond of it.

Doris Wenzel got a letter from her grandmother last week.

Marie Smith has a toy stove and a toy watch. She likes them.

Ruby Snell was pleased when she received a card from her sister.

Kathleen Gwalter is very proud because she can say seven words.

John Laform came to school two weeks ago. He is doing good work.

Kathleen Webb can speak the vowel sounds well. She can speak many words.

Elmer Franklin received a letter from home. It pleased him very much.

Harvey Henderson and Walter Gorman have been enjoying the new toboggan-slide.

Dorothy Standish and Elsie Wright have boxes of paints. They like to play with them.

Walter Scott's aunt sent him a steel structural toy at Christmas. He enjoys playing with it.

Lawrence Roach has a new sleigh. He is glad there is snow now because he likes to coast.

Bert Richardson, Jimmie Farrance, Isabella Laforte and Gladys Clark are beginning to write well.

Elsie Wright's father and sister came to see her. Elsie was happy. They brought new skates to her.

Nellie Black likes to skate. She was sorry because she could not skate on the bay with the big girls.

Beatrice Moors has a baby brother. His name is Stanley. Beatrice will be glad to see him next summer.

Florence Roberts has a new pair of brown boots. They are very pretty. She wears them to school every day.

Audrey Pittaway likes to finish her seat work first so that she can read the new books and look at the pretty pictures in them.

Elwood Bell, Leonard Brown, Carman Quinn and Gordon Meyer coast every day on the new slide. They have a good time.

Jack Hermon, George Fawcett, John Boyle, Leslie Proctor, Alex Glennie and Walter Scott can write correctly from dictation sixteen words.

Grace Moors borrowed a pair of skates from a friend, last Saturday, and had some fun. She expects to have a pair of her own soon.

Alma Olson's mother sent a new dress to her. It is blue and yellow. It is very pretty. Alma wants a yellow ribbon to wear with her dress.

Bruce Yerrow came back to school last Friday. The boys and girls were glad to see him. Santa Claus left a Christmas stocking for Bruce. Miss Ford put it into a box. She gave it to him this morning. He was glad.

—My father shot a deer last November. I did not see it.—Albert Schwager.

—The girls' hockey team here play very well and perhaps some day they will defeat the boys' team.—Ada Goodison.

—I played with my brother last summer. We had a good time. My father worked. My brother's name is Ernie Batty.—Blanche Batty.

—I got a letter from my father and brother last Saturday and my father is going to send me a pair of skates and hockey boots.—Archie Charlton.

—My mother gave roller skates to me on my birthday. I received a big box from Uncle Jack. Mother and father had a party last summer. I was glad.—Dorothy Baillie.

—My sister could not come to see me at Christmas. Perhaps she will come to see me soon. I hope that she will do so. I shall be very glad to see her.—Dorothy Healey.

—The deaf boys shovelled the snow off the boys' and girls' rinks. They flooded both rinks. We hope that they are not rough. The boys want to play hockey.—Sydney Pack.

—Last Sunday it snowed. It is very cold now. Yesterday afternoon the boys put water on the toboggan-slide. The pupils had a good time with their sleighs. The sleighs went very fast.—George Hirons.

—My brother Sidney went to London. While he was in a restaurant there, getting his dinner, some one stole his gloves and coat out of his car. He never found them. He was very sorry to lose them.—Maisie Fairful.

—I got a large box with note paper, envelopes, sealing wax and a little candle in it last Christmas from my aunt and uncle. I real all my letters with my new sealing wax now. I am very proud of my box.—Edith Ballagh.

—This week I made a pattern in the carpenter shop. It was a foot-stool. It is very pretty. I shall take the pattern home in June. I shall show it to my parents. I think they will be glad to see it. Perhaps I shall make a bookcase in the carpenter shop. I enjoy making furniture.—Nicholas Gura.

—We have some good winter sports here to give us exercise and make us strong. Mr. Parks and the boys made a toboggan-slide for us and we have a lot of fun going down it every day. We also skate on the rink and play hockey.—Charles Robinson.

—One night last week I dream d that my brother and I went to the woods. We saw many bears. I killed one of them. I made a fur coat of the skin. I showed it to my brother and he liked it very much. After a while my brother and I saw another big bear. It caught me and killed me. When I woke up, I was very much frightened.—Nicky Gura.

—I received a letter from my big sister Winnifred last week. She told me that my sister Marjorie had an accident last Sunday. My little brother Roland hit her on the head with a hard wood-stick. It was awful. I was very sorry for her but she is all right now. Roland is always playing with a little pup. He loves to play with a pup. Roland is two years old but Marjorie is eight years old.—Dorothy Wheat.

Mary's Doll

One day Mary and I went down town.
Mary saw a new doll.
We came home.
Mary and I played with it.
She was glad.

—Lorena Tweedie.

Next Summer

My mother will meet me.
She will be glad.
My sister will hug me.
My father will shake hands with me.
He will make a playhouse for me.
We shall be happy.

—Zona Simpson.

Noah's Ark

My Noah's Ark is a pretty house,
All painted red and blue,
With many funny animals,
Just like those at the Zoo.

And when the door is open wide,
I'll tell you what they do,—
The animals all get in line,
And march out two by two.

—Ella Given.

Common Days

"One of the chief dangers of life is trusting occasions. We think that conspicuous events, striking experiences, exalted moments have most to do with our character and capacity. We are wrong. Common days, monotonous hours, wearisome paths, plain old tools and everyday clothes tell the real story. Good habits are not made on birthdays nor Christian character at the new year. The vision may dawn, the dream may waken, the heart may leap with new inspiration on some mountain-top, but the test, the triumph, is at the foot of the mountain, on the level plain.

"The workshop of character is every-day life. The uneventful and commonplace hour is where the battle is won or lost. Thank God for a new truth, a beautiful idea, a glowing experience: but remember that unless we bring it down to the ground and teach it to walk with feet, work with hands, and stand the strain of daily life, we have been hurt by it. A new light in our heart makes an occasion, but an occasion is an opportunity not for building a tabernacle and feeling thankful and looking back to blessed memory, but for shedding new light on the old duties with new inspiration. The uncommon life is the child of the common day, lived in an uncommon way."

"The common things of a common day,
Are the ringing the bells of the far away."

Ontario Association of the Deaf

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THE CANADIAN

SCHOOL MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

TUESDAY, FEB. 1st, 1921

HOCKEY

As our pupils have been confined to school through sickness among them for some time past, we were not able to join the City hockey league this season and our lads have had no opportunity to play with outside teams until last week when the High School boys came out and gave us a game on our rink. Both our pupils and the players enjoyed the game very much. During the first period it looked as if our boys would win out, the score being 4 to 2 in our favor; at the close of the second peroid it was a tie 4 to 4, the game finally finishing with the score 7 to 6 against us. All our boys, particularly A. Dick and R. Pye, played well, but they lacked the combination that our visitors were able to work during the later stages of the game and which put them in front. All our team except two are new and have never played in a game before and as our visitors had one Intermediate and two Junior O. H. A. players on their team, we think that our boys did well and made a good score. At the close of the game our lady officers and teachers entertained all the players to tea and an enjoyable social time was spent.

TORONTO TOPICS

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bell took a combined business and pleasure trip to Guelph on Jan. 24th. They were delighted with what they saw in the Royal City.

We are very much pleased to say that Mrs. Eliza Lewis, the aged mother of Mrs. A. W. Mason, is much better after her recent serious illness. She has made her home with Mr. and Mrs. Mason since she left Leamington several years ago.

Mr. Henry White and his eldest son, Stanley, were out in the vicinity of Manilla for a few days lately and whiled away their time hunting small game.

Mr. Robert Mc Pherson, who is now working for the Robert Simpson Co., is an experienced tailor and presser, a vocation he had acquired when employed by the Adam Zimmerman Co. in Hamilton in days gone by and our friends would do well to get him when needing such service.

After a few weeks' sojourn with her parents in Woodstock, Miss Florence Brown has returned to our midst.

On Jan. 6th a little daughter came to swell the family circle of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. O'Rourke in Peterboro. This makes the seventh to bless their union, but three of them have already passed away. Mr. O'Rourke, who has been working here for sometime past, has been unable to get a house here, otherwise his family would be here. However, their oldest son came to Toronto lately to attend school.

Messrs A. C. Shepherd, W. C MacKay, H. E. Grooms, W. W. Scott, F. E. Doyle and H. W. Roberts were up for their annual examinations on postal laws and regulations during the last week in January. Their luck will not be known for several weeks.

Mr. Walter Bell was in London and St. Thomas on business for nearly a week in the middle part of January.

Mr. John E. Crough left for her home in Windsor on Jan. 15th after a month's sojourn here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Buchan.

Mr. Roy Bowen, late of Cookstown, has entered into a contract for a term of three years with a well known printing firm in this city. He is a bright and promising young chap. He boards with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mason.

Miss Alma Hamilton, who was employed at the Comley House in Owen Sound for several months past, has come to this city where she has secured a situation. We warmly welcome her.

Mr. Walter Cameron, a graduate of the Edinburgh School for the Deaf, was at our church on Jan. 23rd for the first time. We gave him a hearty welcome. He is a manly young chap with a good education and we understood has a good position here.

On Jan. 27th a very pleasant miscellaneous shower was held at 17 A. St. Vincent St., the cosy home of Mr. Roy Baker's parents in honor of Roy and his young bride. Mrs. John S. Bartley, a sister of the bride, was responsible for this party and was ably assisted by Roy's parents, sister and brothers in law. Bring lured away on the pretext of something important, the young couple were held in the dark while the crowd was preparing the fireworks. When all was ready, they were summoned home and we fear it would shock their modesty to describe the surprise they got. After the confusion had calmed down, the bride was asked to unbundle the load of goods. Her bleaming smile began to tell as she untied parcel after parcel but the climax came towards the end. Just as she was laying aside the last parcel, Mrs. Bartley hurriedly stepped forward and excitingly cried out "O sister, there is one missing," and while looking for it, Mr. Roberts brushed through the crowd, exclaiming, "Pardon me, Mrs. Baker, I was a fool to be so absent minded that I forgot this parcel," as he handed her a neatly done up package. "Be careful, it is very breakable" he smiled again as he withdrew to a secluded corner. "Thank you" said the bride, as she commenced to unfold the parcel, while the crowd held themselves in silent suspense. First, she pulled out an old shoe, belonging to her hubby and there was a storm of laughter. Just here she began to poke her better half with all sorts of epitaphs as she held his forlorn shoe aloft, but the house was almost rocked from its foundation with a mighty outburst of laughter, as the bride finally inserted her hand into the parcel and brought out not the shoe of hubby, but one of her own—a mere derelict for the scrap heap. He blushes at this juncture were beyond description.—not to speak of her hubby's retaliations.

The rest of the evening was royally enjoyed in all kinds of games and all dispersed for their various homes after midnight after partaking of a delightful lunch so thoughtfully prepared by Mrs. Baker, Sr., and her daughters.

Miss G. Mary Chappelle, who came to Canada from London, Engand, about ten years ago, and to Toronto some seasons ago, is now finding her way into our society. There are many others who are in Toronto but do not know of our gatherings or where we meet. Miss Chappelle is a very intelligent young lady.

Mr. R. S. Edwards invited about 35 of his friends at his parental home a few weeks ago, to a party in honor of Mr. J. R. Byrne and a very happy time they had. Mr. Byrne is the indefatigable leader of our Sunday evening young people's union at the Central Y. M. C. A. and this gathering was given as an expression of appreciation of his untiring efforts in weaving togather the spiritual love and kindredship of our young people. A more comprehensive report of his untiring efforts on our behalf will appear later.

Those to whom Mr. Walter Bell give a monologue on "The Soul of the Violin" at the Brigdin Club on Dec. 29th surely received a treat that will not soon be forgotten. Perhaps many have read about this immortalized story, both in prose or poetry but the way Mr. Bell gave it was something beyond the ordinary. His way of using the signs was so graceful, tactful, symmmetrical and flawless that many thought he was the actual and original composer of this soul stirring melody. Mr. Bell is not only a gifted orator but is an ideal and fair minded chairman as well. We are looking for a talented American deaf lady of oratorical talent to speak at a future meeting of our club, but non-members will have to purchase a ticket for admission. A box social is also being arranged and May 28th next the club will hold a grand picnic for its members only in High Park. Why not join now and derive all the club's benefits?

Mr. R. S. Edwards got together a goodly number of his friends on Jan. 14th and the band swooped down upon Mr. Arthur Walker and took him off his feet at his parental home on Woodbine Ave. It was Arthur's natal day but he didn't ever dream that he was born for such a scare as he got then. A pleasant evening was spent by all.

Mr. Sidney Heaslip of Wellandport was in this city for a few days visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. W. Scott, and others friends.

The postman whose beat is part of Lansdowne Ave between College and Bloor Sts. had an extra load to carry on Tuesday, Jan. 25th, that reminded many of Christmas, but was much relieved when he dumped almost his whole load at the door of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W Reeves. It consisted of a deluge of birthday greetings to Mrs. Reeves form her legion of friends everywhere. Someone set the trap on her and this was the result.

Mr. Walter Bell was up in Kitchener for a few days on business the end of Jan. and beginning of Feb.

Mrs. H. W. Roberts went out to her old home near Purpleville on Jan. 31st for a few days to assist her mother during the illness of the former's sister-in-law.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Slater are now settled at 31 St. Vincent St. for the present.

Mr. R. C. Slater lately received a letter from Mr. Milnes C. Beale of Minchin hampton, Eng. conveying the melancholy news of the latter's father, Henry B. Beale, who died on the first of Jan. aged 75. Mr. Beale was well known to a great many of our friends and was a partner of the late Mr. F. Bridgen in business here years ago. His many friends will regret to hear of his demise.—H. W. R.

Bible Conference

The Twenty-first Annual Bible Conference of the Toronto Evangelical Church of the Deaf, will be held at Toronto Bible College, 110 College Street, on March 25, 26 and 27. Programmes and cards will be issued soon. Please pray for a blessing on the Conference, and upon all who attend.

P. Fraser,
Superintendent.

THE STORY RETOLD

At a picnic of the Toronto deaf held at Victor Park in the summer of 1880, a tug of was took place. Messrs. Brigden and Nasmith were the leaders. The toss for the first choice was won by Mr. Brogden. The opponents were arranged as follow; Mr. Brigden's side: Messrs. State, Mason, Lewis, Farnworth J. Moore, H. Moore, R. Green. Mr. Nasmith's side: Messrs. Howe, Ellis, Draper, Brown, Elliott, Ely and Jones. Mr. Brigden's side won.

For the last twenty years, in fact ever since the commencement of the deaf education in Canada, Mrs. Terrell of Belleville, has been engaged on this occupation. There are probably, few deaf in Ontario, who have been at school that have not been more or less under her instruction.—1882.

Mr. Greene has "taken up his bed and walked", to a residence much nearer the Institution, and is much pleased with his new location. He has named the cottage "Greenway" or Greenaway", we did not quite understand which.

The marriage of Mr. Norman Lewis to Mrs. Darch Guest, sister of Mrs. Thos. Widd, came off at Brussels, Ont., on Friday, 24th. March 1882.

Little Bella Mathison, Nellie Cunningham, Annie Lancaster, Louise Forsyth, Georgina McCallum, Ruth Kent, Alice Francis, and twin sisters Christina and Bella Vallance are first-class dressmakers. Their doll dresses are fashionably made and beautifully trimmed. Kate Stemm is forewoman. None of these girls are over nine years old. They are all pretty and as sweet as children can be. Mr. Joshua Lloyd, a former pupil at Belleville, now a resident of Brantford, came very near losing his life by drowning. He stepped on a piece of newly formed ice, when the first ice had been cut away for the purpose of trying its strength and it gave way so suddenly that he was unable to gain his footing on the solid part. The accedent was observed by Mr. S. Campbell, who was a short distance away and who hastened to the assistance of the drowning man. Mr. Lloyd was caught by the shoulder as he was sinking for the last time and hauled on to the solid ice. The rescued man and his friends have presented Mr. Campbell with a silver medal, bearing the following inscription: "Presented to Mr. S. Campbell for saving the life of Mr. Joshua Lloyd."—1882.

FROM FAR AND NEAR

Mr. Wilson Brown of Waldemar is now visiting in Orangeville, so we hear.

Mr. Samuel Avarell of Newton Robinson had a very successful sale of his farm stock, implements, etc on Jan. 21 st. The total proceeds from the Auctioneer's hammer brought nearly $2000, independent of the farm which has since been sold for a very high price.

Two brothers of Mr. Lewis Ireland of Toronto, who live in Bracebridge have lately been under the weather suffering from smallpox, but are on the right road again.

Miss Enie Hamilton, who has been working for Mrs. Thomas Middleton of Horning Mills during the past season is now working for Mrs. A. McConnell in Orangeville.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Leslie, who have been living in Cupar, Sask, for several years back have just moved to Spruce Lake, Sask. where they have bought a new homestead and on which they intend to bank their future. Mr. Leslie intends improving his place this spring by building several outer buildings, including a silo. Edward is always game and never gives up hopes when he makes a headlong venture. We trust Dame Fortune will smile on them. Mrs. Leslie was formerly Rose Anna Moore of Milton but her people are now living in Toronto.

Like many of our friends every where just now, nearly all the Deaf in Owen Sound are in the same boat temporarily out of employment. But dear friends, don't worry for there is a silver lining in the cloud indicating that the wave of normal prosperity will soon be rolling over the land.

If any of our country friends have news items they would like published just send them to 31 Armadale Ave and the writer will cheerfully condense them for the press.—H. W. R.

Just a Few Facts

In Burma are found the finest rubies of the world.

At the head of the Gulf of Bengal is the largest delta in the world, that of the Brahmaputra and the Ganges Rivers.

The production of camphor is peculiar to the island of Formosa. In fact it can be said that Formosa holds a practical monopoly in the world's market of this valuable drug.

One hundred million wood boxes were required to pack last year's output of the canning industries in the United States estimated at 8,000,000 cans.

The Missouri school is asking their legislature for $ 543,000.00. Of this amount, one hundred and eighty thousand dollars is for support, which includes supplies and wages of employes; forty is for fuel, one hundred and twenty thousand is for salaries of officers and teachers. These appropriations are for two years. They are asking for a hundred thouand dollars for an industrial building and equipment of same. The attendance at that school is but little more than our own, but our Mississippi friends outstrip us in their demands by many thousand dollars.—Deaf Oklahoman.

The Size of the Ocean

The Pacific covers 68,000,000 miles, the Atlantic 30,000,000 and the Indian, Arctic, and Antaractic 42,000,000. The Pacific holds in weight 938,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons. The Atlantic averages a depth of not quite three miles. Its waters weigh 325,000,000,000,000,000 tons, and a tank to contain it would have each of its side 430 miles long. It would take all the sea water in the world 2,000,000 years to flow over Niagara.

Wealth in the world is just so much baggage to be taken care of, but a cultivated brain is easy to carry and is a never-failing source of profit and pleasure.

The Weaver

Beside the loom of life I stand
And watch the flying shuttle go;
The threads I hold within my hand
Make up the fillings I spread on ahead
They slip my fingers through and so
The web of mine fills out apace,
While I stand ever in my place.

One time the woof is smooth and fine,
And colored with a sunny dye;
Again the threads so roughly twine,
And weave so darkly lines on line,
My heart misgives me. Then would I
Fain lose this web—begin anew—
But that, alas! I cannot do.

Some day the web will all be done,
The shuttle quiet in its place;
From out my hold the threads be run;
And friends at setting of the sun
Will come to look upon my face,
And say: "Mistakes she made not a few,
Yet wove, perchance, as best she knew."

—Independent.

Kipling's Poem "If"

The Children's Newspaper.

A British general was speaking the other day about the war. He was in the fighting front from the beginning to the end; he was through all its dark hours, and through its few bright hours, and there were days when it seemed to him that life could never be worth living again.

And then, at such times as that, this general of the British Army took out of his pocket a crumpled up copy of Mr. Kipling's poem "If," and he read it through. He read it again and again, and filled himself with it, and life became a new thing.

He knew that there was something in it, and he made up his mind to "stick it" whatever should come. He sent home for hundreds of copies of this poem, and whenever he came across a soldier in despair, a doubting general or a frightened boy, he took Kipling's "If" from his pocket and gave it to him. These are the words of it, taken from the book "Rewards and Fairies"

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them:
Hold on!

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son.

This is the poem that kept up the heart of a British General and kept up the heart of many a British man. Read it again and again and live it. It helped to win the war for us; it will help to win a noble life of peace for you.

Her One Talent

Margaret Sangster tells of a woman neither young, nor beautiful, nor robust, nor accomplished, nor educated, who became a bride. She realized that she was extremely unlike her brilliant husband. "I have not even one talent to fold away in a napkin," she said. But the husband loved her, and she loved him, and would, please God, make him happy. "There is one comfort—I can keep house," she said. So she planned the delicate, dainty, healful meals, and kept the home clean, but not forbiddingly spotless. It involved the tired husband to rest, to litter it with books and papers, if it pleased him to bring work home from the office, while she sat beside him ready to smile or speak as he looked up. The husband said one day: "There's one talent you have, darling, beyond any one else in the world—the talent of having time enough for everything." His home was a suburb of paradise, and he went forth to the competitions of life steadily successful in all his enterprises. And the quiet wife, who had time to love him, to share his hopes, listen to his plans, and make his life supremely happy, was an element in his success which counted more largely than even the husband knew.

It is rare to find in this hurrying world a being who works with an air of repose; who can pause to listen to another's story; who has a heart touched to so responsive a key that sympathy in a friend's good fortune is as ready as pity for a friend's calamity. This woman, who had the one talent of doing fully and blithely every home obligation, by degrees became a social power. A large class of girls each Sabbath bent eagerly around her while she unfolded the lesson to them, and upon stated occasions she entertains the poor, pale, fagged-out girls of the down town factories, and keeps them, by kindly word and helpful ministry and a Christian example, from places of temptation, for she believes it as much a Christian work to keep young girls pure as to save the poor remnant of their ruined lives after they have fallen. Telling the life story of this woman, Margaret E. Sangster says:—"Altogether, when I think of the sick bed this little woman sits by, the heart-aches she soothes, the confidences of which she is the trusted recipient, the happy home-life which is here, and the good she is doing silently, I am quite sure her talent is bearing intensive testimony for the Master."—Sunday School Lesson Illustrator.

Your Class

A Sunday-school teacher should always think well of her class. Some have very little vision of the possibilities of the human lives there. Where there is no vision a Sunday-school teacher's work will perish. The following reported incident will illustrate this.

A teacher was careless in her attendance at Sunday school. She offered in excuse that her class was small, "There are only three girls in it, anyway," she remarked rather coolly. "But, suppose," said her interviewer, "that those three girls were Florence Nightingale, Catherine Booth, and Frances Willard." "Oh, that would be different," said the teacher, stung by the sudden flash of light in her mind.

This aspect of her work was apparently new to the teacher. That is why we need, first of all, vision of our task. Vision comes with character, character with experience and discipline. Vision will help us to see the sublime possibilities that lie dormant, but potential, in every child life. There was a time when the three famous ladies mentioned were innocent, reckless girls—plastic to the moulding of a wise teacher. What the child is to-day may not give much promise of what she promises, but be patient. In ten years there may be a world of difference. The child heart is the "good ground" of the parable. Under careful cultivation it may yield a hundredfold.

During 19 months 126,000 persons were killed in automobile accidents in the United States. This included 21,000 children. Estimates place the death rate higher than any battle in the recent war, and an average of a death every thirty-five minutes.

SINGLE OR DOUBLE
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SCHOOL POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED and distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter so go away. If put in box in office door, will be sent to city post office at 1.40 p. m. and 4.45 p. m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any one unless the same is in the locked box.

LETTERS---PACKAGES---BOXES.

If parents or friends send letters, packages or boxes to pupils, address as follows:

(name of pupil)
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

☞ Prepay postage, express or freight charges in all cases.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION

WEST—2.15 a. m.; 7.50 a. m.; 11.40 a. m.; 3.00 p. m. 4.58 p. m.
EAST—12.25 a. m.; 1.56 a. m. 11.10 a. m.; 12.11 p. m.; 3.35 p. m.
MADOC AND PETERBORO' BRANCH—5.30 a. m.; 12.10 p. m.; 5.45 p. m.

Canadian Northern Railway.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS

For Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points; 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday), 1.45 P.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
For Trenton, Picton, and Intermediate points; 7.00 A.M., 12.35 P.M. and 3.15 P.M. (Daily Except Sunday).
For Marmora, Bancroft and Intermediate points; 7.00 A.M. (Except Sunday).
For Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points; 7.00 A.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
For Frankford, Harmony, Coe Hill and Intermediate points; 7.00 A.M. and 12.45 P.M. (Except Sunday).
For Napanee, Deseronto, Harrowsmith, Kingston and Intermediate points; 7.55 A. M., 1.25 P. M. and 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday)
For Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate points; 3.10 A. M. and 1.25 P. M. (Except Sunday).
For Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk, 3.00 A.M., 7.55 A.M., 1.25 P.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).

From Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points; 3.10 A.M., 1.25 P.M. (Except Sunday) and 9.25 P.M.
From Trenton, Picton and Intermediate points; 7.55 A.M., 1.25 P.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Marmora, Bancroft and Intermediate points; 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points; 7.00 A.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Kingston, Harrowsmith, Napanee, Deseronto and Intermediate points; 3.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate points; 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday) and 3.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk; 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday), 3.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).

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The date after your name on your paper tells when your subscription expires. We would like again to continue taking the paper. Our terms are in advance, as the paper is. Very Strictly everyone, which plan is the best for subscribers as well as ourselves. Should you wish to discontinue, kindly, remit your subscription at once, as we hardly think you desire to have your name taken off the list. When subscribers are good enough to remit promptly it saves them and us delay.

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THE CANADIAN,
Belleville, Ontario.

TORONTO EVANGELICAL CHURCH OF THE DEAF

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows in every locality:—

West End Y. M. C. A., Corner of College St. and Dovercourt Rd. at 11 a. m.
Toronto Bible School, 104 College St., at 3 p. m.
Central Y. M. C. A. at 11 a.m. and 7.45 p. m.
Bible Class every Wednesday evening at Central Y. M. C. A., 40 College St. at 8 p. m.
Superintendent Mr. P. Fraser, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.
Ontario Mission Committee Convener—Mr. F. E. Harris, 114 St. Patrick St., Toronto.
Mrs. J. R. Byers, Deaconess, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.

ALL WELCOME

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send me the names and post office addresses of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them, so that I may forward to them particulars concerning this School, and inform them where and by what means their children can be instructed.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

School for the Blind

BRANTFORD, ONT

THE PROVINCIAL SCHOOL FOR the Education and Instruction of Blind children, is located at Brantford, Ontario. For particulars address

W. B. HACE, Principal

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

School Hours—From 8.40 a. m. to 1 p.m., with recess from 10.40 to 11.00 during which lunch is served to the pupils.

As soon as the Pupils Assemble in the classrooms in the morning each teacher will open by prayer. At 4 o'clock the pupils will assemble in the chapel and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner. The prayers are those prescribed for use in the Public Schools of Ontario. Teachers and Instructors are to be in their respective rooms and departments five minutes before the time for the assembling of pupils.

Evening Study from 7 to 9 p. m. Voluntary reading hours for senior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Religious Exercises:

Every Sunday—Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. General Lecture at 3.30 p. m. Pupils of all denominations attend their respective churches whenever desired by the pastors in charge.

Regular Visiting Clergymen.—Rev. Ven. Archdeacon Beamish, M. A. (Anglican), Rev. R. S. Kerr, M. A. (Presbyterian); Rev. A. H. Foster, (Methodist); Rev. W. H. Wallace, (Baptist); Rev. Father Killeen Catholic.

Bible Classes, Sunday morning at 9.05; International Series of Sunday School Lessons. Superintendent, Mr. Sawyer. Teachers—Mrs. Bailie, Miss Dunn, Miss Hull, Miss Ford, Miss James, Miss Brown, Miss Falen, Miss Scott, Miss Curry, Miss Hunter, Miss Panter, Miss Springer, Miss Nurse, Miss Hunter, Miss Starr and Miss Malcolm.

The Catholic Pupils receive religious instruction on Sunday morning from 8.45 to 9.30 and on Friday afternoon from 2 to 2.30. Teachers, Miss Deannard, Miss Hierdon, Miss Abearne and Miss Carroll.

☞ *Clergymen of all denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.*

Industrial Departments:

Girls' Fancy Work Class on Monday afternoon of each week from 2 to 4 p. m.

The Printing Office, Shoe and Carpenter Shops from 2.30 to 4.30 for junior pupils and from 2.30 to 5.30 for senior pupils who attend school; for those who do not, from 7.30 a. m. to 11 noon, and from 2.30 to 5.30 p. m. on working day except Saturday, when the office and shops will be closed at noon.

Domestic Science Classes as may be arranged from time to time.

The Sewing Class hours are from 8.15 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do not attend school, and from 6.30 to 9 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons

☞ The Printing office, Shops, Sewing Room and Domestic Science Department to be left each day when work ceases in a clean and tidy condition.

☞ Pupils are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments, except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent.

☞ Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work in hand to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the School, will be made welcome on any day school is in session, excepting Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is as soon after 9 o'clock a. m. as possible.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the School, they are kindly advised not linger and prolong the parting with their children. It only makes discomfort for all concerned, particularly for the parents. The child will be tenderly cared for, and if left in our charge without delay will be quiet happy within the others in a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. If parents must come, however, they will be made welcome to the class-room and allowed every opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodging or meals, or entertain guests at the School. Good accommodation may be had in the city at the Quinte Hotel, Crystal, Queens, City and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. No correspondence will be allowed between parents and officers or employees under any circumstances without special permission upon each occasion. Every letter addressed to the Superintendent will be promptly answered.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. In the absence of letters friends of pupils may be quite sure they are well.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every three weeks, and may write oftener if they wish; letters will be written by the teachers for the little ones who cannot write, stating, as nearly as possible, their wants.

☞ No medical preparations that have been used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the school.

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise medicines and appliances for the cure of Deafness. In 960 cases out of a 1000 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well-known medical practitioners in cases of adventitious deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent

THE CANADIAN

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Ontario School for the Deaf, Belleville.

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ONTARIO SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA
UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. R. H. GRANT,
MINISTER OF EDUCATION, TORONTO.

Officers of the School:
C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., ...*Superintendent*
J. W. PEARCE .....*Bursar*
J. W. BOYCE, M. D. .....*Physician*
D. J. CHANT, M. D. .....*Aurist and Oculist*
MISS E. A. WILLOUGHBY .....*Matron*
MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD.....*Assistant Matron*

Teachers:
ORAL
W. J. CAMPBELL
Supervising Teacher Senior Oral Dept.
MISS CATHERINE FORD
Supervising Teacher Junior Oral Dept.

GEO. F. STEWART	MISS K. SCOTT
MISS I. R. LEE	MISS E. NURSE
MISS B. HIERDON	MISS L. CARROL
MISS L. DEARNESS	MISS S. HUNTER
MISS E. PANTER, B. A.	MISS I. MALCOLM
MISS F. CURRY	MISS A. STINE
MISS G. SPRINGER	MISS S. E. WARD
MISS V. HANDLEY	MISS B. A. WILSON
MISS G. BRADLEY	

MANUAL
MISS GEORGINA LINN
Supervising Teacher Manual Department

D. H. COLEMAN, M.A.	MISS ADA JAMES
MRS. SYLVIA L. BAILIE	MISS NINA BROWN

MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD,
Teacher of Domestic Science
MRS. L. G. WILLIAMS, *Teacher of Sewing*
Teacher of Fancy Work

MISS I. MCBRIDE, *Stenographer & Clerk.*	*Instructor of Printing.*
WM. NURSE, *Workeepr & Associate Supervisor.*	ALEX. MORRICK, *Master Shoemaker.*
W. SMITH, *Supervisor of Boys, etc.*	*Engineer.*
MISS CLARA COOMBE, *Trained Nurse and Instructress in Home Nursing.*	M. W. PARKS, *Master Carpenter.*
	J. N. BOYD, *Master Baker.*

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this School is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools

All deaf persons between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious disease, who are bona fide residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $30 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf persons whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Baking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in General Domestic Work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of Sewing Machines and such Ornamental and Fancy Work as may be desirable. Manual Training in woodwork for boys, and Domestic Science for girls have been introduced.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

☞ The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission to pupils, etc., will be given upon application by letter or otherwise.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent,
BELLEVILLE, ONT

POETRY

If We Only Understood

By Rudyard Kipling

If we know the cares and trials,
Know the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
Understand the loss and gain—
Would the grim eternal roughness
Seem—I wonder—just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder!
Should we pity where we blame!

Should we judge, if we knew fairly,
Knowing not life's hidden source:
Knowing no, the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source:
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good;
And we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives
That surround each other's lives,
Seeing the naked heart and spirit,
Knowing what spur the action gives;
Often we would find it better,
Purer than we judge we should.
We should love each better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner
All the while we hate the sin;
Could we know the powers working
To overthrow integrity,
We should love each other's errors
With more patient charity.

MISCELLANEOUS

Courtesy and Discourtesy

By Alexander Valliant

"These goes Old Russell!"

A lad of fifteen was looking from the window, and was announcing the passage of a village character, a man who, while peculiar, was respected by all who knew him for his honorable life and Christian character.

"Do you think that a courteous way to speak of him, Mark?" his father asked. "He is school age, and he is the only man of his name in town he needs no distinguishing adjective. Why not call him 'Mr. Russell' when you have occasion to speak of him?"

Mark hung his head; he did not know what to say.

"I am eager to have you treat everybody with respect, Mark," continued the father. "You cannot afford to fail in courtesy to anyone you meet. Your discourtesy may wounds do not do so much harm to the person to whom they are spoken as to yourself. And courteous words have never done any harm. In fact, they frequently help those who hear them. Sometimes, too, they bring an unlooked-for reward to the speaker.

"Did you ever hear the story of how one of the best-known men in Washington got his start in life? In 1871 he was an assistant doorkeeper in the House of Representatives. One day, he overheard a stranger ask another doorkeeper for assistance in finding one of the senators from California. The doorkeeper very curtilly answered that it was none of his business where the senators were; they could be found at the other end of the capitol.

"'But can't you help me?' the stranger urged. 'I was sent over here because he was seen to come this way.'

"'No, I can't,' was the answer. 'I have trouble enough looking after the representatives.'

"The stranger was about to turn away when the assistant, who had overheard the conversation, said: 'If you are from California, you have come a long way. I will try to help you.'

Then he asked him to take a seat and hurried offin search of the senator.

"Soon he found his man and piloted him to the Californian, who, as he turned away, said to the courteous doorkeeper:

"'I wish you would call at my hotel this evening; I want to talk to you.'

"But he can't have the name of Collis P. Huntington, the railroad magnate.

At the interview that night he offered the assistant a position at nearly twice the salary he was receiving from the Government.

"'My fortune was made from that time on,' the ex-doorkeeper said, recently, as he told the story to a group of friends in his beautiful home.

"He was several years later—in 1874—that Francis Marion Cockrell, who served as senator from Missouri for thirty years, gained his first election as the reward of a courteous act under trying circumstances. He had just concluded a canvass for the nomination to the office of governor of Missouri. On the convention he was defeated by one sixth of a vote. His friends felt for him. They found it hard to see some expression of the keen disappointment he must have felt. But, to their astonishment, immediately after the announcement of the result, Mr. Cockrell threw up his hat to the ceiling, and, with a ringing shout, called for three cheers for the successful candidate. This act of courtesy, it has been said, led to his selection as United States Senator.

"You have no doubt read of the reward of the courtesy of the director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City to an unassuming old gentleman who, for years, was in the habit of visiting the museum and asking questions as to the methods and conduct of the institution. He was particularly insistent in requesting information regarding its financial affairs. Sometimes the questions seemed intrusive; they must have become quite monotonous, as the same questions were asked again and again. But the director answered with unvarying courtesy. At length the curious visitor died. When his will was opened, it was found that he had left the bulk of his enormous estate to the museum.

"That experience reminds me of the conductor on the Chicago and Alton Railway who once carried a passenger who asked all manner of questions about the farm lands adjacent to the railroad line. The conductor answered as fully as he could. Again and again, he found the man on his train. Always he asked questions, always he was courteously answered. Then he was seen no more. After some time, a letter came for the conductor, containing one thousand dollars, a letter of thanks for valuable information given to an investor who had used the conductor to learn all he could of Illinois farm lands.

"I recently read of a man who had a similar opportunity. He was young and ambitious, and had long cast longeye on a position paying twice the salary he had been receiving. If he could only secure it, he could be fixed for life, he thought. But there seemed to be no prospect of gaining the coveted prize. One morning, he received a letter from a stranger which asked two questions, to which an early reply was sought. No hint was given why the questions were asked. Under ordinary circumstances, the letter would have been answered promptly. But that morning the recipient had missed a train, he had heard a bit of bad news, and he had a headache. Thus he allowed himself to feel resentful to the unknown correspondent, although the questions asked were perfectly proper from one stranger to another. Giving way to his feelings, he wrote and mailed a reply which—two hours later—he bitterly regretted. He heard nothing further from his correspondent. But, some weeks after, he was informed that the letter had been sent by a man commissioned to seek a suitable man for just such a position as he had been longing for. His name had been so favorably considered that it was decided to appoint him—provided the answer to a letter, the purpose of which did not appear, was satisfactory. The discourtesy of the letter received in reply was too great to be borne; no further consideration was given the writer. He was passed by for another. When he learned the result of his discourtesy, he told the story as a warning to others, and said: "I am thankful that the experience came to me at a time when I could best stand the disappointment. And I shall see to it that the mistake is never repeated."

"Now, Mark," the father concluded, "I have not repeated these stories to make you feel that we should be courteous simply because it may pay us well; or that we should avoid discourtesy because it may bring disaster to our plans or loss to our pockets. We care to be courteous—not in a coldly calculating way—but because courteous treatment is due everybody we meet. I learned my lesson when I was about your age. Won't you let me pass it on?"

Two Glasses of Milk

Keen-scented reporters are busy night and day in every city and town of this great country hunting out the bitter tragedies and the shocking scandals of life to make big-type stories for the newspaper. We think, sometimes, that the world is more bad than good, and that crime and sorrow are the rule of life rather than the exception. It is not so. The newspapers do not reflect the whole of life.

If as many reporters were detailed to hunt up the records of goodness and joy, they would find countless stories of love and devotion and self-denial. They would find far more goodness and beauty than evil. They would find as many men and women are working and living in quiet usefulness and purity of character to gladden other lives and sweeten the life of the nation.

A prominent surgeon was riding one summer day through the country on his bicycle. The road was long and dusty; the afternoon heat was intense.

The open gate of a farmstead invited him to turn in. An enticing glimpse of cool, green shade, and of a well swept, with a shining dipper hanging near, promised rest and refreshment.

A young woman was sitting on the porch, and arose to meet the doctor as he approached, asking permission to help himself to water at the well.

"Why, of course," she exclaimed, "but wouldn't you like some milk instead? We have a pitcher of fresh milk on the ice, and I shall be glad if you will have some of that."

"Oh, thank you," replied the doctor, "that would be delightful, but I'm afraid it would impose too much on your kindness. The water will answer as well."

But with a charming grace the young woman insisted upon bringing the pitcher of milk, and the tired doctor drank two glasses of it and was refreshed. When he had rested and was about to go he handed the young woman his card and said, "If you ever come to the city and need the advice of a physician, please call on me."

Months passed and the incident was forgotten. Absent a year later the mother of the household was very ill. The local doctor, who had attended her for many years, could do no more, and informed her that she must go to the city to a hospital for a serious operation. This was sad news for the little family, whose income was slender. The mother protested that such expense was out of the question, but both father and daughter insisted, and planned between themself for the sacrifices they would make to meet the cost.

Preparations for the trip were hastily completed. The daughter arranged to go and to stay near the hospital at the home of an aunt. While packing her trunk, the card of the bicycle travveller was found. The young lady decided at once that she would hunt him up as soon as she reached the city, before selecting the hospital. She was somewhat awed as she entered the house of the great surgeon, but he set her at ease in a moment and made her happy by remembering her. She explained all that the country doctor had said about her mother and asked his advice as to which hospital she should select.

"My dear young lady," said the great surgeon, as she took her hand,

(Continued on page 6)

THE CANADIAN

Eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Ontario School for the Deaf

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

GEO. F. STEWART, - - - - EDITOR.

OUR MISSION:

First—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

Second—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf subscribers.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils now in the School, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

SUBSCRIPTION:

Fifty (50) cents for the school year, payable in advance, postage prepaid by publisher. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postal notes, or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us, that mistakes may be corrected without delay. All papers are stopped when the subscription expires, unless otherwise ordered. The date on each subscriber's wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

☞ Correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted—if we know it.

ADVERTISING:

A few select advertisements will be inserted. Rates made known on application.

Address all communications and subscriptions

THE CANADIAN,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO.

TUESDAY, FEB. 15th, 1921.

Newspapers or Books

We notice an article in one of our exchanges discussing the question as to which is the more profitable reading, newspapers or books. This is one of those subjects the discussion of which is futile and leads nowhere. One might as well ask which food should people eat, bread or meat? The only answer is, both. No man can be an intelligent, well-informed man who does not read newspapers, or become in some way cognizant of current events. And no man can claim to be an intelligent, well-informed man who reads nothing but newspapers. The question is not which should we read, but what proportion of each. And here is where a great many people make a mistake. There is no question but that a majority of people spend too much time skimming newspapers and almost totally neglect worth while books. They "go through" paper after paper every day and perhaps four or five editions of the same paper, and have no time left for the great products of the world's great thinkers. The proportions should be reversed. The least possible time should be spent on papers that will enable one to become fairly conversant with the events and issues of the day, but most of the time one can spare for reading should be devoted to more solid and nutritious mental pabulum.

The latter part of the article referred to states the relative purposes and value of papers and books so well, that we quote it:

> A book is an unit, the product of one mind. It partakes of the personality of the author. Books bring us directly under the influence of the author. He becomes an acquaintance and friend.
>
> A newspaper is the product of many minds. It is a being, not a person. It deals with actions, not thought. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is." But "what he thinketh in his heart," doesn't go into the newspaper.
>
> Books, then, are the work of intellectual demi-gods, newspapers of very tall men; books tell what men think newspapers tell men do; books belong to all times, newspapers to the present only.

Books and newspapers differ widely in their purpose. A newspaper claims only "to be a mirror reflecting the times."

We are often told that an education is not to put the student in possession of facts, but to teach him to think. This is exactly the difference between newspapers and books. A newspaper informs a man, a book teaches him.

Books accomplish better results than newspapers. The real difference between common people and uncommon people is in their reading. That is of most value to us, the possession of which does us the most good, and that is the most benefit to common people which makes them no longer common people.

Again—English

The importance of having pupils get a clear understanding of English, and acquire a correct and facile use of it, has been so often reiterated in school journals of all kinds as to become almost wearisome. Yet this part of school work is so supremely important that it must be ever kept to the forefront. Prof. H. S. Driggs, of Columbia University, travelled all over America, addressing teachers everywhere in an endeavor to help them to more thoroughly understand and teach the "central" subject of every curriculum—English.

We quote a few sentences from a recent address:

"The reason of the failure of most children to solve problems in arithmetic, or any other study, is because they have not been properly taught how to read—that is they have not the ability to mentally picture what the words seek to convey, due, in the majority of cases, to lack of proper instruction by their teachers.

"Every teacher is a teacher of language—direct or indirect—their success depending upon their ability to make the pupils appreciate that written or printed language is not dead, empty symbols, but is "a throbbing, living, breathing being!" Reading should conjure up before the mental eyes of the reader a fairly accurate picture of what the writer is endeavoring to portray—otherwise the matter is either poorly presented or the pupil lacks the power to properly digest the gist of the subject or the problem that has been given to him."

Prof. Driggs said the manager of the National Cash Register Co., of Dayton, Ohio, told him one of their greatest difficulties was to get their employees to write simple and concise English, in words that could be readily understood by whoever had to follow the instructions conveyed therein.

Up in Peace River Valley

Agnes C. Laut, known as an author of books dealing with the pioneer life and development of western Canada, has returned from an extended trip in the Peace River Valley.

'This north country,' said Miss Laut, 'will some day be one of the garden spots of Canada. It is settling slowly, That is due to the home seekers' dread of cold. But it is a delightful place to live. In summer its lush wild meadows and riotous abundance of wild flowers suggest the tropics. In winter its climate its tempered by chinook winds. Wheat yields thirty and forty bushels to the acre. Its vegetables are wonderful. Live stock pasture out doors all winter.

'It is 600 miles wide, an area equal to that of Texas, Kansas, Iowa and Missouri combined, which support a population larger than that of all Canada. The Canadian Pacific Railway recently took over the line that is the market outlet of the country and will have it rehabilitated by next summer. Then this rich agricultural and live stock region, I predict, will enter upon an era of rapid and remarkable development.'

The Ohio School has begun an agitation for new buildings, to be erected in the country instead of in the city as at present. Several other schools in the States have removed from the city to the country and doubtless nearly all of them will do so in course of time. Fortunately the Ontario School was located in the country when first erected. We are quite sure that this is where every school should be, for there the conditions are more favorable, the environment can be made more beautiful and healthful, and there is always room for expansion. More important still, an opportunity is given to teach farming and gardening, the two most desirable occupations for the deaf. Incidentally, also, the School can provide its own milk, eggs, vegetables, fruit etc., thus helping to defray the cost of maintenance, and at the same time having some supervision over the source of supply thus ensuring the quality, which is very important, especially in regard to milk.

At Hymen's Happy Altar

A very pretty wedding was quietly solemnized at the Presbyterian Manse, 410 Roxton Road, Toronto, on January 18th 1921, when Miss Marie H. McLaren, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLarn of Raglan, was united in the holy Tonds of matrimony to Mr George J. Timpson youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Timpson of Toronto. The Rev. E. L, Morrow, the well known athletic pastor of Dale Presbyterian Church, tried the nuptial knot. Both the bride and groom were unattended but Mrs. E. L. Morrow, and Mr. W- D. Dougall were witnesses to the happy consummation. After the ceremony the happy couple left on the eleven P. M., C. P. R. flier for Myrtle, where they spent a brieef honeymoon at the bride's parental home in Raylan. The bride was the recipient of many useful and costly presents, an evidence of the high esterm in which she is held by her countless friends. Mr. and Mrs. Timpson are at present residing a 672 Spapina Ave. Toronto, but expect to be happily domicilep in a new home of their own in the near future. The bride is well known and highly respected by many of the deaf for although she is possessed of all her facilities, she is expert in our own way of conversation. Mr. Timpson is a veteran of the great war, having spent over three years at the theatre of this world upheaval, and although he was in the thickest of many a fierce battle, he came through unscatched. Mrs. Timpson, though hardly out of her tens is a very accomplished and fascinating personality, and has been employed in Toronto for over six years, mostly as a stenographer. We wish for thes newly weds a long, prosperous and happy connubial life.—H. W. R.

FROM FAR AND NEAR

We regret to hear of the bad accident that befel Mr. Jamas Green of Chesley the other day. As many know, he is a clever hockeyist and was playing with with his home team against Durham on the former's ice, when in some way he got accidently struck by a Durham player with such force as to render him incapable of continuing the play. On being carried home it was found he had sustained a broken rib and other injuries. It is likely he will be unable to play again this season, which will be a severe blow to the Chesley team to which he was a pillar of strength. We are pleased to say that latest reports state he is progressing favorably towards recovery.

At a recent wedding at Stockpool, England, the bride and groom, as well as the bridesmaid, best man, clergyman and all the guests were deaf.—Something unique.

Ever since Mr. Rupert Williams left Toronto several months ago he has not forsaken the good benefit he derived while there and has been using it towards the uplift and ennoblement of his fellow deaf in Winnipeg. No sooner had he got settled in the Western Metropolis than he set about to form a Sunday School Class. At first, the prospects did not look very rosy, for he was confronted by many obstacles, yet undaunted he faced them with a determined resolution and it was not long ere he broken down the barriers and now his labors are bearing fruit. His class now runs from twenty to forty every Sunday with sunny new faces joining all the time. Rupert, with an indomitable spirit, a clear insight of the future and a humble heart, is like a shining star breaking through the gloom. We doff our hats to you old boy.

Miss Mona McFarlane of Eastwood gave her Woodstock friends a friendly call one day lately.

The state police of Montana are loud in their praise of a certain deaf man for his foresight and coolness in assisting them to run to earth two notorious highwaymen. Here is how it happened. A young Wigoning deaf man who had been to a party was escorting a young lady home. As her home was some distance away they decided to cut through a lonely and less traversed back street in order to save time. Hardly had they got far up this "blind Alley" when an automobile overtook them. Two masked robbers got out and pointing revolvers at their heads, demanded their money. Quickly realizing their predicament and knowing what was wanted the deaf couple promptly held up their hands. Luckily for them, however, they had nothing more than a little silver Disgusted at the amount they got for their pains the bandits were about to depart when one of them said something to the deaf boy which the latter could not make out, but being able to speak quite plainly asked the robber to kindly make known his wants in writing, as he could not understand what they wanted. Hesitating a moment, as if reflecting on something, the robber quickly pulled from his inner coat pocket, what seemed to be a slip of paper and hastily wrote out "Don't you make a scream or we'll shoot you." Taking the paper in his hand the deaf man quickly scanned the writing and then gave an assenting nod, the robbers made off as quickly as they came and were soon out of sight. Slipping the note in his pocket the deaf man escorted his now badly scared lady friend safely home, and then made for his own home. Next morning he happened to look over the note once more which the robber had handed him. To his astonishment it was a used letter which one of the bandits had sent to his pal, giving every information as to how good goods could be stolen and the place of their lair. This note was handed to the police and it was not long ere those two daring bandits found themselves within the prehensile arm of the law, pondering over how quickly and unexpectedly they were apprehended.

KITCHENER GLEANINGS

Mr. J. T. Shilton of Toronto came up on Saturday evening, Jan. 29th, and gave a fine address at our club room and on the day following gave a well gotten up sermon. Both meetings were largely attended and all want him to come again. He was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. August Stanbitz while here.

Mrs. Stewart Roberston and her mother Mrs. Cherry, of Preston, were visiting in this city for a few days recently.

Mr. Angus McKenzie of Belleville was up visiting relatives around New Hamburg and also friends here not long ago.

Mr. Oliver Nahrgang, the dairy bard of New Hamburg, accompanied by his sons, motored over here and visited relatives one Sunday lately.

The Kitchener Mission to the Deaf has purchased a handsome and up to date teachers' Bible for its own use.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Black and Miss Margaret Golds, enjoyed a recent week end in Preston, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Robertson.

We are informed that Mr. Isaiah Nahrgang of Baden is offering his one hundred acre farm for sale to the highest bidder. He is not quite certain as to his future movements but has a notion of purchasing a fifteen or twenty acre lot on the outskirts of this city and going into garden truck business.

Mr. Walter Bell of Toronto, was in this city on business for a few days lately and took side trips to Baden, Preston and Waterloo, being accompanied by Mr. Chas. W. Golds.

Quite a number of the deaf of Brantford stole quietly upon Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Moynihan recently and gave them a most delightful surprise on the occasion of their fifteenth or crystal wedding anniversary. The couple were showered with many costly presents as a mark of esteem. The evening was given up to games and frolic. Most of the guests remained over in the city all next day which was Sunday. A very pleasant time was the outcome.—C. W. G.

PUPILS' PAGE

—Last Wednesday we went to the Domestic Science room and Miss Schofield taught us how to make bread. We each made a loaf and it was good. We showed it to Miss Willoughby and she told us that we should have a little tea the next day, so on Thursday afternoon, After sewing, we went to the teachers' dining-room and we had a tea. We thanked her for a pleasant afternoon. We had a good time.—Myrel Jackson.

—One spring I taught my dog, Sport, how to catch and kill ground hogs. He caught about twenty ground hogs much quicker than I could catch them in the traps. He is a good runner. But I was annoyed because he had a bad habit of biting the cattle's faces when I wanted him to drive them out of the barn-yard. I tried to teach him to bite the cattle's hind legs but he would not. I was very much disappointed.—R. E. Crowe.

—I read in a book about a cat saving a woman's life. A lady owned a handsome cat. She liked it because it was kind and gentle. One day the cook was cross and did not feed the cat. The cat ran upstairs to her mistress. She mewed and her mistress knew that she was hungry. She went to the kitchen and told the cook to feed the cat. This made the cook very angry and she wished that the cat was dead. The cat went to the kitchen again but the cook did not give it anything to eat. By and by the cook went to the big refrigerator to get something. While she was there the wind blew the door shut and she could not get out. The cat ran upstairs and mewed to her mistress to help the cook. She ran downstairs and heard cook calling for her. The lady let her out. After that the cook was always kind to the cat because it saved her life.—Charles H. Davey.

—On Feb 11th we will have skating races in the afternoon, then we will have nice carnival on the night of Feb. 12 th. The teachers will give prizes to those whose costumes are best and funniest. I hope we will have a nice time. I think I will not get any prizes this year as I did not get any prizes last year. I had a nice letter from my Dad and was more than pleased to hear from him. He said he was over at Montreal from Tuesday to Friday last week as the motor show was held there. Many people went to see it. Dad said that Andy could not find his dog Major. One of his freinds whose name was Dr. Harve was so sorry for him for the loss of Major that he has given him a pup about six months old. He looks much like Major. Andy thinks he will call him Major again. My sister Laura said that Andy likes Major better than the dogs he had before. We have not had much snow since about New Year's but we have a little snow this week. I hope we will have a good rink for our Carnival.—Catherine Tudhope.

—Once upon a time there was a king in England and he wanted to hunt deer in the New forest. While he was walking, the forest became dark. He was lost and did not know where he was going. He met a young man and they talked with each other. The young man said "You are a burglar boy." The king said "No, I am a a gentleman." But the young man did not believe the man was a gentleman. Still he invited the king to his home. When they entered, the young man saw the king's face. He thought he was a gentleman. The man invited him to dinner. They ate venison. The king knew that the man killed the deer in the New Forest. One of the king's knights looked for the king in the New Forest. He looked at the house and saw the king's horse. He knocked at the door. The young man opened it. The knight said, "Where is the king?" The young man was frightened. He begged the king's pardon. The king put his sword on the young man's shoulder. He laughed. He went away with the knight. They went to the castle. After a while another knight brought a letter from the king to the young man. He read the letter. It was an invitation. He said "Will I be hanged?" The knight said "No." In the morning the young man walked with his wife and others. They arrived at the castle. The king invited them to dinner. They talked with each other. The king said, "I will give you three hundred dollars a year." The young man said "Thank you very much for your kindness." They went home. They lived happily.—Frank Bealer.

George and his Hatchet

—When George Washington was quite a little boy, his father gave him a hatchet. It was bright and new. He ran into the garden and he saw a tree which seemed to say to him, "Come and cut me down." George had often seen his father chop the great trees in the forest and he thought that it would be fine sport to see this tree fall with a crash to the ground. So he set to work with his little hatchet and, as the tree was very small, he soon cut it down. His father came home and saw the cherry tree lying on the grass and he was very angry. He asked "who has cut down my fine cherry tree. It cost me a great deal of money." He went into the house. George told his father that he chopped it with his hatchet. His father took him with his arms and he said that he was very glad that he told him the truth.—G. Christian.

Story of a Fox

—I read in a book about a selfish fox named Toby. One day he was sitting very still beside an old stump when a bumble bee came to get honey. Toby caught it and put it in his bag. He walked along with his bag on his shoulder. In a short time he came to a house and knocked at the door. A woman opened the door and peeped out at him and the fox said, "May I leave my bag here while I go to Shookums?" The woman said, "Yes." Toby went away to Skookums. The woman opened the bag and the bee flew out. A rooster heard that noise which was made by the bee. He ate it up. Toby came back and found that his bag was empty. He caught the rooster and put it in his bag. As he was going down the road, he saw another woman filling her pail with water and he said, "May I leave my bag here while I go to Skookums?" She said, "Yes." Toby went away. She opened the bag a very little bit and the rooster flew out. Her son chased him into a field. When Toby came back, he found that his bag was empty. He saw the little boy and he put him his bag and walked off. He reached the next house and said to the woman, "May I leave my bag here while I go to Skookums?" She said, "Yes." When he was gone, she opened the bag and saw the boy. So she took him out and put the house dog in the bag instead. Toby came back and found that his bag seemed all right. He took it to the woods and opened it when the house dog jumped out and ate poor Toby all up. That's what happened to Toby.—Robert Evan Crowe.

The Story of Jean Valjean

—I am going to tell you the story of Jean Valjean who is the leading character in Hugo's book Les Miserables. He had a sister who was very poor and had a large family of young children. Her husband died, and Jean supported the family. He lost his job and could not get another. The children were starving so one day Jean broke a baker's window and stole a loaf of bread. For this was sent to the galleys for five years. He tried to escape two or three times and his sentence was increased to nineteen years. After he got out of prison on a ticket of leave, no one would give him any food or lodging. When he got out of prison, he was very wicked and hated every body but he met the Good Bishop and after that he became a good man. Many people had driven him away from their doors. One woman who felt sorry for him, told him to go to the Bishop. The Bishop invited him in, called him his brother, gave him a good supper with all his silverware on the table and put him in his best bed to sleep. During the night Jean got up and stole all of the silver except two silver candlesticks and ran away. Two policemen saw him with the silver and arrested him. He told them the Bishop had given it to him. They took him to the Bishop's house and told him what Jean said. The Bishop said, yes he had given him the silver and he asked him why he had left the candle-sticks. The policeman went away. The Bishop told Jean to keep the silver and also gave him the candlesticks. He then blessed him and laid his hands on Jean's shoulders and said he expected him to become a good man, Jean became one of the noblest and most beautiful characters in all literature. It is a very interesting story.—Dorothy Foster.

Androclus and the Lion

In Rome there was a poor slave whose name was Androclus. His master was a cruel man and unkind to him and so he ran away. He hid himself in a wild wood for many days, but there was no food to be found. He became so weak and sick, that he thought he would die, so one day he crept into a cave and lay down and soon he was fast asleep. Soon afterwards a great noise woke him up. A lion had come into the cave and was roaring loudly. He was very much afraid for he felt sure that the beast would kill him, but he saw that the lion was not angry but that he limped as if his foot hurt him. Then he grew so bold that he took hold of the lion's lame paw to see what was the matter. He lifted the paw from the ground and he saw that it was a long, sharp thorn which hurt him. He pulled it out. The lion was very much delighted, and jumped about like a dog and licked the hands and feet of his new friend. After that he was not afraid. When night came, they slept together. The lion brought food to Androclus every day. They became good friends. One day some soldiers who were passing through the woods, found Androclus in the cave. They knew who he was and took him to Rome. Every slave who ran away from his master was made to fight a hungry lion. The lion was shut up for several days without food. When the day came thousands of people crowded to see the sport. The door was opened and Androclus was brought in. He saw the people and he felt sad. Then the hungry lion rushed in, and reached the poor slave but when he saw the lion. Androclus was not afraid. The people, who had expected to see the man killed by the lion, were filled with wonder. They saw him put his arms around the lion's neck and the lion lie down at his feet and lick them. The people asked Androclus to tell them about it and he told about himself and the lion living din the cave together. Androclus and the lion were set free and lived together in Rome for many years.—Olive Johnston.

B. H. S. vs O. S. D

Last Saturday on Jan. 29th the B. H. S. team came and played an exhibition hockey game with our team. The B.H. S. team looked like a stronger team than ours. During the first period our boys were anxious to play. Rodger Pye, a young newcomer took the puck and rushed. He checked and then scored the first goal. Our boys played well and had good combinations at first. They rushed many times but Lloyd, the clever High School goalkeeper saved many shots. Weir, the Intermediate O. H. A. player scored two goals at last. We thought we would win. The score was 4 to 2 in our favor. During the second period the B. H. S. team had good combinations and rushed many times but were disappointed. Meyett, our good goalkeeper saved shots from Weir, Hagerman and Armstrong. But Hagerman, the clever High School player who plays with Belleville team in Junior O. H. A., took the puck and checked well and played to Weir and Armstrong. Hagerman scored. Our boys advanced and they tried to check well. Then Weir took the puck and rushed. He shot to Armstrong, who plays with the Belleville in Junior O. H. A. and he scored. Our boys again played well but they had poor combinations. The score was 4 to 4. During the last period the B. H. S. team played better than our boys. They rushed many times but Meyett saved shots. A. Dick took the puck and skated very fast. He checked well. He shot but Lloyd stopped it. Then Weir and Hagerman scored. Then Pye took the puck and checked well. He rushed and scored and again scored. The score was a tie. But they played ten minutes more. Weir took the puck and shot to Hagerman and Armstrong. Weir scored. Our boys lacked the combinations at last. The score was 7 to 6 in the B. H. S. team's favor. Weir, Hagerman and Armstrong were the best for the B. H. S. Rodger Pye and Alton Dick were the best for our team. Lloyd was the star. Pye scored four out of six of them. Dick and Tate scored one each. Weir scored four. Hagerman scored two and Armstrong scored one. Tate and Novak played well. Holloway who plays with the Belleville team in Jr. O. H. A., was a good referee. The B. H. S. team are:—Lloyd, goalkeeper; Yeoman, left defense; Hagerman, right defense; Weir, centre; Armstrong, left wing; Elliott, right wing and Arnott, spare. The O. S. D. team are:—Joseph Meyett, goalkeeper; Nicholas Novak, left defense; Melvin Cole, right defense; Alton Dick, centre; James Tate, left wing; Rodger Pye, right wing and Willie McGovern, spare.—Lionel Joe Goldman.

—Perhaps you would like to know the story of the Golden Fleece. I will tell you. A long time ago in the land of the Greek's there was a king named Æson. But his brother, Pelias drove him out of the kingdom and kept it for himself. Æson had a little boy named Jason. He was afraid that Pelias would kill the boy if he let him stay. So he took him by the hand and went up into the mountains. Soon Æson had to carry Jason because he was so little. After a long time they came to a cave. Æson put the little boy down and told him to go in. "Don't be afraid" he said. The little boy was brave and he walked into the cave at once. As he went in, he heard the sound of a harp and a man's voice singing. Æson stood near the door to listen to the music. When the song ended he went away. Jason saw old Chiron the centaur, he was as wise as a horse and a man together. Chiron called Jason to come to him. Jason began to tell his name. But Chiron smiled and said "I know your name, I saw you coming with Æson." Æson went away weeping. But Jason did not weep. He was pleased with the cave and the centaur and the golden harp. When the sun set, the other boys who lived in the cave, came home. They had been hunting. They were with Father Chiron. They had a good time everywhere. Jason was so young that for a while he forgot his father. He learned to hunt and wrestle and ride on Chiron's back and to play upon the harp. So ten years passed, Jason grew to be a strong man. He was tired of living in the cave. He wanted to go back to his own land and find his father. Chiron let him go alone. As Jason went down the mountain, he came to a river. He was about to plunge into the water when he saw an old woman. She wanted to cross the river. So he helped to carry her over. Then he came to his own land to meet Pelias. Pelias forgot him. Jason said to him, "My name is Jason." "Æson is my father," "This is my kingdom." Pelias invited him in and made a feast. He talked kindly to the young man. After the feast, Pelias told him that he wanted to find a men to do a brave deed for him. Jason did it for him and brought home the golden fleece which Pelias wanted. He sent a message to call the heroes to go with him. They had been his playmates in the cave. They built a ship and called it the Argo. When the ship was built, Jason sent for Orpheus. They sailed till they came in sight of Chiron's mountain. Then they landed and went up to see the old centaur once more. In the morning the heroes sailed away. Chiron stood upon the bluff until they were out of sight. After many days they landed to get water. Great giants with arms came out to drive them away. But the heroes killed the giants. After that they came to the land where the golden fleece was kept. The king of the land saw the ships. He came down in his chariot to see what Jason wanted. Jason wanted the golden fleece. It belonged to the Greeks. He fought with the king's warriors for the fleece. Jason won the golden fleece. The princess looked at him a long time. Then she gave him a box of ointment. She told him to put it on himself and his shield. At sun rise, Jason put the ointment on himself and his shield. The heroes threw spears at him. They tried to cut him with their swords. Then seven men tried to throw him, but they could not. After a long time Jason met another giant. He was made of brass and had fire in his veins. He took the sailors in his arms and burned them to death. When a ship came, he heated himself red hot in a furnace. The princess said she would go on shore first and met the gaint. Jason knew how wise she was. So he let her go. Soon the gaint came. The grass withered under his feet. The princess began to sing a magic song. The gaint stood still to listen. "Show me where you put the fire in your veins" said the princess. The gaint was enchanted by the magic song. The gaint awoke from the charm. He sprang into the sea to sink the ship. The water hissed and bubbled. But all the fire ran out of the giant's veins and he sank to the bottom of the sea. The heroes landed and got water. Then they sailed away. After a long time they reached their own land. All people thought they were dead long before. No one knew them, they had been gone so long. Jason went up to the palace of the king. There by the fire sat Pelias and Æson. They were both old, Jason became king at last. Do you understand?—Thomas Goulding.

The Clock

A clock has two hands. One hand is long and one short. The hands of the clock have names. The short hand is the hour hand. The long hand is the minute hand.

The hands travel. The minute hand travels faster than the hour hand.

The hour hand travels from one o'clock to two o'clock in an hour, and the minute hand will travel all the way around the face in one hour.

Can you tell the time of day?

How long will it take the hour hand to travel from three to four o'clock? How long will it take the minute hand to travel from five to six o'clock.—The Wooster First Reader.

Nine little Kittens

Nine little kittens on the garden gate;
One heard a dog bark, then there were eight.
Eight little kittens looking up to heaven;
One fell some raindrops, then there were seven.
Seven little kittens playing funny tricks;
One lost his balance, then there were six.
Six little kittens, my sakes alive!
One saw a robin, then there were five.
Five little kittens—Johnny slammed the door,
Hollered "Scat!" and then, I guess, there were only four.
Four little kittens climbing up a tree,
One got up and and left the rest, then there were three.
Three little kittens said, "Mew! mew! mew!"
One fell asleep, then there were two.
Two little kittens sitting in the sun;
Both saw the milkman, then there were none.—From "Little Rhymes for little Readers."

Can You Guess—?

One day in September Jack and Fred went to the woods. They carried a basket. They found some things under a tree. They were small and hard and round. Jack and Fred picked them up, and put them into the basket.

What were they?

The Seasons

The seasons are spring, summer, autumn and winter.

When leaves begin to grow, it is——.

When the trees have leafy green crowns, it is ——.

When the trees have leaves of red and gold, it is——.

When there are no leaves on the trees, it is——.

When there are pretty eggs in the nests, it is——.

When there no eggs and no little birds in the nest, it is——.

When the brook begins to run to the sea, it is ——

When the brook cannot run, it is ——.—From "The First Riverside Reader."

Prepositions

Fill in the blanks

1. The boys skate —— the rink every day.
2. We have some plants——the window sills.
3. Ellen sits——Doris and Audrey.
4. Nathan put the chairs——the wall.
5. Bert dropped a potato——a hoop.
6. Harry's pencil rolled——the table but it did not break.
7. Dous took a book ——a desk.
8. The rink is——the boys' residence.
9. Our dog wears a collar——his neck.
10. George sits——Nathan.

A Horse

We have a bay horse. I played with it last summer.—Alonzo Wood.

Geography Grade IV

Copy the questions and write short answers

1. How many continents are there?
2. Name them.
3. In which continent do we live?
4. Name three countries in North America.
5. In what province do we live?
6. What is the capital of Ontario?
7. Which way is Toronto from Belleville?
8. Which ocean is farthest north?
9. Which ocean is south of Asia?
10. Which ocean does a ship cross going from Asia to the United States?
11. Name the continents in the Eastern Hemisphere?
12. Name the continents in the World.

Write long answers.—

13. What and where are:—

1. Ontario	6. Toronto
2. North America	7. France
3. Belleville	8. Quinte
4. The United States	9. Moira
5. Pacific	10. Canada

14. Name the parts of a plant.
15. Name five vegetables that grow above the ground.
16. Name five vegetables that grow in the ground.
17. Which vegetables do we always eat raw?
18. Which do we always eat cooked?
19. Which vegetables do we sometimes eat raw and sometimes eat cooked?

Ask, Say and Tell Stories for Grade III

1. The Smith children had many pets and one day John said to Edith, "Take your kitten for a walk. I will take Rover."

2. Edith said, "Do not let Rover chase my kitten."

3. Ruth said to Edith, "Please, buy a cracker for my parrot."

4. John said to Ruth, "I want to teach Rover to stand on his hind legs and beg something to eat."

5. Edith said to John, "Do not let Rover steal Polly's cracker."

6. Ruth said to John, "Polly likes Rover, but she does not like Fluff."

7. John said, "Is Polly afraid of Fluff?"

8. Ruth said, "I do not think so." "I saw Polly bite the kitten the other day."

9. John said, "Can Polly talk?."

10. Ruth said, "She can talk very well."

11. Edith said to Ruth, "Did you feed Fluff this morning?"

12. Ruth said, "I am sorry I forgot to feed Fluff. "We will go home and feed her now."

News Items from Junior Dept

Miss Ward's class

Wallace Sloan did some writing on the slate all by himself this week. He does splendid work for such a small boy.

Willie Hutchinson is getting to be one of our best boys. He is improving greatly in all his work.

Estella Gerow is one of the brightest pupils in the class especially in lip-reading.

Stuart Gwynne is a jolly little fellow and is also good at lip-reading.

Morris Glasner, a late comer from Toronto, is a lively little chap and is beginning to do good work.

All the pupils of this class are in attendance at school now and getting along well.

We are glad to have Robert Thompson back with us. He is a tall fine looking boy and is plump, rosy and happy. He is learning well.

Ian Simpson is a good-natured, clever little fellow and is a favorite with everybody.

Dennis Armes is leading the class for the boys at present while Rose Benedict is head of the girls. They will have to work hard however to hold their places as those who have been out of school for a while are good pupils and will soon catch up to them.

Emma Mazzali, our little friend from Windsor, is a bright happy little girl and will soon be one of our best pupils.

Florence Garside and Susie Sheritt are splendid girls and are doing excellent work.

Miss Bradley's Class

Pearl Liddle received a letter from her mother on Monday. She was pleased to get it and showed it to her teacher.

Francis Meyett looks well in his new sweater. He is proud of it.

Ruby Snell can speak fifteen words now. She gets excited sometimes when she is talking.

Bert Richardson, Francis Meyett and Jimmie Faunce like to watch the big boys play hockey.

Carl Bradshaw likes the toboggan slide so well that sometimes he forgets to come to school.

Jean Green is a good writer.

Anna Pembleton, Doreen Storks, Gladys Clark and Isabella Laforte write very nicely now.

Pearl Chamberlain getting along very well in an oral class. She can say her sounds well.

Miss Wilson's Class

Walter Scott, Alex Glennie and Leslie Proctor received boxes from home last week. They were very much pleased.

Elmer Franklin had his picture taken last week. He will send one home.

Jack Hermon is getting a pair of glasses.

Julia Anderson can say many words.

Grace Dart's aunt sent her a postal card. Grace was delighted.

Douglas McMillan likes to draw pictures of aeroplanes.

Miss Scott's Class

I saw a cat. Miss Reid gave a book to me.—Jean Thompson.

I have a balloon. I fell.—Esther Stoner.

I like cocoa. I ate some candy.—Esther Bowen.

I ate some cake. I like cake.—Margaret Bowen.

John threw a ball. Esther carried two dolls.—Kenneth Andrews.

I spun a top. I like fish.—Charlie Lee.

I skated. I saw a horse. Irene has a balloon. I have a blue cap.—John H. Roberts.

I skated yesterday. I saw a black cat.—Joseph Jubin.

I have some candy. A baby came.—Harry Dennis.

I have a book. I fell.—Jay Davis.

Irene has a balloon. Harris Maw.

Miss Nurse's class

I danced. A boy cut my hair.—Sadie Little.

I got a box home from last Saturday. I have many candies.—Margaret Brent.

I got a new comb and some tooth-paste from home.—Alminia Wagler.

My father and mother came last Friday. They gave a new dress to me.—Bessie McGovern.

The sun shines. It is cold.—Sidney Wall.

I have two new caps.—Walter Daniels.

I have a book.—Elsie Luke.

I played yesterday afternoon.—William Krick.

I sewed yesterday afternoon.—Ada Barnes.

We shall sew on Friday.—Jack Angus.

I have a ball.—Gordon Webb.

Miss Malcolm's Class

We have a new victrola at school now.—Grace Moors.

Grace has a pretty ribbon. Audrey Pittaway.

We shall have a carnival February 12th.—Ellen Donovan.

Gladys Blais' birthday will be tomorrow.—Doris Wenzel.

We shall have some races next Friday.—George Windsor.

It snowed yesterday. We are glad.—Harvey Henderson.

Miss Panter's class

I got a new pair of skates at Christmas. I like them. I skated on the rink yesterday afternoon. The ice was not smooth.—Lucy Wright.

I got a new pair of boots, and a new pair of rubbers, and a new coat, and a tam and mittens at Christmas. I got a new trunk last Wednesday. I was glad.—Florence Roberts.

I have a new ribbon. I wore it to school yesterday. My mother gave it to me. I have a new handkerchief but I did not carry it. I have two barrettes. I wore them yesterday.—Gwen Egginton.

I shall give fifteen cents to Miss Ford next Saturday. She bought a cocoanut for me. I got funny papers from home last Saturday. I was glad. I skated on the girls' rink yesterday afternoon.—Louis Mallusky.

I have ten cents. My sister sent it to me in a letter last Thursday.—Beatrice Moore.

I got a new dress last month. It is blue. I wore it to Sunday school last Sunday. I got a pair of stockings and some handkerchiefs at Christmas.—Alma Olson.

I have a pair of skates. My mother gave them to me at Christmas. I like to skate. I had a good time at Christmas.—Freida Ducker.

I like to skate. I had a good time last Wednesday. I skated on the rink. I shall play hockey this afternoon. I did not get a letter yesterday. Perhaps I shall get a box this afternoon.—Frank Radmore.

I got a letter from Myrtle last Saturday. I got some cornflakes and some oranges. Perhaps I shall get a letter at dinner time. Perhaps mother will come to see me next week.—Bruce Yerrow.

I got a letter from my mother last Friday. I hope I shall get a box next week. I shall write a letter to my father next week. I played hockey last week.—Cecil Murtell.

I have ten cents. My sister Inez gave it to me. I have a side comb. I gave a little envelope to Gwen last Friday.—Cylene Youngs.

Miss Rierdon's Class

It snowed this morning. It rained too. The rain froze on the sidewalk. Many boys and girls fell down coming to school this morning.—Caroline Buchan.

Carrie Buchan got a letter from home. She was glad to get it. Her mother told her that she sent a ribbon to her. Carrie will tie her hair with the ribbon. She hopes the new ribbon will be pink.—Irene Foster.

I saw some sparrows on a mountain ash tree. They were eating the red berries. They like to eat them in the winter.—Nettie Wall.

I saw a bird eat a cake yesterday afternoon. I saw Nellie slide and fall on the rink. I saw some little boys skating on the girls' rink yesterday afternoon. I saw some big girls skating on the boys' rink. I saw a boy skate and fall.—Viola Johnston.

I wrote a letter to mother yesterday. I think I shall receive a letter from my father this afternoon. My father did not come to see me at Christmas. My mother may come to see me at Easter.—Jean Garvin.

Some teachers played hockey with the deaf girls yesterday. The score was one to one. I shall play when I am a big girl.—Nellie Laughlin.

Monday, Feb. 14th will be St. Valentine's birthday. We shall make Valentines on Friday. We shall decorate our schoolroom with them for our party. We love St. Valentine.—Ethel Bishop.

I got a box from my mother last week. I was glad to get the pair of spats, side-combs, funny papers and letters. I got a postcard from my mother yesterday and she told me that she would send a big box to me on St. Valentine's Day.—Mary Harris.

I bought some candies from Mr. Nurse. I paid ten cents for them. I like to buy some candies and eat them. Several other boys bought some too. I did not buy any nuts.—Alcide Audet.

I read in the Globe about many hockey matches. I hope that the Ottawa and the Canadiens of Montreal are victorious. I like to read about hockey in the Globe.—Charles E. Meyette.

Last Tuesday the teachers and the deaf girls played hockey. The score was one to one. Miss Bradley fell against the side of the rink. They laughed at her. The teachers and the the deaf girls were tied. They didn't wave their hands because the game was a tie.—Roy Antaya.

I skated on the girls' rink yesterday. I saw Carrie Buchan skating on the rink. She was shy. She ran and climbed the fence and stood and looked at the boys and girls. I fell down the stairs and hurt both my hands.—Douglas Rivet.

Ontario Association of the Deaf

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THE CANADIAN

SCHOOL MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

TUESDAY, FEB. 15th, 1921

Bible Conference

The Twenty-first Annual Bible Conference of the Toronto Evangelical Church of the Deaf, will be held at Toronto Bible College, 110 College Street, on March 25, 26 and 27. Programmes and cards will be issued soon. Please pray for a blessing on the Conference, and upon all who attend.

P. Fraser,
Superintendent.

HOCKEY

Albert College vs O.S.D.

It was a beautiful day last Saturday and we were glad to have the Albert College hockeyists come out for the postponed game with us. All expected that our boys would finish up with the small end of the score. When the visitors came out for preliminary practice they showed up a fine team of young men. A gentlemen from the college handled the game to the satisfaction of all, handing out penalties impartially to both teams, in fact we think one or two of our players did not get all they deserved. Both teams started out with a rush and during the whole game hard, resolute individual play featured. The college goal-tender was kept very busy man and only his good play saved a heavier score against his team. Our goal warden, on the other hand, seemed half asleep during the first period and let some easy ones go past him. The boys had a heart to heart talk with him during the intermission, and he redeemed himself for the rest of the game and did well. Our team took the ice for the 2nd round with the score 1 to 3 against them; when they went for their second rest it was 6 to 4 in their favor. In the final period the boys slowed the effects of the hard game, but hung on doggedly to maintain their advantage, which they did, the final score being 9 to 7 in their favor. Our visitors were well supplied with substitutes which we lacked badly as we only had one fit to play in such a hard game. Much of the play of our boys was individual, but when they did get together they made good; our visitors on the contrary combined nicely and when they did they usually got past our defence with only the goal-tender to beat and he was generally on the job. All our boys did well and we should not like to specialize. Messrs. Atkinson and Lount did some fine work for our visitors. We hope to have another game before the winter breaks. The following was the line up:

O. S. D.		Albert College
J. Meyett	Goal	McClusky
N. Nowak	Defence	Atkinson
M. Cole	Defence	Guest
A. Dick	Centre	Tanner
J. Tate	Left Wing	Hollinbrake
R. Pye	Right Wing	Yates
W. McGovern	Sub	Gardner
	Sub	Brandon

HOME NEWS

—Miss Armstrong, formerly of our staff but now of Campbellford, invited our lady teachers' hockey team to visit them for a game. They accepted and went out on the afternoon of Friday the 11th. Our folks were welcomed at the rink by a big crowd, which we suppose made them lose their nerve, for they were defeated by a score of 8 to 1. They had a very pleasant visit and were kindly welcomed and entertained. We hear that they are coming to try and scalp us again on our own ice and are getting a special for the trip. Some sports out there.

—Owing to the unfavorable winter for the sport, we have not had the pleasure we anticipated from our toboggan slide. As soon as we got good ice on the slide mild weather would come and destroy it, which made it very discouraging.

—We are just now getting in our supply of ice for next summer. It is not so thick as usual but of fine clear quality.

Our Carnival

Our annual fancy-dress carnival was held on Saturday evening, Feb. 12th, on the boys' rink. For weeks the girls and boys were busy planning and preparing for this event. The mild weather gave rise to many fears that the ice might vanish, but the evening proved ideal, and everyone voted this carnival the best yet. Even the youngest children came out to watch the skaters for a while, and were delighted with the sight. Many of the pupils made their own costumes, keeping them hidden from all other eyes until the eventful evening. They are to be specially congratulated on their fine appearance.

A complete list of costumes and prize winners is given below:

Costumes

Boys

W. McGovern	Fat clown
A. Dick	Lady
J. Tate	Fat Negress
N. Nowak	Bolshevik
J. Meyett	Fat Negro Farmer
M. Cole	Old Negress Maid
G. Hunter	Ugly girl
J. Morseland	Pretty girl
A. Joyce	Sarracen
C. Meyette	Clown
A. Waldron	Old farmer
V. Reading	Polite gentleman
J. Goldman	Mikman
R. Pye	German lady
G. Henderson	English flag
C. Rathwell	Negro
T. Goulding	Negress with a baby
J. Arriage	
M. Coules	Canadian
R. Ford	Proud lady
L. Maiola	Moon face
H. Sloan	Corn boy
C. Davey	Sailor girl
R. Hunter	Chinese
N. Guza	Mamma
L. Thornton	Lloyd Harold
C. Robinson	Supervisor
D. McCallum	Hockey boy
A. Charlton	Negro Milkman
R. Crowe	Jack O'Lantern
W. Tait	Indian
G. Smith	Devil boy
C. Barbour	Old woman
L. Martel	Negro baker
M. Schneider	Negress lady
R. Groves	Maggie
S. Puck	Negro milkman
A. Toppazzini	Hockey negro
A. Hodgins	Crazy jam
D. Laporte	Sultan
F. Bealer	Witch

Girls

Lucy Buchan	Wrigley
Myrel Jackson	Spring
Dorothy Foster	Summer
Maude McKee	Autumn
H. Middleton	Winter
Olive Johnson, Muriel Allen	Butterflies
Etna Sole	An owl
Florence Davis	Snowshoe girl
Agnes Ingle, Gertrude Christian	A Japanese girl
M. Harris	A beautiful girl
Lunetta Delinelle	A Dutch girl
E. Durant	Witch
D. Towns	An Arabian boy
S. Foster	A Clown
L. Jackson	Pansy girl
F. Kenny	Crazy Jane
M. Whalen, R. Williams, X. Smith, M. Eggington	Sailor boys
A. Valentine girl	
F. Leeder	Britannia
O. Tudhope, L. Whalen	Sweet Girl Graduates
M. Campbell	A mother bear
M. Dubois	A father bear
M. Kinsman	An Indian girl
N. Patrick	Pierette
B. Brewer	The Mannequin of Bagdad
Miss Montcalm, Mrs. Williams	Ghosts
Miss Bradley	Indian Girl
Miss Carroll	Irish Girl
Miss Curry	Canadian Sports in Winter

The following are the names of the prize winners:—

1st and 2nd prizes for the best dressed senior girls, Muriel Allen and Olive Johnston.

1st and 2nd prizes for the best dressed intermediate girls Flora Leeder and Florence Davis.

1st and 2nd prizes for the most original girls' costume Blanche Brewer and Lucy E. Buchan.

1st and 2nd prizes for the best comic girls' costumes, M. Whalen and D. Towns.

1st prize for the best fancy skater, B. Brewer

1st and 2nd prizes for the best dressed senior boys, Raymond Hunter and Alton Dick.

1st and 2nd prizes for the best dressed intermediate boys, Dennis Laporte and Harry Sloan.

1st and 2nd prizes for the most orginal boys' costumes Lorenzo Martel and Andrew Joyce.

1st and 2nd prizes for the most comic boys' costumes. Tom Goulding and Joseph Meyette.

1st and 2nd prizes for the best fancy skaters Melvin Cole and Willie Mc Govern.

TORONTO TOPICS

Mr. Albert Roberts, water commissioner of the city of St. Thomas, was in this city for a few days early in Feb. on Government business and while here visited his nephew, H. W. Roberts, and other relations.

We regret to report that Mr. E. Peterkin, son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Slater, is suffering from a blood clot on the arm and is in a very serious condition. He has to remain very quiet. He hope he will safely pull through.

We understand that a surprise party was got up in honor of the natal day of Mrs. F. H. Roupp on Jan. 28th. A very jolly time was enjoyed amid plenty of excitement and frivolity.

Mr. Percy Allen took a jaunt down to Montreal on the 27th, where he spent a couple of days.

Mr. Charles McK. B. Holton was pleased to receive a visit from his brother of Belleville, who came up on Feb. 7th on a two days' stand.

We were all surprised yet pleased to hear of the marriage of our young friend, Miss Marie McLaren, and wish the best of luck. She cleverly kept all in the dark regarding the event her till she had safely embarked upon matrimonial voyage.

Mr. John T. Shilton left Monday evening, Feb. 7th, on a business trip to Winnipeg, and returned on Feb. 16th.

Mrs. W. W. Scott has gone on a fortnight visit to her old home at Wingham, port, and in the meantime will assist her mother in entertaining a big social gathering at her parental home.

We congratulate Miss Evelyn Hazlitt upon her recent appointment to the permanent staff of the Toronto office. Rewards come to those who wait.

Our young people's Bible Class, which meets every Sunday evening at the Central Y. M. C. A., and is led by Mr. J. Byrne, is growing wonderfully as regards attendance and enthusiasm shown. Mr. Byrne, though the nominal leader does not do all the speaking himself, for he does not want to be a thorn in the way of others when they wish to come forward and expound their views on Biblical topics, which goes a long way in helping them to become proficient in platform oratory. It helps to cultivate their erstwhile dormant minds. It helps them to find for themselves the shining light that is easily found for those who search. It gives them fresh energy to battle with the problems of Christian living. In this way they learn the way to higher and nobler ideals. This is what Mr. Byrne knows is essential to the bringing up of young saplings of the Book of Life so does all he can to encourage them. It was not long ago when he started this movement with but a meagre handful of adherents but today he has every Sabbath evening a crowded room of his faithful followers, drawn chiefly from the younger element. We trust Mr. Byrne's commanding influence may still expand for the good of humanity. We should not overlook the Wednesday evening Bible Class which is in charge of Mr. J. T. Shilton, and be it said, each meeting is attended by ever-increasing crowds, a happy omen of Christian love and influence. Unlike Mr. Byrne, Mr. Shilton assumes entire charge from opening to close and gives extracts from the Great Book in a terse and comprehensive way, taking great pains to make clear the actual meaning of his subject, which the audience seems to relish with unthing pleasure. They come every week to receive fresh showers of Biblical knowledge in no small numbers.

Miss Evelyn Hazlitt is fast gaining strength after her recent serious operation and she hopes to resume her duties at the post office in the near future.

We regret to say that at time of writing, Dorothy, the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Byrne, is seriously ill with inflammatory rheumatism and is under the Doctor's constant care. We trust she will soon regain her wontomed accustomed health.

Mr Harry Hansefield, who has been working here for several months, has again departed for his parental home in Winnipeg. What's your hurry, Harry?

We all extend our deepest sympathy to Miss Ethel Griffith on the death of her beloved father, who died on February 10th after a week's illness of pneumonia. He was in hissisty-fourth year, and was a kind father and devoted husband. To the bereaved relatives we extend our deepest sympathy in their time of sadness.

The Angel of Death has been cutting a wide swath among our friends lately. On Jan. 28th Mr. Eddie Payne was called to the bedside of his father in Walkerville but returned on the 30th leaving his parent somewhat better but on Feb. 7th word came that his father had gone to the great beyond, having succumbed to that strange malady—sleeping sickness in the early afternoon of his life,—47th year. He was a resident of Toronto until about nine years ago when he moved with his family to Walkerville. He was an engineer by profession. The remains were brought here for interment and the funeral was largely attended. Our deepest condolence goes out to Eddie and his relatives in their trying ordeal.

Mr. Mercier Warner, a Belgian of much refinement and education, is our one latest acquisition. He is a native of Namur, Belgium, a place that made history during the late war. Here he was educated, later going to Paris, France, to further his education. Coming to America last August he settled in New York for a while, then went to Montreal, later drifted to Winnipeg and finally shifted to Toronto. He is a printer and can speak several languages though yet hardly out of his teens. We welcome him.

On Saturday, Feb. 12th, Mr. George W. Reeves went out to Brantford where he gave a lecture to our friends there that evening and next day conducted the Sabbath service. He had good crowds at both meetings.

Mr. R. C. Slater has been offered a good price for his King City summer home but has refused to sell such a beautiful place in spite of the princely sum. Mr. H. W. Roberts, who owns the adjoining property also refuses to sell unless a very tempting offer is forthcoming.

Miss Isabella Barker has returned to our midst after a fortnight's visit with friends in Chesley.—H. W. R.

Sermon for Catholic Deaf

The Catholic deaf residing between Peterboro and Windsor, Ontario, are requested to attend the first sermon during the Lenten Season on March 25, 26 and 27th inclusive to be held at the Loretto Abbey Day School, 387 Brunswick Ave., Toronto, to receive Holy Communion in a body at St. Peter's Church on Easter. Those who wish to come, will please communicate with Mr. Jas. Kelly, 48 Sullivan Street, Toronto, to arrange accommodation.

The Song of the Snow-Flakes

Falling, falling, gently falling,
All the day and night,
Making for the pretty flowers
Blankets warm and white.

Shining, shining, brightly shining,
In the morning light,
Decking every tree with jewels,
Precious, pure, and bright.

Running, running, swiftly running
When the warm winds blow,
Over fields of grass and flowers,
In pure streams we flow.

Praising, praising, ever praising
The dear God above
In our coming, work, and beauty,
Showing you His love.

Two Glasses of Milk

(Continued from page 1)

"If you will trust your mother tome I shall be very happy to do all I can for her. I have my own private sanatorium right here and will personally attend to your mother. In the morning I will send a carriage for her, and you can come to see her every day. If you have any doubts about the matter just write your doctor and tell him I have the case."

The next day her mother was safely established at the sanatorium, and her daughter was assured that everything possible would be done for her comfort. But in the evening there was panic at her aunt's house.

"My child! What have you 'done? That man charges the most terrible prices. They say he gets a thousand dollars for one operation, and when he keeps a patient at his own hospital he charges fifty dollars a week for board and nursing. Oh, dear! you should have asked about this before taking your mother there. Your poor father can never pay such charges.

So the frightened girl fled to her room and wept alone in her dismay; but as she remembered the kind face and gentle tones of the surgeon, she felt that somehow it would come out right.

The operation was entirely successful, and at length the happy daughter was told that she could take her mother home in two weeks. This would make a total stay of four weeks at the sanatorium, and as she realized what this meant, together with the cost of the operation, which the great man had performed himself, the anxious girl began again to wonder, with fear tugging at her heart, how they would ever be able to pay.

The final day arrived. In the surgeon's private office were the father, mother and daughter ready to return to their home. The mother was entirely well and looked better and happier than she had been for years. The father and daughter were happy because of the mother's splendid recovery, but the daughter could not shake off her worry on account of the bill which the surgeon would soon give them.

"Now, I am so glad that you are all right again" he said, "and I hope your little visit with me has done you good that will last. I have put your bill in this envelope, which I will ask you not to open until you get home this evening. Then after you have finished supper you can take it out and talk it over."

A little puzzled, but profuse with thanks for giving back health to the beloved mother, the family departed. That evening when the meal was over, the envelope was brought out and at least one heart beat quickly as the bill was unfolded. Here is the way it read:

To professional service rendered	$
To service at Sanatorium.	$
	$

Received payment in full, by two glasses of milk given to a weary traveller.

All the main facts of this story are true and it is only one illustration of the beautiful truth that giving pleasure is getting pleasure; doing good is receiving good. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have enterained angels unaware."

—Christian Herald.

You will usually find it much easier to correct a bad habit in a child by means of the right story, well told, at the right time, than by any amount of punishment or scolding. And, by the same token you can cultivate mental traits and activities by arousing new interests through stories that awaken the desire to imitate and dramatize. The sense of humor is often awakened and developed through stories; so is the whole series of benevolent emotions—helpfulness, sympathy, courage, fidelity, self-esteem, patriotism — Prudence Bradish in "Mother Love in Action."

A Good Margin

A good, liberal margin is a splendid thing. By providing ourselves with the same we would escape many of the vexations and disappointments we frequently experience.

We might profit by taking a leaf out of the book of nature in this matter. Nature loves a margin. Seeds necessary to the growth of trees, plants and flowers are produced by the million. Only a small percentage of them ever reproduce their kind.

The woodfolk gather and eat great quantities of the nuts grown. Birds grow fat on the seeds as they ripen. Cattle browse and destroy the spreading twigs of the young trees; but nature has provided this ample margin, and has still sufficient left for all practical purposes of restocking forest, garden and field.

Everybody should have a margin in funds. It is very easy to spend every dollar earned these days and live right up to our income, but wisdom is shown in saving a trifle each pay day, thereby providing a margin for unexpected contingencies. The period of personal or family sickness, of hard times and unemployment can be faced with a great deal more cheerfulnes when there is a snug amount to our credit in the bank.

Micawber's philosophy put the case tersely and correctly when he says, "Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and six; result, happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds six; result, misery."

It is of great advantage to have a margin of time. We cannot do ourselves, or the work in which we are engaged, justice when we have to rush at top speed to accomplish our task without a moment to spare. Those who habitually wait for the last car that will get them to their place of business at the last moment are sure to be held up occasionally, and thus throw the whole day's work out of gear, and add to the burden of overwrought nerves. Whereas a ten minute margin would avoid every difficulty.

The captain at the helm scarcely ever runs his boat at top speed, nor does the engineer in his cab put on every pound of steam that his locomotive will stand. To do so would be to wear them out in short order; and body and mind, of which we are master, must have a margin of reserve force to ensure the accomplishment of our best effort.

In China's great wall was recently measured by an engineer, the height being given as eighteen feet. For 1,300 miles the wall goes over plains and mountains, every foot of the foundation being of granite and the rest of the structure solid masonry.

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Alphabet Cards and Writing Pads
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2 for 5c., postpaid 7c.
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Agents wanted or send order direct to the following address. Ask for price list.
A. W. MASON
ARTIST
1 Garden Ave., Toronto, Ont.

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

IT WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send me the names and post office addresses of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them, so that I may forward to them particulars concerning this School, and inform them where and by what means their children can be instructed.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

SCHOOL POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED and distributed without delay to the parties to whom addressed. Mail matter to go away, if put in box in office door, will be sent to city post office at 4 p. m. daily, at 5 p. m. on week days if stamped. The messenger is not allowed to post letters or packets, or receive mail matter for post, or for delivery, for any one unless the same is in the locked box.

LETTERS---PACKAGES---BOXES.

If parents or friends send letters, packages or boxes to pupils, address as follows—

name of pupil
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

☞ Prepay postage, express or freight charges in all cases.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION

WEST—2.15 a. m.; 7.50 a. m.; 11.40 a. m.; 3.00 p. m.; 6.20 p. m.
EAST—12.05 a. m.; 1.56 a. m. 11.10 a. m.; 12.11 p. m.; 4.32 p. m.
MADOC AND PETERBORO' BRANCH—4.20 a. m.; 12.10 p. m.; 5.45 p. m.

Canadian Northern Railway.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS

For Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points: 3.10 A. M. (Except Monday), 8.35 A. M. (Except Sunday), 1.25 P. M. (Except Sunday).
For Trenton, Picton and Intermediate points: 7.00 A. M., 12.35 P. M. and 5.15 P. M. (Daily Except Sunday).
For Maynooth, Bancroft and Intermediate points: 7.00 A. M. (Except Sunday).
For Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points: 7.00 A. M. and 5.35 P. M. (Except Sunday).
For Frankford, Marmora, Coe Hill and Intermediate points: 7.00 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. (Except Sunday).
For Napanee, Deseronto, Harrowsmith, King ston and Intermediate points: 7.55 A. M., 1.35 P. M. and 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday).
For Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate points: 3.10 A. M. and 1.25 P. M. (Except Sunday).
From Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points: 3.10 A.M., 1.25 P.M. (Except Sunday) and 9.35 P.M.
From Trenton, Picton and Intermediate points: 7.55 A. M., 1.35 P. M. and 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday).
From Maynooth, Bancroft and Intermediate points: 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday).
From Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points: 7.00 A. M. and 5.15 P. M. (Except Sunday).
From Kingston, Harrowsmith, Napanee, Deseronto and Intermediate points: 3.15 P. M. (Except Sunday).
From Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate points: 3.10 A. M. (Except Monday) and 5.15 P. M. (Except Sunday).
From Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk: 3.10 A. M. (Except Monday), 5.15 P. M. (Except Sunday).

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THE CANADIAN,
Belleville, Ontario.

TORONTO EVANGELICAL CHURCH OF THE DEAF

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows every Sunday:

West End Y. M. C. A.—Corner of College St. and Devercourt Rd. at 11 a. m.
Toronto Bible School, 110 College St., at 3 p. m.
Central Y. M. C. A. at 11 a.m. and 7.45 p. m.
Bible Class every Wednesday evening at Central Y. M. C. A., 40 College St. at 8 p. m.
Superintendent MR. P. FRASER, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.
Ontario Mission Committee Convener—MR. F. E. HARRIS, 111 St. Patrick St., Toronto.
MRS. R. BYRNE, Deaconess, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.
ALL WELCOME

CATHOLIC DEAF ASSOCIATION

Meets every Sunday at 2.30 p.m. and every Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.

At the Loretta Day School 387 Brunswick Ave

Communicate with the priest in charge
Rev. J. Kirby, Director
Chancellor of Archdiocese
Wellesley Place
Toronto, Ont.

School for the Blind

BRANTFORD, ONT

THE PROVINCIAL SCHOOL FOR the Education and Instruction of Blind children, is located at Brantford, Ontario. For particulars address

W. B. RACE, Principal

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS—From 9.00 a. m. to 1 p.m., with recess from 10.45 to 11.00 during which lunch is served to the pupils.

AS SOON AS THE PUPILS ASSEMBLE in the classroom in the morning morning teacher will open by prayer. At 4 o'clock the pupils will assemble in the chapel and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner. The services are those prescribed for use in the Public Schools of Ontario. Teachers and instructors are to be in their respective rooms and dormitories five minutes before the time for the assembling of pupils.

EVENING STUDY from 7 to 9 p. m. Voluntary reading hour for senior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY—Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. General Lecture at 2.30 p. m. Pupils of all denominations attend their respective churches whenever desired by the pastor in charge.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN.—Rev. Ven. Archdeacon Bennett, M. A. (Anglican). Rev. J. S. Ardagh, B. A. (Presbyterian). Rev. A. H. Foster, (Methodist); Rev. W. H. Wallace, (Baptist); Rev. Father Killeen, Catholic.

BIBLE CLASSES, Sunday morning at 9.45: Intermediates, Miss Ford; Senior Boys, Mr. Carroll, Superintendent. Mr. George F. Stewart; Teachers—Mrs. Bailey, Miss Lang, Miss Hill, Miss Ford, Miss James, Miss Brown, Miss Paley, Miss Reed, Miss Cherry, Miss Bentley, Miss Panter, Miss Springer, Miss Nurse, Miss Sunter, Miss Starr and Miss Malcolm.

THE CATHOLIC PUPILS receive religious instruction on Sunday morning from 8.45 to 9.20 and on Friday afternoon from 2 to 2.30. Teachers, Miss Deannard, Miss Riordon, Miss Bearne and Miss Carroll.

☞ *Clergymen of all denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.*

Industrial Departments:

GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday afternoon, and each week from 2.15 to 4 o'clock.

THE PRINTING OFFICE, SHOE AND CARPENTER SHOPS from 2.30 to 4.30 for junior pupils, and from 2.30 to 5.30 for senior pupils of the school; for those who do not, from 7.30 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 2.30 to 5.30 p. m. each working day except Saturday, when the office and shops will be closed at noon.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASSES are may be arranged from time to time.

THE SEWING CLASS HOURS are from 8.15 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do not attend school, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons

☞ The Printing office, Shops, Sewing Room and Domestic Science Department to be left each day when work ceases in a clean and tidy condition.

☞ Pupils are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments, except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent

☞ Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work in hand to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the School, will be made welcome on any day school. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is as soon after 9 o'clock a. m. as possible.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the School, they are kindly advised not linger and prolong leave-taking with their children. It only makes discomfort for all concerned, particularly for the parents. The child will be tenderly cared for, and if left in our charge without delay will be quite happy with the others in a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. If parents must come, however, they will be made welcome to the class room and allowed an opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodging or meals or entertain guests at the School. Good accommodation may be had in the city at the Quinte Hotel, Crystal, Queens, City and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. No correspondence will be allowed between parents and officers or employes under any circumstances without special permission upon each occasion. Every letter addressed to the Superintendent will be promptly answered.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF PARENTS FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE THEY ARE WELL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every three weeks, and may write oftener if they wish; letters will be written for the teachers for the little ones who cannot write, stating, as nearly as possible, their wishes.

☞ No medical prescriptions that have been used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the school

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise medicines and appliances for the cure of Deafness. In the cases out of a 1000 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well-known medical practitioners in cases of adventitious deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.

THE CANADIAN

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Ontario School for the Deaf, Belleville.

VOL. XXVIII BELLEVILLE, MARCH 1, 1921 NO. 11

ONTARIO SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA
UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. R. H. GRANT,
MINISTER OF EDUCATION, TORONTO.

Officers of the School:

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D. .....*Superintendent*
J. W. PEARCE .....*Bursar*
W. V. BOYCE, M. D. .....*Physician*
DR. J. CHANT, M. D. .....*Aurist and Oculist*
MISS K. A. WILLIAMS .....*Matron*
MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD.....*Assistant Matron*

Teachers:
ORAL
W. J. CAMPBELL
Supervising Teacher Senior Oral Dept.
MISS CATHERINE FORD
Supervising Teacher Junior Oral Dept.

GEO. F. STEWART	MISS K. SCOTT
MISS I. B. PATON	MISS E. NURSE
MISS B. BIRKSHAW	MISS I. CARROL
MISS L. DEANNARD	MISS S. HUNTER
MISS E. PANTER, B. A.	MISS I. MALCOLM
MISS F. CURRY	MISS A. STIRK
MISS G. SPRINGER	MISS E. E. WARD
MISS V. HANDLEY	MISS B. A. WILSON
MISS G. BRADLEY	

MANUAL
MISS GEORGINA LINN
Supervising Teacher Manual Department

D. R. COLEMAN, M.A.	MISS ADA JAMES
MRS. SYLVIA L. BAILS	MISS NINA BROWN

MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD,
Teacher of Domestic Science
MRS. L. G. WILLIAMS, *Teacher of Sewing*
Teacher of Fancy Work

MISS I. MCBRIDE,
Stenographer & Clerk. Instructor of Printing.

WM. NURSE, *Workshop—Associate Supervisor.*	ALEX. MORRISON, *Master Shoemaker.*
W. SMITH, *Supervisor of Boys, etc.*	*Engineer.*
MISS CLARA COOMBS, *Trained Nurse and Instructress in Home Nursing.*	M. W. PARKS, *Master Carpenter.*
	J. N. BOYD, *Master Baker.*

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this School is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, *who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools*

All deaf persons between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are bona fide residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $50 per year for board, Tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf persons whose parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT CHANGED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Baking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in General Domestic Work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of Sewing Machines and such Ornamental and Fancy Work as may be desirable. Manual Training in woodwork for boys, and Domestic Science for girls have been introduced

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

☞ The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

POETRY

Just Across the River

The land that holds our treasures,
Where sin nor death can mar,
The land of lasting pleasures,
Is not so very far;
'Tis only so in seeming.
And in our human fear,
For often in our dreaming
That land is very near.
The land where friends ne'er sever,
The land where loves are living,
'Tis but a moment's journey,
A closing of the eye,
A fluttering breath, a turning
From earth all weariness;
A flight through regions airy,
Swift as a flashing beam—
A sail with business weary,
Over a narrow stream.
Bright land of the forever!
'Tis just across the River.

And when Faith's sunlight lingers
Upon the mystic tide,
Cleons, touched by unseen fingers,
No more its glories hide.
Lost kindred, loves dear, loving,
So near us seem to stand,
That while mortal earth scenes moving
We clasp them hand to hand.
Fair land where loves dies never!
'Tis just across the River.

Then wherefore this repining
For dear ones gone before,
Since Faith reveals them shining
Safe on the other shore!
Though lost to mortal vision,
They're never far away;
And soon to their Elysian
Our weary feet may stray.
Home of the ever living!
'Tis just across the River.

MISCELLANEOUS

His Last Job

The day was exceedingly hot. Joe Pearson, at work on a new china dresser in the old Pearl mansion, sniffed at the heat disapprovingly as he hauled in a length of white pine shelving through the open window.

Between flights of a ladder that boned against the house he could see the lurly form of Wager, a journeyman. Wager deliberately wiped off a wide bandanna handkerchief and buried his perspiring face in it a moment before ascending to his work on the sun-baked roof.

"Don't, my mate," Joe quizzically comforted as Wager bent his head over in apparent agony of surrow. "Well get other jobs somewhere." Wager vouchsafed a shriveled-up smile in acknowledgment as he emerged from the red fold. Then he climbed to his shingling and Joe turned back to the dresser, ruminating on the fact that his firm was going out of business.

He and Wager were on their last job. The chief member of the building and jobbing company had withdrawn himself, and his capital; and his partners, badly crippled financially, were going to close the one-time prosperous shop. One journeyman had already gone to new work without waiting for the general winding up.

Joe had seen happy days in the comfortable shop, with its trim machinery, its row of benches set brightly along the windows, its woody smell, and the spirit of geniality that emanated from firm and working staff alike. The nearing separation was a depressing prospect, but he tried whistling his spirits back now while he set a baseboard around the bottom of the dresser. As he had advised Wager, there was no use taking it too hard.

Wager came down from the roof again after a while and joined Joe in the dining-room. The lurly man still looking him. He did not look well, and admitted that he felt far from tiptop. Sympathetic though he was, Joe could not help smiling when the journeyman handful of nails.

"Certainly," Joe acquiesced "though I don't believe nails are good for whatever is the matter with you. If you want to drive the trouble out of your system, I would suggest swallowing a hammer."

Wager was not too sick to follow the suggestion in part. With a wan smile he snatched up the hammer; and only Joe's quick apology for the bad wit restrained him from throwing the tool.

Before the dresser was quite finished noontime came, with its strident whistles inviting hungry workmen home to the table. As both Joe and the journeyman had ever been content to eat with their families they walked thither together, chatting somewhat despondently about the fortunes of their firm and their own future. But after a relished meal Joe, for one, felt more cheerful, in spite of the fact that in less than an hour he must sever his connection with the shop where he had nearly finished learning his trade. On the way back to his work he observed that the weather was growing darkening. The hot spell was threatening a lively storm of wind and rain.

"I'm not surprised that even the weather seems gloomy about our going out of business." Joe muttered, with one last look at the lowering sky as he turned through the fine grounds of Mr. Pearl on his way to the house that was being put into repair as the final operation of the firm.

He was just finishing touches on the dresser about half an hour after noon, when Mr. Pearl came in to note progress. The sun had almost disappeared by this time, and the sky had darkened fast. But there was light enough for the portly gentleman to see that Joe was doing good work. Anyway he knew of old that the young fellow could be trusted. Joe had worked for him off and on ever since entering the shop.

A rumble of thunder drowned Mr. Pearl approving comment as he glanced over the dresser. "That's our firm breaking up business," Joe whimsically commented when Mr. Pearl's face turned involuntarily toward the window, suddenly sheeted with lightning flame. "Or else it is Wager hammering with both hands to get through patching the roof before the rain comes."

But Mr. Pearl told him that Wager had not yet come back from his dinner. The surprised Joe stopped sandpapering a moment at the news, and considered. Evidently the despondent Wager was quite ill. Meanwhile there was a big hole in the roof.

A storm such as was threatening would do hundreds of dollars' worth of damage to the walls of the house, the pictures, and the carpets.

Joe frowned. He was not wanting in consideration of his mate; but the situation was serious. Dropping his sandpaper immediately he picked up a hammer, left the house and ran rapidly up the ladder. A glance showed him that two or three hours' work at the least would have to be done. A considerably large area of shingles had been removed to find the leak; and Wager had cut a section of board underneath. Joe stuck his hammer in a convenient holding-place, and slipped down the ladder again with the agility of a monkey.

Mr. Pearl was at the foot dubiously considering the situation, while Joe went after a piece of pine for the patch. "Telephone the weather bureau to hold off a couple of hours," the young fellow laughingly urged his employer. "and please hunt up some canvas, in case they are too cranky to accommodate us. We'll make a fight for it."

The canvas would have sufficed for an ordinary rain, but the coming storm promised to be unique in its savageness. Joe back on the roof again, settled fiercely to work. As he declared afterwards, he must have sawed with one hand, set the nails with his teeth and pushed the shingle in with his feet, while his remaining hand measured and set the next shingle.

The perspiration poured from his face. The increasing humidity made the heat even more oppressive.

Yet he did not mind the heat so much. The one thing that did trouble him, apart from his anxiety to finish before the storm came, was the prospect of losing a situation by the delay. Thompson the journeyman who had already found another place, had asked to down come down town about noon and takeup with an opening that offered.

A rumbling burst of thunder crashed into his meditations and a flashing glare of lightning warned him to put aside all personal considerations and hasten. "All right; I'll hurry; don't scold," he adjured, with a glance at the sky to measure chances.

The storm with the perversity of its kind seemed ominously imminent, and yet held off. The minutes and the quarter hours flew by one after another while the shingles fell in place and were nailed fast with musical speed. Joe was a good mechanic, and he made every ounce of energy tell.

The thunder roared intermittently, and the great light of the heavens played constantly over the one actor on the stage. Anxious Mr. Prael, down below, called up once to ask if there was any way in which he could help. Joe shook his head.

"Not unless you can get a policeman to arrest the storm," he chuckled back. "But I think I'm going to win." He was not quite the victor, however. The rumbling began to patter on the shingles, and Joe redoubled his efforts. Even when the shower came thick and fast, he stayed on, snipping with his chisel, setting and nailing at a speed that rivalled the lightning and bid fair to beat it out.

While he fastened down the last piece the rain poured off from his cap. He was as thoroughly drenched as if he had been plunged into a tub of water. But finally his triumphal journey down the ladder was acclaimed by the booming of the thunder, flash upon flash of light, and a flood of water. Too wet to enter the house he sought refuge on the front porch, where Mr. Prael was enjoying the gymnastics of the weather.

While they watched the tops of the trees bend over before the gale, a figure suddenly emerged from the darkness and the flood of waters, coming off from the highway at a run to take shelter on the veranda. It was Thompson, caught by the storm in an errand to the lumber yard. Between the rumblings of the thunder he expressed his regret that Joe had delayed coming down for the promised piece, which had been given to another applicant less than an hour before Thompson left on his errand.

Joe followed a grimace of disappointment to cross his features when he found that his service to Mr. Prael had lost him a prospective job. He contented himself, however, with quietly voicing his own regret, and reiterating his thanks to Thompson. His first duty had been his present employer's interests, whatever it cost; and he had learned that a customer's interests were usually identical with the employer's. Heading down and pressing the water from his trouser legs with a running squeeze of his hands, he humorously inquired of Thompson: "How would you like your doctor to go to another patient and leave you with a big hole in your roof during such a storm as this?"

Thompson laughed. The storm had lulled now, and he prepared to move on. Joe turned to gather up his tools, carefully observing that Mr. Prael's glance was fixed attentively upon him. A few minutes later the portly man came and thanked him for the fast and efficient work on the roof. At the same time he sympathized with Joe in losing the promised job. "It is the misfortune of Thompson's firm not to secure a conscientious man." Mr. Prael declared, with such a courtly bow that Joe felt almost repaid for losing the place. Yet, as he wended his way down the street toward the shop to report and take his belongings home, he sighed.

While he made his report to the bookkeeper, Mr. Weston, foreman of the shop and member of the firm,

(Continued on page 8)

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Eight pages.

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At the Ontario School for the Deaf

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

GEO. F. STEWART, - - - - EDITOR.

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Teaching Shop Language

Mr. Cope, Superintendent of the New Jersey School, recently addressed the Teachers' Association of the Mt. Airy School on the methods used in his school for teaching shop language. The Mt. Airy World reports his remarks in part as follows:

"Teaching shop language, he said, is only a matter of getting away from the more formal method of teaching English in the academic department. It is all language—and technical language is just as essential to the after life of our pupils as the routine English taught in the classroom.

"He said he receives a great many communications from former pupils of the school and in most cases they show a decided lack of ability to express themselves in understandable English. In order to correct this fault as far as possible and also to help them more in their commercial life, two plans have been adopted.

"One is to have a language teacher from the academic department, at certain stated periods each week, act in conjunction with the instructors in the trades classes and teach technical language right in the shops—where the materials, tools, machinery, etc. give the proper atmosphere to both teacher and pupils. That is, for the time being make it as near like school as possible.

"The teacher of arithmetic also goes to the shops occasionally to take up what might be called shop mathematics —and there are a great many problems, in which arithmetic plays a very important part, that confront our pupils while they are learning a trade and much more so when they leave school to earn their own living.

"Another method is to have the language teachers take their pupils over to the different shops and give all, boys and girls alike, an all-around lesson in the use of technical expressions, names of different machines, tools, materials, etc., found in the different trade classes. This field, for instilling knowledge into the pupils, is practically unlimited."

Commenting on this address, the Mt. Airy World speaks of methods in that school:

"In summing up, it seems to us that most, if not all of the instruction mentioned by Superintendent Pope should come direct from the instructors in the different trades—especially where the time and opportunity is given for that particular object. The use of time cards, on which the advanced pupils write a description of what they have been doing during the period; plainly labelling the different objects which they use—and also written work in which the pupils are required to give the names and uses of the different machines, tools, etc., are some of the methods we use. On the other hand if the language teachers would bring their classes to the trades department more often for general observation and use the visit for a language lesson —that would be very beneficial to the pupils also."

TORONTO TOPICS

On Feb. 15th Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mason were invited to tea and the former came in direct from work, unaware of what was in store for him. At 8 o'clock in the evening, while he was pleasantly conversing with his kind hostess, about twenty-five or more of his friends rushed in upon him with more haste than grace and dignity, and almost causing him to make a call for the police. So scared was he that he could hardly hold his breath. Seeing that his wife was simply smiling, he became suspicious of a plot and his doubts were appeased when all reminded him of his natal day. "Grandpa" Mason's fears then changed to joy and tears. The evening was spent in merriment, in which there was one chief feature and that was shooting the donkey eye blindfolded in which all had a try. Mrs. Alex Buchan, Sr., got a large box of "Laura Secord's" famous eats for paving the way. Miss Carrie Brethour, who did her best to be a King's prize winner, but hit another object a mile away, was given a laughing baby doll to help her out of her embarrassment. During the race, an innocent chap unceremoniously strolled across the danger zone and almost got his head squirmed off by a nervous maiden who mistook him for the donkey. After a sumptuous lunch had been served around by the host and hostess, Mr. Walter Bell, in his usual modest yet convincing way, called for a vote of thanks for Mr. and Mrs. George Elliott and wishes for many more years of happiness for "Grandpa" Mason which were given with a will. Mr. Samuel Pugsley brought the gathering to a close with a flash light snap of the jolly bunch.

There was a bumper crowd, in fact, one of the largest crowds we have had this season, at our club on Feb. 12th, and no wonder, for every one knew the affairs of the evening would be directed by the ladies, and all turned out en masse. In justice be it said, the whole affair was got up almost entirely by that indefatigable worker, Mrs. Henry Whealy, and judging by the way it was managed under her supervision, we must admit it outdid our most sanguine expectations, and this ever smiling lady well deserved the good words that were spoken of her afterwards. It would sure interest your readers to have a brief account of what happened at this shrine of fun, so here is a concise narrative. After Miss Mary E. O'Neil had rendered a beautiful sonnet, the door opened and in strolled a seemingly old lady whose awkward appearance both in manner and dress reminded nearly all of Shakespeare's immortal novel, "The Taming of the Shrew," so faithful and graphic was her portrayal, as she slowly told a pathetic tale of how her heart had been broken by a young lover's refusal to take her hand after he had made the solemn vow and how she afterwards scorned every guy who proposed to her. Who she was no one could figure out and all stood on their heads in amazement when her mask was removed and the sweet girlish face of Miss Marion Powell was revealed. We are still guessing how she so cleverly outwitted us. A liberal appliance of face powder and the donning of female garb of legendary days did the trick. Next came the wall of the spooners in which Miss Muriel Kennedy and Mr. Asa Forrester were the principals and they caused no end of laughter on showing symptoms of impatience at the failure of either one to turn up at the appointed place of meeting. Mrs. A. H. Jaffray held the audience close as she gave a recitation of the Count and the Wedding Guests. After this came Mr. Charles Elliot in his wonderful rendition of the "Bachelor" Song." So gracefully of motion was it given that the whole audience were held spell bound.

Here is the song:-

The Bachelor's Love Song

My bachelor's den is a queer old pen,
In the midst of a city's din,
Overlooking the tide that goes ebbing
out,
And the flow that comes rushing
in.
'Tis cheerful and bright, 'tis a home
to me,
A quiet and peaceful place,
Tho' it never knew the warmth of a
mother's heart,
Nor the light of a woman's face.
I sit in the dusk as the sun goes
down,
And smoke in a dreamful way.
And gaze at the paintings that hang
on the wall
The faces of friends far away.
One is the face of a fair young girl,
As bright as the morning skies,
Who smiles at me ever with Angel's
love
From the depth of her dark blue
eyes.

She was my first, my only love,
Forget her I never can;
Her love has followed me all through
life,
And made me a better men.
Hers the lips I first tenderly kissed
With love as deep as the sea;
And the last lips I kissed, as I bade
home farewell
Were the lips that are smiling at
me.
Oh! mother, my love for you never
grew dim
Through the long years of toil and
unrest,
And I love you to day as I did long
ago
When you lulled me to sleep at
your breast,

Equally as charming and fascinating was Miss Eva Elliott's rendition of that far famed song, "the Charge of the Light Brigade." Truly our blood did boil with pride and patriotism as she vividly portrayed this famous charge in poetical emotion and Eva added more zest to the climax by appearing very nattily in the full regalia of a British general of Her Majesty's Crimean Cavalry. She as well as her brother were loudly applauded. The next was a "Theatrical Upheaval" and frankly speaking it brought forth convulsions of laughter during its performance and those who figured in the play were, Mrs. Walter Bell, Mr. Walter Bell and Mr. Frank Pierce. It was very interesting. Last but not least came the melodrama of the "Guest at the Goethe Cafe," in which Messrs. William Hazlitt and Walter Bell were the principals. It was a treat to see how imitating the former proved himself as he entered the German Cafe to quench his thirst on beer and limberger cheese. Mr. Hazlitt has a clever way of changing his attitude to suit any occasion and this was a foregone conclusion when waiter Bell gave the opposite bargain for his greenbacks. This amusing spectacle brought down such a storm of laughter that a gentleman unintentionally looked in at the door, mistaking, as he said afterwards, our room for a pen of Mr. Tooley's Pekin ducks. This was a memorable evening in many ways.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts entertained a number of their relatives and friends on Feb. 18th to meet their cousins, Miss Nellie McLean of Priceville, Mr. Archie Ferguson of Hopeville and Mr. John Ferguson of Proton.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Thomas, of Oakville, were visiting their nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. James De Long, in this city during the last two weeks of February. They are always welcome. Mr. and Mrs. De Long, who were married last September, are very cosily settled at 182 Glendowyinne Ave. High Park, and both are very popular with the Deaf. Mr. De Long, who went overseas as a gunner, is clerking in the Bank of Commerce on Bloor St.

Mr. Amos Swick, of Hamilton, after a week's trip to Ottawa, stopped over to renew old friendships here over the week end of Feb. 20th.

Mr. H. W. Roberts was delighted to receive an interesting letter from Willie Kay of Stevens Point, Wis. He is real well and enclosed a few porcupine quills. It is very interesting to learn from them how wonderfully nature has provided these little quadrupeds to defend themselves in time of danger.

We are pleased to say that Mr Bicknell, a brother-in-law of Mr. Asa Forrester has left the general hospital here where he had an operation for appendicitis. We trust he will continue to get stronger.

Mr. Scott, a clerk at postal Terminal has been transferred to the midnight staff at station "A." He says he likes the change.

After Mr. Chas. Elliott had got as far as the end of the sixth verse of his song he paused a moment and asked all if they knew who his "girl" was. There was many a query asked of one another as they began to calculate on if he had ever figured in the roll of a real Lochinvar but all got stung as Charles went on and finished his piece. Many remarked that Miss Elliot would make an ideal commander of a Russian Woman's battalion of Death.

Mr. Harold Tait, of Lynden, was an interested spectator at a recent Junior hockey match between De LaSalle and Hamilton Beavers at the arena. While here he was the guest of friends.

Mr. A. H. Jaffray acted as presiding magistrate and looked very pretentious in judicial apparel. Miss Marie Goromaly was court clerk and stenographer. "Sir" George W. Reeves and "Sir" John T. Shilton were prosecuting and defending counsels respectively and both handled the intricate questions with ease. Mr. Walter Bell was the Court Constable and his burly appearance and peacock stride well fitted him for the position. William Hazlitt was the "Sherlock Holmes" and great was he as he performed his cunning wiles in wearing apparel of the King Solomon period. He wore one black and one white shoe and was equipped with a flash light and all the paraphernalia that go with a sleuth. He made many in the crowd feel nervous as he stole into their midst almost unnoticed and arrested indiscriminately any one guilty of slightest infringement of the law, and as a result many fell by the wayside. Mr. Slater was fined for too much checker playing, though his defence was to avoid Sleeping Sickness. Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Watt were assessed for quarrelling in their home, despite their plea of making music for the baby. Mr. P. Fraser failed to get a new license number for 1921, and had to pay though he has not had a spin for many moons. Mrs. Alex McCaul is extravagant on Laura Secords and had to pay for her spend thriftiness despite her plea that it was her daily breakfast. Mr. Chas. Elliott had to part with a few coins because he made music of his soup. His excuse was he ate a frog and it would croak, hence the music, and Mr. Asa Forrester and Miss Muirel Kennedy were fined for spooning. They claimed the spoons were for their wedding. Mr. Chas. Ford paid dearly for sending a Valentine Card to Miss Beulah Wilson. He was dreaming of another honeymoon. Miss English derailed a street car by flirting with the conductor and had to pay for failure to come out Saturday nights, but he claimed he could not see in the dark. Traffic was blocked for over a mile all four ways at Queen and Yonge Sts. because Mrs. H. W. Roberts exuded too many smiles and was fined accordingly, though she claimed a smile was the best known remedy for any body's ills. Mr. Colin McLean was too Scotch and had to pay. His defence was that he fed on porridge. Miss Carrie Brethour was fined for a B. O. T. A. She did not know it was water. Mr. J. C. Walker wouldn't give his age and was fined, though he said he was afraid his girl would desert him. Miss Marion Powell boasted of being a daughter of the chief of the Boy Scouts because she could pow wow well, but it costs to boast. Miss Casey chewed too much in court, and it cost her more than the gum did: but she claimed she was no cow. Mrs. Bell made too much noise and paid though she claimed she had a right to do so as she had three little bells and a big one that rang every day. Miss Dorothy Hazlitt growls for candy at every turn and growled more when fined. Mrs. Shilton was charged for her curiosity, but she put in a plea it was sympathy she had for his honor. Miss Isabella Barker went away without permission and had to pay for her folly.—H. W. R.

PUPILS' PAGE.

—Last year I worked in the carpenter-shop. I learned to make a small table on which flowers stand. Now I am making a large piece. It is a writing desk. If I come back to school next year, I shall make a larger piece than it.—Raymond Hunter.

—We shall have a holiday on Good Friday. My mother will come to see me at Easter, perhaps. We shall have a party. We shall have a good time. We shall play baseball next spring. Do you enjoy playing baseball.—Jack Moreland.

—Miss Paten taught us how to make a relief map of North America. I want to know how to learn my lessons. We are learning about highlands, slopes and river basins. There are many mountains and high mountains and mountain-peaks and many rivers in North America.—Florence Bagby.

—Last Monday was a cold day but it is mild now. I hope that it will be cold next Friday and Saturday because we would like to have our races on Friday and a carnival on Saturday evening. Do you hope so?—Frank Bealer.

—Last week my father came to see Edward and me. He liked to see the carpenter shop, shoe shop and printing office. He went to the Boys' dormitories with us. He talked with Miss Ford. He went to the city. He came back to school last Thursday morning to see us in school.—Harry Sloan.

—One night I dreamed about a man who struck me and I was mad at him. I wanted to strike him back. Just then I struck the top of the bed. In the morning I did not understand why my hand was sore. After a while I remembered that I struck the bed in my dream. I told the boys about my dream. They laughed. My hand is better now.—Fred Suddy.

—I read in the sporting news about the National Hockey League. Ottawa is leading the League and the Senators are stronger than ever. I hope that Ottawa will win the Championship again. Then they will play with the winner in the Pacific Coast League to decide for the World's championship. The Hamilton, St. Patrick, and Canadien teams are trying for second place but St. Patrick are still at second. I hope they will stay in the second place when the season closes.—V. Reading.

—Last year we read some stories from Shakespeare. One of them is about the Merchant of Venice. Some of the characters were Portia, Bassanio, Antonio, the Duke of Venice and Shylock. Portia was a very rich lady, living in Verona. Bassanio was a poor man. He wanted to marry Portia but he was afraid to ask her as he was poor. He asked his friend, Antonio, for some money but all his money was in his ships far away. Antonio borrowed some money for Bassanio from a Jew named Shylock, who made him give a bond that if he hadn't the money to give back to him on the day named, he must give him a pound of his flesh nearest his heart. Antonio gave the money to Bassanio who went to Verona and married Portia. Antonio's ships were thought to be sunk and he could not pay Shylock and the Jew demanded the pound of flesh. He wrote to Bassanio to bid him good-bye. Bassanio was greatly troubled when he got this letter, and he went at once to Venice to be with Antonio in his trouble. Portia dressed as a lawyer and also went to Venice to help Antonio. Everyone thought she really was a lawyer. She told Shylock that he could have the pound of flesh, and he began to praise her. Then Portia said that he must not shed one drop of blood or take any more or less than exactly one pound of flesh. Shylock was angry and dismayed at this, as he knew he could not take the flesh without shedding blood. He then said he would not take the flesh and asked for the money. Portia said he had been offered the money several times but had refused it, so now it was too late. Shylock then started to go out, but Portia stopped him and said that there was a law in Venice that if any foreigner tried to take the life of a Venetian, he should be put to death, and all his wealth taken from him. The Duke said he would spare Shylock's life if he would became a Christian, and he agreed. The Duke said that half of Shylock's money must go to Antonio and half to the state. Antonio refused his share on condition that Shylock made a will leaving it to his daughter, Jessica, at his death.—Maude McKee.

Palamon and Arcite

—I read an interesting story some time ago about Palamon and Arcite. It is one of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. Now, I am going to tell you all about it. The Duke Theseus, who ruled Athens and afterwards became king of that country, conquered many other countries. He fought against many fierce women soldiers, called Amazons. At last, he married their queen, Hippolyta. After his marriage, he went away home with his wife and her sister, Emily. Palamon and Arcite were young princes, who were cousins. They were nephews of the king of Thebes, and they were captured and put in prison by Theseus, and kept in a tower for nearly two years. One May morning, a beautiful girl, Emily, sister of Hippolyta, went out to the garden to pick some flowers.

Palamon went to look out of the window and saw her and he fell in love with her and admired her beauty. He told his cousin, Arcite, about her so Arcite went to the window to look at her and he fell in love with her, also. Palamon suspected that Arcite wanted to have her for his wife and they quarrelled. At last, Arcite got out of prison, but poor Palamon had to stay there for seven years. Arcite was very happy to get away from the tower and he found Emily and was glad to see her, after such a long time. One of Palamon's friends managed to give him a drug to put in the jailer's wine and the jailer drank it and fell asleep and Palamon got out of the tower, secretly went to the woods some miles from Athens and there he met Arcite, who happened to be in the woods. They decided to fight with each other. Palamon was wounded and Arcite won and Theseus said Emily should be his wife. Arcite rode on his horse up to the palace where Emily sat and his horse stumbled and Arcite fell off and was badly hurt. As he was dying he called for Emily and Palamon and said Palamon should have her for his wife and begged his pardon for quarreling while they were in the prison. Then, Arcite died and a year or two after Palamon married Emily and they ruled the country well. They were very happy and lived together in peace till the end.—Francis Kenney.

Perseus and Medusa

—I am going to write a story about "The Adventures of Perseus" which I was greatly interested in reading. Perseus was a brave young man who lived with the king of Greece. The king decided to send him on some dangerous mission. He told him that he must find the Gorgons. They were three terrible demon sisters who lived in Africa. Their bodies were covered with scales and their hands were like claws. They had snakes on their heads instead of hair. The worst one was named Medusa. She was so horrible that if any one looked at her, he was turned to stone. The king told Perseus that he wanted him to cut off Medusa's head and bring it to him. One day before he went on his journey he fell asleep and when he woke up, he found a helmet, a polished steel shield, a magic sword and a pair of winged sandals beside him which the goddess Athena and the god Mercury left there for him. He put on these things and got ready to go on his dangerous quest. At once the sandals took him high in the air for they were winged sandals. After many adventures he came to the country of Atlas who gave him the cap of darkness. When he wore this cap, no one could see him. Atlas told him where to find Medusa. At last he came to a lake to drink the water. He took his helmet off. As soon he looked into the water, he saw Medusa flying over head. He put on his cap of darkness again so she could not see him. The gorgon came down to the ground near him. He was careful not to look at her as he knew that it he did so he would be turned to stone. He looked at her reflection in his shield and then thrust at her head without fear. The head fell off, the snakes stopped hissing and she was dead. Perseus wrapped the head in a goat skin, put it over his shoulder and went in the air with his winged sandals and came down again to the strange country where the giant Atlas lived. The giant asked him how he came to that country and who he was. Perseus told him that he was Perseus and had come to take some golden apples from his garden. The giant was angry and tried to crush him but Perseus turned around. The giant looked into Medusa's face. He turned to a vast mountain. The people called it "Mount Atlas." Perseus then went back home. The king asked him if he had got Medusa's head. Perseus said he had. The king laughed at him as he did not believe him. Perseus then showed him the head and the king turned to stone and then Perseus became king.—George Hunter.

King Midas and the Golden Touch

—I will tell you the story about King Midas and the Golden Touch. King Midas was a foolish king because he always wanted more money than anybody else in the world. He had much gold and he used to go every day and look at it and he loved to play with it. But he was not satisfied and always wanted more. One day the god Dionysus asked him how much he wanted and the king said he would like everything he touched to turn to gold. The god told him that the next morning he would have the "Golden Touch." So next morning, as soon as the sun rose, the king saw that the cover of his bed had turned to gold. He was much excited and jumping out of bed, he rushed about, touching everything in the room and they all turned to gold. As he dressed his clothes became gold. He went out into the garden and touched the bushes and trees and statues and everything he saw and they all became gold. He broke off a bough and turned it into a rod of gold. He took a stone off the road and it became gold. He plucked a rose from his garden and it became gold. He gathered an apple from the orchard. It turned to gold when he touched it. Then the king went to the palace and told the servants to bring all the cups, saucers and plates and they became gold when he touched them. He touched his chair and it became gold. Midas touched everything he could see and soon the palace was full of gold. He was very happy because he thought that he had so many wonderful things. Then he told his servant to bring him bread and wine and he brought them to Midas. He started to drink the wine, but he could not drink it because, when it touched his lip, it turned to gold. He took up the bread to eat it and it became gold. Then he began to be frightened, for he knew that he would starve with all his great wealth. Just then his daughter ran in. He kissed her and as soon as he touched her, she became a gold statue. Then he saw what a mistake he made in loving gold so much, and was very sad all day. In the evening Dionysus came again and asked Midas if he was now satisfied and happy, but Midas said he was the most miserable man on earth and he asked him to take away this golden touch. The god told him to bathe in the stream in the garden and sprinkle all the things he did not want to be gold. He ran to the river and jumped in and was delighted to see his clothes had turned again to cloth. He took a pitcher of water and sprinkled everything he had turned to gold and they turned back again, and Golden Touch had left him. But the sand of the river sparkled with gold ever afterwards and Midas' daughter had beautiful gold hair. But Midas never loved gold again for he he had found out that were many things more precious than gold.—A. L. Ingle.

How Do You know You Can't

A few years ago the secretary to the owner of a great department store was asked by his employer:

"Can you go downstairs and take the general manager's desk?"

"No, sir," said the secretary; "I can not."

"How do you know you can't," asked the boss. "You never tried, did you?"

The young man admitted that he did not know that he couldn't. He only thought so.

"All right," said the proprietor. "You've been around here for five years—in this room with me. You've heard everything I've said, and watched everything I've done. If you can't at least try to run this establishment, either I am a bad teacher or you are a dull pupil. Now go down and take the job."

The young man took the job. It was hard work at first. He had to learn to rely on himself, something he had done but little before. He got neither encouragement nor criticism from the boss. And within six months he made good.

It is easy, when opportunity comes along, to say, "I can't avail myself of it. I don't know how."

But it is better a million times do make a failure after you have grasped an opportunity than not try it at all. The man who never tries is a failure all his life. The man who does try may fail, too, but he at least has the satisfaction of knowing that he was not afraid.

Tackle anything that comes along. It will be time to say "I can't" when you discover that you can't.

Three times out of five you will be wrong in thinking you can't. And even if you can't, the experience you get in trying will give you strength to tackle the next job.

Any man who keep his mind alert and his eyes open can do more than he suspects. Of course, you may not be able to sing like Caruso or play like Paderewski. But if Jim Hill, the section hand, could become president of a great railroad, you can at least become a business success. However, you will never be any kind of a success by saying continually, "I can't" without knowing whether you can or not. —John Blake,

Australia

Australia is the largest island in the world. It is one of the colonies of the British Empire. It lies between twelve degrees and thirty-eight degrees south latitude, and between 114 degrees and 193 degrees east longitude. It was discovered about 250 years ago. The first settlement was made in 1788 by convicts sent out from England. The settlement was made on the shores of Botany Bay.

The soil round the outside is fertile, but the middle of Australia is a desert. Many explorers have lost their lives in this desert. Australia has a good climate. The summers in the south are rather hot, but the summers in the north are too hot. The winter is mild. The seasons in Australia are the opposite to ours. In Canada it gets colder as you go north: in Australia it gets warmer as you go north. It is a great sheep country and millions of sheep are raised. Much wool is exported to England, where it is manufactured into cloth. Much mutton is also exported to England. The mutton is carried in cold storage.

Australia is also a great gold country. There is a peculiar animal found in Australia. It is the kangaroo. It is not found in any other country. It has short fore legs and long hind legs. Under her body the mother kangaroo had a kind of pocket which is called a pouch. When there is danger the young kangaroos jump into this pouch and the mother carries them to a safe place.

Rabbits are very plentiful is Australia. They are so plentiful that they are a plague. The people cannot get rid of them. They eat the grass which is needed for the sheep.

Australia is divided into five provinces namely, Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, and Western Australia.

The island of Tasmania, which lies to the south of Australia, is also a prony. These six provinces joined together on January 1st, 1901, and they now form the "Commonwealth" of Australia. Before 1901 they were separate from each other. The joining together of these colonies was called "Confederation." Each colony has a parliament of its own, and there is also a parliament for the "Commonwealth."

The natives of Australia are black, but are not like the African negroes. They are not intelligent and it is very hard to teach them. They wander about the country and wear hardly any clothing. They are not much superior to animals. They are fast decreasing. A hundred years ago there were 15,000 natives in Victoria, but in 1901 there were 955. Australia is a good country in which to live, but it has one drawback. This is the long drought in summer. For several months no rain falls. Great cracks appear on the land. Thousands of sheep die every summer for want of moisture. Tasmania is separated from Australia by Bass Strait.—School News, Halifax N. S.

What a long time is spent by many in looking away from their earthly blessings!

St. Valentine

February fourteenth is St. Valentine's birthday.

St. Valentine was a very holy man who lived long ago across the sea. He wanted to do something every day to make the people happy.

He had a little garden and many beautiful flowers grew there. He used to pick bunches of flowers for the children going to school. He sent flowers to the sick and always sent pretty little gifts to the children on their birthday. All the people of the village, the litttle birds, the cats and dogs loved St. Valentine because he was always kind to them. St. Valentine died when he was very old and every one who knew him felt very sad.

Ever since then people send pretty cards and gifts to their friends on February fourtheerth because they want to show them that they love them. They want to make them happy.

Meddling

Jack lived in a village. He liked to stop at the blacksmith shop on his way home from school.

He was very meddlesome. He was always picking up the tools and playing with them. If he saw any piece of iron lying on the bench, he would pick it up, screw it into the vise, and file it.

The blacksmith did not like this. He made up his mind to teach Jack a lesson.

One afternoon he put a curiously shaped piece of iron among the ashes. It became very hot.

Pretty soon he saw Jack coming along the road. He took the piece of iron out and laid it on the bench near the vise.

Jack came in and began to look around. He noticed the curious piece of iron. He took hold of it and lifted it. He dropped it at once with a yell and began to dance around the room, blowing on his fingers.

The blacksmith asked him what the matter was. Jack said the iron was hot and had blistered his fingers. "That is strange," said the blacksmith. "I did not know it could get so hot lying in the sun.

Jack went away very angry. He knew the blacksmith had played a trick on him. He did not come to the shop again for a long time. He had learned a good lesson.

There are many boys and girls like Jack. They like to meddle.

Spring is Coming

I am coming, little maiden!
With the pleasant sunshine laden,
With the honey for the bee,
With the blossom for the tree,
With the flower and with the leaf—
Till I come, the time is brief.
I am coming, I am coming!
Hark! the little bee is humming;
See! the lark is soaring high
In the bright and sunny sky;
And the gnats are on the wing,
Wheeling round in airy ring.
See! the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on banks of mossy green
Starlike primroses are seen;
And, their clustering leaves below,
White and purple violets blow.

The Robin's Breakfast

Ralph stood by the window watching a robin that would run along on the grass, stop suddenly, and pick up a worm and swallow it almost as quick as you would wink. Ralph watched while his mother was getting his breakfast.

"Mother," he said, "just think, that robin found and ate thirty worms while I was watching him. I wish I could find worms as fast as he does when I want them for fish bait."—Normal.

A Squirrel and Her Babies

One day a boy was going home from school. He went through the woods. He saw a large oak tree lying on the ground.

There was a hole in the tree. The boy looked into it and saw a squirrel's nest. Where were four baby squirrels in the nest?

The boy took the squirrels out of the nest. He wanted to carry them home. He thought about the mother squirrel. He was a kind boy and did not want the mother squirrel to be unhappy. He put the baby squirrels back into the nest. Then he hid behind a bush and watched for the squirrel.

Soon a large gray squirrel came running to the tree. It was the mother squirrel. She went in and soon came out with a baby squirrel in her mouth. She carried it to a nest in another tree. She came back and carried another baby to the new nest. After a while she had moved all her family.

The boy was glad because he did not carry the baby squirrels away.—Selected.

Jessie and the bees

One day as Jessie was going down the street to a store, she saw some bees just over a fence in a garden. A large dog ran around the house and jumped at the bees.

They became very angry and began buzzing about his head, and all at once they began to buzz about Jessie s head too.

She was afraid of them and didn't know what to do. Just then a man behind her cried out, "Stand still little girl. Don't move, and the bees will not hurt you." Jessie stood still, even when the bees buzzed about her face. After awhile the bees all flew away and the man said, "You were a brave little girl. If you had moved the bees would have stung you very badly."—Primary Education.

Thoughtless Johnny

Johnny was not a bad boy, but he was very thoughtless.

One day he bought some bananas. He ate one on the way home. He threw the peel on the sidewalk.

Pretty soon Johnny's papa came along. He was walking rapidly. He was thinking. He did not see the banana peel on the sidewalk. He stepped on it. He slipped and fell down hard. He broke his arm.

Johnny felt very bad. He knew that it was his fault. He told his papa. He begged papa to forgive him. Papa forgave him. He told him that he must be more thoughtful. Johnny promised to try.—Ex.

Henry W. Longfellow

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was a great American poet.

He was born many years ago. His birthday is in February. He wrote poems. Every one loves him.

When he was seventy-two years old, some children gave him an arm chair. It was made of the wood of a chestnut tree. He wrote a poem about that tree one time.

He died thirty-nine years ago.

Careless Jane

Jane had a canary bird. She kept it in a cage. She fed it and petted it every day. It was so tame it ate from her hand. One day she had some new toys. She played with them and forget her bird. The next day she did not feed it. The third day she remembered the bird. She went to the cage to feed it, but it was dead. I think she was sorry she har been so careless.—Ex.

Ask, Say and Tell Stories for Grade III

One Saturday afternoon Bertha Brown and her brother Arthur wanted to make some valentines to send to their little friends.

1. Bertha said to Arthur, "Get two pairs of scissors and some colored paper."

2. Arthur said, "Please bring a jar of paste."

3. Bertha said, "Do not make the hearts too large."

4. Arthur said, "I like red hearts, "Do not make blue ones, please.

5. Mrs. Brown came into the room and said to Bertha, "I said a pretty valentine with two red hearts on it."

6. Arthur said to his mother, "Did you see any pink ones?"

7. Bertha said to her mother, "Were there silver darts in the hearts?"

8. Her mother said, "I think so."

9. Arthur said to Bertha, "Please, make a pretty one for me. "I want to send it to a poor lame boy."

10. Bertha said to her mother, "Did St. Valentine love poor people?"

11. Mrs. Brown said, "St. Valentine loved all the good people. He always sent flowers and fruit to them."

12. Arthur said to Bertha, "I want to send valentines to all my friends on St. Valentine's birthday."

News Items from Junior Dept

Miss Stirk's Class

My Dog

My dog's name is Kewpie. He went down town. Iona played with Kewpie. Kewpie watched on a train for me. Kewpie played with me. He pulled my dress. Kewpie was not selfish. He was glad.—Lorena Tweedie.

My Rabbits

Mother and I went down town. Mother bought some carrots. I gave them to my rabbits. They ate them. I like my rabbits.—Dorothy Baillie

My Dog

My dog is kind. It is brown and white. I played with it. It pulled my handkerchief. It gave it to my father. It followed my sister. I washed its fur last summer. It fought with another dog. I like my dog. I shall meet my dog next summer. It will be glad.—Zona Simpson.

My Dog

I made a little house for my dog at home. I put him in it. I gave him some meat for his dinner. He is not cross. He likes to play. He likes to drink milk.—Lemay Jette.

My Dog

I have one dog. It is orange and brown. I played with my dog last summer. We had a good time. My dog did not bite me. I gave some meat tt it.—Duncan McMillan

My Cat

My cat is white and yellow. It is fat and long. It has warm fur. It is small.—Mildred Volk.

My Dog

One day my dog went out of doors. It said, "Bow-wow, bow-wow." It went down town. My sister was afraid. I like my dog. I have no rabbit at home.—Helen McNish.

A Pig

A man sold a pig to my mother. My mother paid two dollars for it. She gave the pig to me. I carried it home for her.—Abraham Hanna.

Our Cow

Our cow is brown. It ran and jumped over a fence last summer. My father gave some hay to the cow. It ate it. Three cows drank some water out of a trough I saw a brown rabbit last summer. It jumped over a large stone.—Albert Schwager.

Miss Stirk did not come to school Sunday morning. Miss Bradley came. My dog is cross. I like my kittens very much.—Blanche Batty.

Miss Curry's class.

A boy broke my hockey-stick. He lent me another hockey-stick. I was happy. I do not like to coast.—Leonard Brown.

A boy threw an apple with a hockey stick. It struck me. I did not cry.—Joe Carriere.

I threw a snowball at Lawrence yesterday. He fell. He laughed at me. We had a good time.—Elsie Wright.

I skated yesterday. I had a good time. I fell. I like to skate.—Nellie Black.

I played yesterday. The girls fell in the snow. We had a good time.—Shina Bluestein.

Mr. Smith took a picture of some boys yesterday.—Gordon Meyer.

The girls pushed me. They laughed. I threw snowballs at Leonard and Lawrence. I was cross.—Dorothy Standish.

We played hockey. Lawrence and Elwood fell. Leonard played hockey.—Carman Quinn.

Lawrence had skates yesterday. He and I played with snowballs. Alonzo laughed at me.—Marie Smith.

Kenneth lent skates to me. I skated.—Elwood Bell.

Miss Carrol's Class

Yesterday afternoon I went to have my hair cut. I had to wait awhile because the boys were busy. I went to the window and saw many birds fly down on the ground beside the water near the carpenter-shop. There was a little piece of bread on the water. One of the birds flew to the piece of bread and ate some of it but the other birds could not get it. Then they flew away. I was glad to see the birds eating the piece of bread.—George Hirons.

I received a letter from my sister Vera last Tuesday. Father gave $25.00 to her at Christmas. Vera bought new knives and forks with the money. She likes them very much.—D. Healey.

I received some valentines from my mother, sister, cousin and a deaf girl, Margaret Golds' last Monday noon. I was glad to get them.—Rona Maule.

Last Saturday afternoon the deaf boys played hockey on their rink against the Albert College boys. The O. S. D. boys won. The score was 9 to 7. We are glad because they won. The ice was very good.—N. Gura.

Last Saturday night the girls and boys skated till about 10 o'clock. They had a good time. After awhile they went into the dining-room. They had coffee, cakes and sandwiches. They enjoyed them.—W. Wagester.

Yesterday we read a story about a little Japanese girl. The story was very interesting because we like to learn about people in far away countries. Some day we shall read about the Chinese people.—E. Durrant.

I received a box from my mother last Wednesday. There were cookies, candies, gum and other good things in it. I enjoyed them very much. I thank her for her kindness.—S. Foster.

Oh! spring will come soon. It will be fine weather then. I am glad. Oh! spring will come soon. The flowers, leaves and grass will grow in spring. I like spring and summer better than winter. Which do you like best? It looks like spring now. It is a beautiful day.—S. Foster.

Last Saturday I got a box from my father. He sent me some comic papers, sixty cents, maple sugar with cocoanut, chiclets, chocolate-bars, oranges, candies and toothpaste. I was very glad to get them. I thank him very much. I shall pay thirty cents for two cocoanuts this afternoon.—Charles Bennett.

Last Saturday night we had a carnival. Many girls and boys wore very pretty costumes. We had a good time. I did not dress for the carnival. About 10 o' clock we went into the dining-room and had coffee, cakes and peanut butter sandwiches. I enjoyed myself.—Charles Bennett.

Last Tuesday I received a letter with a dollar and a valentine in it from my mother. I was very glad to get them from her. I enjoyed reading her long letter. I love her very much. I thanked her and my father very much for their kindness.—Gordon Smith.

I work in the carpenter-shop. Mr. Parks wanted me to make a foot-stool. I made it. I shall bring it home in June. I shall show it to my parents. I hope that they will be glad to see it. I like to work in the carpenter-shop. I shall work there again next week.—Duncan McCallum.

I read in the newspaper about Collingwood boys playing hockey with Midland boys in Midland. The score was 4 to 3. I live in Midland. I hope that the Midland boys will defeat Collingwood the next time.—Dorothy Wheat.

—Last Wednesday night a Toronto team came to the city to play hockey. They played against the Belleville team. The Belleville team won. The score was 6 to 2. The ice was hard but there was water on it. The deaf boys wanted to go to the Arena but Mr. Smith did not allow them to go there. The pupils were very glad that the Belleville team won. The Belleville boys play hockey well.—Lewis Patterson.

Ontario Association of the Deaf

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THE CANADIAN

SCHOOL MOTTO. "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

TUESDAY, MARCH, 1st 1921

HOCKEY

O.S.D. 7. v.s. Albert College 0.

One Saturday morning, the 19th ult., we got word that the College boys had arranged for the use of the city rink from 10 to 11 a. m., for their return game with us, and so our players were excused from the shops for the morning and our auto bus with Mr. Smith at the wheel took the happy party down town to the rink, calling on the way for a bunch of new sticks, as all expected, a desperate game with our athletic rivals from the college. It was thought that the larger ice area would give the Alberts an advantage in working out their better combination play and that our lads were in for a defeat. From the start every member of our team was full of "pep" and soon demonstrated that they could more than hold their own against their older and heavier opponents, and at the close of the first period they had netted the puck three times, and in the next twenty minutes they doubled the score, winding up in the final with another goal, making it 7 to 0. It must not be thought from the one-sided score that we had a walk over, it was a keen struggle all the way. Our defence never played a better game, blocking what looked like sure scores time and again, and our college friends must have felt discouraged going up against it and failing so often. Our lads had the poke check down to a science and the forward line never played a better game. It must have been an off day for our opponents, as we have never scored such an advantage even in old struggles for football honors in years gone by. The losers were good sports and took it all in good part, promising us a sweet time when the base-ball season opens. Thanks, we will have our Pie (Pye) on the job with a new bag of pitcher's tricks to uncook. We must not forget to thank the referee from the college whose decisions were most impartial.

The following was the line up:

O. S. D.		Albert College
J. Meyett	Goal	McClusky
N. Nowak	Defence	Atkinson
M. Cole	Defence	Guest
A. Dick	Centre	Marritt
J. Tate	Left Wing	Hollindrake
R. Pye	Right Wing	Yates
W. McGovern	Sub	Tamour
G. Hunter	Sub	Brandon

O.S.D. vs Campbellford

On the afternoon of the same day the ladies, hockey team of Campbellford, led by Miss Armstrong, which administered such a crushing defeat on our lady teachers the week before, arrived in town for the return game. They did not have time to visit our school between trains so the two teams took dinner together in the city and at 2 p. m. the game started on the rink. There was quite a crowd to view the contest. No admission fee was charged, each giving what they liked, and the contributions towards expenses were, of course, liberal when each had to pass under the laughing eyes of the lassie who stood at the door. In this game our team had their regular goal tender on the job and she turned the rubber aside in fine style, only letting one little one slip past her; on the other hand our team scored twice and that ended the game which went the regulation time. Apart from the score, the game stood as a record, as we had a mother and daughter on our team—Mrs. Williams guarding the nets, while her daughter, Betty, played on the defence. Mr. Barrett, of the city, refereed the game most satisfactorily to all. The only happening besides a few bumps was when Mrs. Williams caught her skate in the nets and went down, Miss Scott falling on top for good measure.

HOME NEWS

—In the printing office, although we as yet have no regular instructor in charge, the boys are "carrying on" and with Alton Dick, under the oversighty of Mr. Stewart, are running the office, and we are sure that the readers of The Canadian will acknowledge that the work is very creditable to the boys.

—Miss Schofield and her Domestic Science classes have made up our yearly supply of marmalade, a good training for these future housekeepers. The results of their work are excellent.

—Our carpenter boys have many little jobs to do making repairs to the buildings etc., but between times they are making some nice cabinet work in the shop which, when finished, will be a credit to their skill. At the close of school they are allowed to buy what they make and take it home with them, only the bare cost of the material being charged to them. We are sure that their parents will be proud of their work.

—In the shoe-shop the boys soon got into the way of using their new finishing machine, in fact they would use it on everything but it is insisted that they also learn to do the work by hand. The Goodyear stitcher is not so easy to operate, but the seniors are practising on it and by the time they go home should be fairly expert. The skate grinder attached to the machines has been going nearly every day, about 160 pairs of skates having been ground on it.

—We are sorry that our hockey team could not enter the City League when it was formed. We had two much sickness around at that time for it to be allowed. We are sure that from the good showing our boys made against the College and High School, they would have made a good record in the games played. When all is over if there is any ice left we would like to cross sticks with the leaders.

—One of our little boys is very glad to be back among his school mates again and to resume his studies after nearly three months spent in our hospital.

—Several car loads of bricks for the new school building are being hauled to the grounds and we expect that the work will go on rapidly just as soon as settled weather sets in.

—Our boys and girls rather envy the deaf in the schools across the line who have well equipped gymnasiums and are able to develop strong teams to contend with hearing clubs. We hope to have one some day; in the meantime we have what they probably wish they had, two fine skating rinks and the swift pastime of hockey play, than which there is no more healthy or manly winter sport.

—Miss Ford is away attending a conference of teachers at the Northhampton School. She will likely visit other schools in the States while away. Miss Tudhope, one of our pupils, went with her to visit her sister, who is taking a training course there.

The Skating Races

On Friday, the 25th ult., the postponed skating races came off. The ice was fine for the occasion and all the contests were entered into heartily by both boys and girls. On the following Monday night, after a series of lantern views given in the chapel, the prizes were distributed to the winners, as follows:

Sr. Boys' Race, 2 mi.
1. A. Dick 2. W. McGovern

Int. Boys' Race.
1. D. Laporte 2. W. Tait

Jr. Boys' Race.
1. G. Smith 2. A. Hodgins

Sr. Boys Dash
1. A. Dick 2. W. McGovern

Int. Boys Dash
1. T. Goulding 2. W. Tait

Boys' Slow Race
1. James Tate

Obstacle Race (Boys)
1. A. Dick 2. W. McGovern

Sr. Girls' Race
1. D. Foster 2. M. McKee

Int. Girls' Race
1. M. Whalen 2. N. Smith

Jr. Girls' Race
1. I. Foster 2. L. Tweedie

Sr. Girls Dash
1. D. Foster 2. H. Middleton

Int. Girls' Dash
1. M. Whalen 2. L. Jackson

Girls' Slow Race
1. H. Middleton

Obstacle Race, (Girls)
1. B. Williams 2. M. McKee

Relay Race.
A. Dick's Team:—D. Foster, J. Tate, M. McKee, J. Meyette, M. Whalen, N. Nowak, N. Smith.

THE STORY RETOLD

Born—In Toronto, on the 14th Dec., 1887, the wife of Mr. J. D. Nasmith of a son.

Mr. R. R. Riddell had a narrow escape from losing his left arm while at work at the wood turning machine but quickly jerked away his arm which resulted in the loss of one coat sleeve.

Miss Eva Zingg (Mrs. G. H. Reeves) won at the Bentwick Fall Fair four first prizes and one second for fancy work. This is a credit to the Belleville Institution.

At a party held at Mr. Beale's residence on New Year's Evening of 1887 a mock election for Mayor of Toronto took place, at which 16 out of 22 cast their votes for Mr. Howland.

Born in Raglan, on the 24th Nov., 1887, the wife of Mr. J. J. Ormeston, of a son.

Mr. P. Fraser was called home to Woodstock on the 24th inst to attend the funeral of a sister—1887.

Died—At the Toronto General Hospital, on the 2nd March, 1887, Beatrice Maria, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Smith, aged 10 years and five months.

Messrs. Howe, Mason and Kiddle spent Good Friday in Hamilton. Mr. Mason took a view of ancient Dundurn Castle where the old Deaf School was located before its removal to Belleville.—1887.

Married—At the residence of the bride's father on June 14, 1887, Mr. Wm Ward of San Bernardens, Cal. to Miss Annie Drum of Grafton, Ontario.

Mr. Harry Mason had a narrow escape from being crushed to death on the 26th Aug., 1887. His arm get twisted in the machinery at Massey's but fortunately the machinery was stopped in time. The result was bad bruises and scratches. His shirt sleeves were torn to ribbons.

Married—In Toronto on Sept. 17th. 1887, at St. Philips church, Mr. W. Cottrell to Miss Nellie Flight, third daughter of Capt. Thos. Flight.

The following are the names of the deaf residing at Berlin: A. S. Waggoner, Chas. Golds, W. J. Rose, Henry E. Gottlieb, Emil Gottlieb, Ellen Murphy, Kate Stemm, Lena Platt, Clara Hackler and Lizzie Ringle.

The 18th Nov. being the 19th anniversary of the 1st opening of the Institution, the pupils took advantage of it by asking a half holiday from Mr. Mathison which he kindly granted and the boys and girls made the most of it.

It would take a big safe to hold the wealth of goodness of some people we rejoice in knowing.

"Hear" with her Finger

A Detroit daily paper gives the following account of a deaf lady's ability to recognize sounds through her sense of touch. We are always inclined to doubt such stories but this one seems to be authenticated. If true it is good illustration of the remarkable degree to which the senses can be educated.

Miss Katherine Steffee of 1418 Pensylvania avenue was born deaf. Yet she can carry on a conversation over the telephone as readily as anyone.

She "hears" through the the acute sensitiveness of her fingers. To a marvellous degree she possesses the capacity of receiving impressions by the sense of touch.

Miss Steffen can talk. She places a finger on the sensitized metal plate in the base of the telephone receiver to "hear."

"I owe it all to Miss Lucy Dumont, my teacher in the Detroit School for the Deaf," she said, Friday. "Deaf people as a rule study the art of dactyliology—the method of communicating ideas by signs made with the fingers. I was taught lip reading.

"I discovered that pressure exerted on the skin is mentally perceptible. By this sort of 'muscle sensation' I found I was able to use the telephone.

"And then I took up dancing. I stand before an orchestra and am unconscious of a single tone. I place my hand on a violin or the piano and instantly "hear" the same rhythm and melody one who hears with his ears does. Then I 'carry the air' in my mind and dance.

"Why do you know, I dance so well now that last week I won a prize for being the best dancer at a ball. Isn't that fine for a girl who is stone deaf.

"I used to grieve a great deal at my handicap. But now I have overcome the obstacle.

Miss Helen Daly, also a teacher in the Detroit School for the Deaf, taught me to dance.

"I am employed as assistant manager in a restaurant I have occasion to use the telephone every few minutes People are amazed when I tell them I can't hear a sound. But it's true, nevertheless.

21st Annual Bible Conference

110 College Street, Toronto

March 25th, 26th and 27th, 1921

Programme

Good Friday, March 25th, 2.30 p. m.

Chairman—Mr. C. Ford

Prayer .... Mr. Slater
Hymn .... Mrs. Whealey
Lord's Prayer .... Mr. McLean
Hand of Welcome .... Superintendent
Replies from the leaders from Ontario Mission
Financial Report .... Mr. H. S. Whealey
Reports of Ontario Mission .... Mr. Harris
Ontario Mission Board

Friday, 7 p. m.

Chairman—Mr. W. R. Watt

Prayer .... Mr. A. W. Mason
Hymn .... Mrs. H. Mason
Lord's Prayer .... Mr. A. Walker
Illustrated Talk .... Messrs Elliot and Byrne
Hymn .... Miss Ada James
Limelight .... Mr. J. T. Shilton

Saturday, March 26th, 2.30 p. m.

Chairman—Mr. W. Hazlitt

Prayer .... Mr. G. W. Reeves
Hymn .... Miss Brethour
Lord's Prayer .... Mr. A. Forrester
Short Addresses by Messrs. Fisher and Staubits

Saturday, 7 p. m.

Chairman—Mr. H. W. Roberts

Prayer .... Mr. Harris
Hymn .... Miss O'Niel
Lord's Prayer .... Mr. Baskerville
Faith, Hope, Charity—I Cor. 13—Messrs Jaffray, Watt and Reeves

Easter Sunday, March 27th, 9 a. m.

Holy Communion and Consecration of Teachers
Hymn .... Mrs. Watt

Sunday, 11 a. m.

The Sunday School Lesson .... Mr. H. E. Grooms

Sunday, 3 p. m.

Chairman—Mr. P. Fraser

Prayer .... Mr. Shilton
Psalm .... Mr. Terrell
Creed .... Mr. Goodall
Easter Hymn .... The Choir
Misses Barker, Kennedy, Hermon, Casey, Chestnut, Griffith
Lord's Prayer .... Mr. Scott
Hymn .... Mrs. Fisher
Easter Sermon .... Rev. C. J. Cameron

Sunday, 7 p. m.

Chairman—Mr. J. T. Shilton

Prayer .... Mr. Byrne
Hymn .... Miss Evelyn Elliott
Sermon .... Mr. W. Nurse
Farewell once more till we meet again
Benediction .... Mr. P. Fraser

You cannot Live on The Cheers

Two words of wit will often have more effect than an hour of prosy argument. The most earnest of orators could hardly have put the case of the underpaid teachers so cogently as the hero of this story from Everybody's Magazine:

At a banquet given by a large body of educators the speaker of the evening rose and began his address with the words: "Long live the teachers!"

He was interrupted by a tall, emaciated young man who rose from the rear of the room and in a sepulchral voice queried, "On what?"

"Bless Everybody in the World"

A curly head bowed on my knee
A little form all clad in white,
Two dimpled hands clasped reverently—
And God recieves the last "Goodnight"
No hour so solemn; none so sweet,
No scene of innocence so fair
As this, when Faith and Childhood meet
And know each other in a prayer.

Not blessings born of men she asks—
Petitions for herself alone—
Not countless treasures, easy tasks,
A harvest reaped, though noth ing sown.
Not happiness nor length of days
Nor peace nor pleasure is the plea—
Not even for a mother's praise,
However sweet it seems to be.

For those she loves this little child
In tender accents intercedes;
As if our heart were reconciled
To make contentment of our needs,
A blessing on each one of kin,
And then—Love's banner all unfurl'd,
"Bless Everybody in the world!"

Bless all the world! O gentle heart,
That throbs not with one selfish thrill,
That incense no soul apart,
Foreboding no living creatures ill;
The incense from thy altar place
High in the clouds wreathed and curl'd
To bear the message of thy grace
To "everybody in the world."

—W. P. H., in Ohio Magazine.

His Last Job

(Continued from page 1)

stood at the telephone. He seemed cheerful enough, Joe thought, as he listened to the fantasingly one-sided conversation. "All right, Mr. Prael," Joe heard him say heartily, before hanging up the receiver and following Joe in among the machinery.

"Mr. Prael's roof come loose again?" Joe wanted to know with a laugh. There was not much stiffness between the chief and his men.

"Just taking some instructions from the new member of the firm," Mr. Weston chuckled. "You are in luck to have made such a good impression on him to-day."

Joe had stopped beside his own bench. Still keeping the bundle of tools under his arm he looked in surprise at the foreman, who went on to explain that Mr. Prael had signed the partnership papers that morning. A radiant smile passed over Joe's face when Mr. Weston assured him that the firm was really better able now to go on with the business than ever before. The news was so good that he hardly thought of what he was doing as he followed the foreman's beckoning finger across the shop.

He roused himself, however, when the chief, tapping a bench with his forefinger, indicated that Joe was to put his tools there. It was a much lighter and better placed bench than his old one. In fact, it was Thompson's former place. Wonderingly Joe lifted his eyes to meet those of the foreman, who was enjoying his mystification. He stood by and watched Joe as he moved his tools piece by piece over to the other bench and then assured him with a smile that he was to have a journeyman's rank and pay with the bench.

"Mr. Prael's wish," the foreman said. "You have done your last job as an apprentice." - Young People.

Money Talks

"Yes, sir money talks," said a would be philosopher. "Well, then, what does it say?" queried a friend.

Probably if money talked in articulate language it would state most emphatically that its purchasing power is vastly over-estimated. Emerson's well-known saying that "The best gifts of life are open to everybody," is true. The things which men can monopolize and arrogate for themselves, and their families, are the least precious of life's treasure. Life's best, choicest and most enduring gifts are not in the market.

The recent findings of a medical committee commissioned to find out health conditions in New York make interesting reading. Their report was that the extremely wealthy class was by no means a healthy one. Irritating and often very painful diseases dogged the millionaires. So health, then, is not in the market for purchase, and the hardworked toiler who rises day after day, and year after year, is more likely to enjoy the warm glow of health than the man whose life of comparative idleness has undermined his constitution.

Ptolemy Soker, the King of Egypt, who founded the famous library at Alexandria, once asked Euclid if the study of geometry could not be made simpler. "There is no royal road to learning," replied the mathematician. So education is another of life's unpurchasable things. Of course a man may purchase a library. Every volume may be bound in richest leather but the love of reading is another thing. We have all known people who insisted upon buying expensive musical instruments, but apart from their ornamental value, the instruments had no significance in their homes. There is, as Euclid pointed out, in a phrase which has been a platitude, "No royal road to learning." The son of a king must undergo the same mental discipline as the son of a peasant before culture is obtained.

No man can buy character. Many a man has acquired a reputation by contemptible means, but character is a very different thing. Some years ago a scandal was caused in England when it was proven that a well-known politician had scattered money with a very lavish hand in order to "stand in well" with the people of his constituency. There is an old saying to the effect that a minister sees the best side of a man, a lawyer the worst, but a doctor the real man. But even a doctor may be mistaken one way or the other. A man is just what God sees him to be. That is his character, and were he a millionaire a hundred times over, when it comes to the acquisition of character, money is of no value whatever.

A keen observer of men gives it as his opinion that the ultra-wealthy are the most unhappy element of our population. Records show that during the past fifty years there has been a larger percentage of suicides from the leisured class than from even the most poverty-stricken. If it be granted that suicide is invariably the result of extreme depression, this would indicate how very far from being a marketable thing happiness is. It sounds like the merest platitude, but even at the risk of becoming wearisome we must repeat that happiness is independent of outside condition. The peace of God, which alone brings true happiness, is perhaps the best of those many gifts of God which are "not for sale in the market."—Archer Wallace; in Onward.

According to the Bureau of education the boy who stays at school until he is eighteen years old has earned by the time he is twenty-five years old $2,000 more than the boy of the same age who left school at fourteen and also he's is getting $800 a year more pay. In other words, the additional four years at school are equivalent to an investment of $18,000 at five per cent interest. Moreover, the earnings of the boy who stayed in school until he was eighteen will continue to increase rapidly whereas the salary of a boy who left school at fourteen will never be much larger.

In a recent Circle Puzzle Contest conducted by the Stratford Herald, we notice that Mr. W. P. Quinlan, a former pupil of our School, was one of the prize winners, coming 14th in a list of 44 successful contestants.

SINGLE OR DOUBLE
Alphabet Cards and Writing Pads
FOR SALE
2 for 5c., postpaid 7c.
12 for 25c., postpaid 28c.
24 for 50c., postpaid 54c.
36 for 75c., postpaid 80c.
48 for $1.00, postpaid $1.06
(No Samples will be Sent.)
Writing pads for sale at the rate of 5c or every three pads for 10c.
Job Printing Neatly and Promptly Done.
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Agents wanted or send order direct to the following address. Ask for price list.
A. W. MASON
ARTIST
1 Garden Ave., Toronto, Ont.

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send me the names and post office addresses of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them, so that I may forward to them particulars concerning this School, and inform them where and by what means their children can be instructed.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

SCHOOL POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED and distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to be sent away, put in box in office door, will be sent to city post office as 4 p. m. and 4 p. m. of each day (Sunday excepted). The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any one unless the same is in the locked box.

LETTERS---PACKAGES---BOXES.

If parents or friends send letters, packages or boxes to pupils, address as follows:

[name of pupil]
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

☞ Prepay postage, express or freight charges in all cases.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION

WEST—4.15 a. m.; 7.50 a. m.; 11.40 a. m.; 3.00 p. m. 1.26 p. m.

EAST—11.35 a. m.; 1.56 a. m. 11.10 a. m.; 12.11 p. m.; 4.35 p. m.

MADOC AND PETERBORO' BRANCH—5.30 a. m.; 12.10 p. m.; 5.45 p. m.

Canadian Northern Railway.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS

For Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points: 8.10 A. M. (Except Monday), 1.35 A. M. and 3.15 P. M. (Except Sunday).

For Trenton, Picton, and Intermediate points: 7.0 A. M., 1.35 P. M. and 3.15 P. M. (Daily Except Sunday).

For Maynooth, Bancroft and Intermediate points: 7.00 A. M. and 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday).

For Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points: 7.00 A. M. and 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday).

For Frankford, Marmora, Coe Hill and Intermediate points: 7.00 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. (Except Sunday).

For Napanee, Deseronto, Harrowsmith, Kingston and Intermediate points: 7.55 A. M., 1.35 P. M. and 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday.)

For Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate points: 3.10 A. M. and 1.25 P. M. (Except Sunday).

For Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk, 3.00 A. M., 7.55 A. M., 1.25 P. M. and 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday).

From Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points: 3.10 A. M., 1.25 P. M. (Except Sunday) and 9.35 P. M.

From Trenton, Picton and Intermediate points: 7.55 A. M., 1.25 P. M. and 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday).

From Maynooth, Bancroft and Intermediate points: 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday).

From Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points: 7.00 A. M. and 9.15 P. M. (Except Sunday).

From Kingston, Harrowsmith, Napanee, Deseronto and Intermediate points: 8.15 P. M. (Except Sunday).

From Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate points: 3.10 A. M. (Except Monday) and 3.15 M. (Except Sunday).

From Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk: 3.10 A. M. (Except Monday), 3.15 P. M. (Except Sunday).

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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THE CANADIAN,
Belleville, Ontario.

Bible Conference

The Twenty-first Annual Bible Conference of the Toronto Evangelical Church of the Deaf, will be held at Toronto Bible College, 110 College Street, on March 25, 26 and 27. Programmes and cards will be issued soon. Please pray for a blessing on the Conference, and upon all who attend.

P. Fraser,
Superintendent.

Sermon for Catholic Deaf

The Catholic deaf residing between Peterboro and Windsor Ontario, are requested to attend the first sermon during the Lenten Season on March 25, 26 and 27th inclusive to be held at the Loretto Abbey Day School, 387 Brunswick Ave., Toronto, to receive Holy Communion in a body at St. Peter's Church on Easter. Those who wish to come, will please communicate with Mr. Jas. Kelly, 48 Sullivan Street, Toronto, to arrange accommodation.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS—From 8.00 a. m. to 1 p.m., with recess from 10.45 to 11.00 during which lunch is served to the pupils.

AS SOON AS THE PUPILS ASSEMBLE in the classrooms in the morning each teacher will open by prayer. At 4 o'clock the pupils will assemble in the chapel and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner. The prayers are those prescribed for use in the Public Schools of Ontario. Assistants and Instructors are to be in their respective rooms and departed five minutes before the time for the assembling of pupils.

EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8 p. m. Voluntary reading hours for some pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY—Sunday School at 9.45 a. m General Lecture at 2.30 p. m: Pupils of all denominations attend their respective churches whenever desired by the pastors in charge.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN.—Rev. Ven. Archdeacon Bedgish, M. A., (Anglican). Rev. A. S. Kent, M. A. (Presbyterian); Rev. A. H. Foster, (Methodist); Rev. W. H. Wallace, (Baptist); Rev. Father Wilson, Catholic.

BIBLE CLASSES, Sunday morning at 9.05: International Section of Sunday School Lesson. Superintendent, Mr. George F. Stewart; Teachers—Mrs. Ashton, Miss Hull, Miss Ford, Miss James, Miss Brown, Miss Palen, Miss Reid, Miss Curry, Miss Hagley, Miss Panter, Miss Springer, Miss Nunn, Miss Sutton, Miss Stark and Miss Malcolm.

THE CATHOLIC PUPILS receive religious instruction on Sunday morning from 8.45 to 9.30 and on Friday afternoon from 2 to 2.30. Teachers, Miss Deannard, Miss Hierdon, Miss Aherne and Miss Carroll.

☞ *Clergymen of all denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.*

Industrial Departments:

GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday after noon of each week from 2.15 to 4 o'clock.

THE PRINTING OFFICE, SHOE and CARPENTER SHOPS from 2.30 to 4.30 for junior pupils and from 2.30 to 5.30 for senior pupils after school: for those who do not, from 7.30 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 2.30 to 5.30 p. m. each working day except Saturday, when the office and shops will be closed at noon.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASSES may be arranged from time to time.

THE SEWING CLASS HOURS are from 8.15 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 to 5 p. m. for those who do not attend school; and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons

☞ The Printing office, Shops, Sewing Room and Domestic Science Department to be left each day when work ceases in a clean and tidy condition.

☞ Pupils are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments, except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent.

☞ Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work in hand to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the School, will be made welcome on any day school is in session. Visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is as soon after 9 o'clock a. m. as possible.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted, parents come with them to the School, they are kindly advised not linger and prolong leave-taking with their children. It only makes uncomfort for all concerned, particularly for the parents. The child will be soonerly cared for, and if left in our charge without delay will be quiet, happy with the others in a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. If parents must come, however, they should be made welcome to the class-room and allowed every opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodging or meals or entertain guests at the School. Good accommodation may be had in the city at the Quinte Hotel, Cry-tal, Queens, City and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. No correspondence will be allowed between parents and officers or employees under any circumstances without special permission upon each occasion. Every letter addressed to the Superintendent will be promptly answered.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent only to parents or guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTERS FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE THEY ARE WELL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every three weeks and may write oftener if they wish; letters will be written by the teachers for the little ones who cannot write, stating, as nearly as possible, their wishes.

☞ No medical preparations that have been used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the school

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise medicines and appliances for the cure of Deafness. In 999 cases out of a 1000 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well-known medical practitioners in cases of adventitious deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent

THE CANADIAN

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Ontario School for the Deaf, Belleville.

VOL. XXVIII BELLEVILLE, MARCH 15, 1921 NO. 12

ONTARIO SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA
UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. R. H. GRANT,
Minister of Education, Toronto.

Officers of the School:
C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., ...*Superintendent*
J. W. PEARCE ......*Bursar*
W. W. BOYCE, M. D. ......*Physician*
DR. J. CHANT, M. D. ......*Aurist and Oculist*
MISS E. A. WILLOUGHBY ......*Matron*
MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD......*Assistant Matron*

Teachers:
ORAL
W. J. CAMPBELL
Supervising Teacher Senior Oral Dept.
MISS CATHERINE FORD
Supervising Teacher Junior Oral Dept.

Geo. F. Stewart	Miss K. Scott
Miss I. B. Fawes	Miss E. Nurse
Miss B. Riendon	Miss L. Carrol
Miss L. Deannard	Miss B. Sunter
Miss E. Panten, B. A.	Miss I. Malcolm
Miss F. Curry	Miss A. Stirk
Miss G. Springer	Miss S. E. Ward
Miss V. Handley	Miss B. A. Wilson

Miss G. Bradley

MANUAL
Miss Georgina Linn
Supervising Teacher Manual Department

D. R. Coleman, M.A.	Miss Ada James
Mrs. Sylvia L. Balis	Miss Nina Brown

Miss A. B. Schofield,
Teacher of Domestic Science
Mrs. L. G. Williams, *Teacher of Sewing*
——— *Teacher of Fancy Work*

Miss I. McBride, *Stenographer & Clerk.*	——— *Instructor of Printing.*
Wm. Nurse, *Storekeeper & Associate Supervisor.*	Alex. Morrick, *Master Shoemaker.*
W. Smith, *Supervisor of Boys, etc.*	——— *Engineer.*
	M. W. Parks, *Master Carpenter.*
Miss Clara Coombe, *Trained Nurse and Instructress in Home Nursing.*	J. N. Boyd, *Master Baker.*

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this School is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, *who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.*

All deaf persons between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious disease, who are *bona fide* residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $50 per year for board. Tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf persons whose parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT CHARGED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Baking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in General Domestic Work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of Sewing Machines and such Ornamental and Fancy Work as may be desirable. Manual Training in woodwork for boys, and Domestic Science for girls have been introduced.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

☞ The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

POETRY

Life's Lesson

I learn as the years roll onward
And I leave the past behind,
That much I had counted sorrow
But proves that God is kind;
That many a flower that I'd longed for
Had hidden a thorn of pain,
And many a rugged by-path
Led to fields of ripened grain.

The clouds that cover the sunshine,
They cannot banish the sun,
And the earth shines out the brighter
When the weary rain is done,
We must stand in the deepest shadow
To see the clearest light;
And often through wrong's own darkness
Comes the living strength of right.

The sweetest rest is at even,
After a wearisome day,
When the heavy burden of labor
Has been borne from our heart away;
And those who have never known sorrow
Cannot know the infinite peace
That falls on the troubled spirit
When it sees at last release.

We must live through the dreary winter,
If we would value the spring;
And the woods must be cold and silent
Before the robins sing.
The flowers must be buried in darkness
Before they can bud and bloom,
And the sweetest, warmest sunshine
Comes after the storm and the gloom.

—Author Unknown

MISCELLANEOUS

When Judith Changed her Mind

That's always the way," muttered Judith wrathfully. "Here's Aunt Jennie's two-year old baby having the croup at the very busiest time, and mother rushing away to doctor it. And now, with all the other work to-day, Rob wants chicken for dinner; that means mashed potatoes, and I was going to boil them with their jackets on to save time. I'll do it, anyhow," and she shook the dustcloth energetically as she stood on the porch steps.

"I'll pick the chicken for you," said uncle Jerry, who was shelling peas in the shady corner of the porch. "And little Benjie would be glad to help if you'd give him easy little jobs to do, like your mother does. He isn't very strong, but I notice he's happier if he thinks he's helpin'," and the old man looked kindly after the slight boy of nine, going across the road to the orchard with a book under his arm.

"I don't want him 'round," rasped Judith. "Mother babies him too much. Every morning she gives him the richest of the milk, and lets him put sugar in it besides; it's all nonsense. He needs to stir about more and play like other boys. He reads too much."

"He can't play like he used to," replied Uncle Jerry gently. "He hasn't been the same boy since he fell from his pony and hurt his back."

Judith muttered something under her breath about everybody taking Benjie's part; but Uncle Jerry paid no heed. He remembered the thin, nervous face at the table that morning, and pitied the little fellow.

Uncle Jerry finished the peas and chicken, and finally brought it in from behind the smoke-house, plump and yellow, "fit for any preacher," he said, as he set the pan down on the table, and asked, "How's the churning — butter most come"?

"No, it doesn't act as if it was over going to gather," with another vigorous pound with the dasher.

"Lemme see; I 'member your mother puts a little salt in sometimes; let's try that," and he dexterously tilted the lid and shook a small quantity of salt into churn. "Just lemme try it awhile," and taking the dasher from the girl's unwilling grasp, he twirled it slowly round and round for a while, then up and down, till the yellow bits of butter began to gather. "Now, a little dash of cold water, and I think it'll be so you can get out your butter bowl and ladle."

"You bewitched it Uncle Jerry," said the somewhat mollified Judith. How did you ever learn all you know about butter-making?"

"I used to help my mother churn, when I was just settin' round; couldn't do much of anything, and she let me into the secret of it."

Judith knew what the "settin' round" meant to Uncle Jerry, for she and often heard her mother tell how long it took for Uncle Jerry's limb to heal when he came home from the war, and how cheery and patient he kept, doing any and everything he could to lighten the family burdens.

"Shall I peel the potatoes now?"

"No, I shan't bother, we'll have them with their jackets on; it's less trouble and they'll be good enough. I suppose if I do like mother, I'll have to make corn bread, too, but there's just no use humoring them all so. It would keep one on the jump to satisfy everyone's tastes in this house," and she gave the butter a last skillful pat and carried the yellow bowl to the cool cellar.

Uncle Jerry sat meditating; then when she came back he said, "I'll wash them and have them ready for you, and while you're cuttin' up that chicken, want me to tell you 'bout some potatoes I baked once? I've never told this to anyone yet, Judith, but I'm goin' to tell you now."

Something in the kind old man's tones made Judith look at him curiously. "There was a lot of us boys in camp, and I was cook. Hal Woodford was my chum in camp, and one day as I was gettin' the potatoes ready for the pot, he came along and and looked in. 'Goin' to boil 'em again, Jerry?' he asked. 'Bake me two, won't you?' I was cross; the fire wouldn't burn, and I was hustlin' to have dinner on time, 'No, I won't,' I blurted out. 'I've got my hands full now without pamperin' to everybody in camp.' Hal never said a word; just turned on his heel and went off. I felt sort o' mean and oneasy, for I knew he was feelin' homesick, so by an' by I peeped out to see where he was, and there he sat behind the camp wagons, all humped up as though he hadn't a friend in the world. It went to my heart, for Hal was such a cheery fellow most always. I went back and slapped two of the biggest potatoes in to bake. When they filed in for dinner Hal come lookin' blue and glum. But when he caught sight of two mealy potatoes, pipin' hot beside his plate, he gave one lift of his eyes to mine, and that quick smile of his warmed my heart clear through.

"Some of the boys were ordered out that afternoon for a little skirmish. Hal was among them, and he never came back alive. I tell you, little girl, I never was so glad of anything in my life as I was that I could remember that look on Hal's face; it has been with me these forty odd years. What if I hadn't done it? We're never sorry for little kindnesses we do for others along the way, but sometimes we're a lifetime sorry, cause we didn't do them. I'll go out to the barn now, and put the feed in the mangers for the horses, so the men can get in quick," and he went down the garden path, leaving a very thoughtful Judith behind him.

"He's just like mother for all the world, always thinking of other folks likes before his own. I wish I could see things as mother does, and have people love me like they do her. Maybe"—a flush spread over her face—"maybe it's because she never thinks it any bother to please them. I wonder if her motto that hangs over her dresser—'Even Christ pleased not himself'—has anything to do with it? That might be a good motto for me"; and her hand reached for the paring knife.

A half hour before noon she called to Benjie, who was in the far corner of the yard, his arms around old Shep, into whose ears he seemed to be pouring his confidences. "Want to help sister, Benjie?"

He came slowly, doubtfully, but the look on Judith's face disarmed him, as also did the glass of creamed milk she held out to him.

Promptly at a quater past twelve, as the men finished washing under the shade trees by the well, Judith brought the last dish to the table. There was a softened look on her face, and a lovingness about her that made her father look up after returning thanks, to say, "Tired, daughter? I'm afraid this nice dinner was too much for you. Chicken, gravy, mashed potatoes, corn bread, and all the rest; as good a dinner as mother's any day."

"I helped," chimed in Benjie, whose bright face was in striking contrast to his listless one of the morning. "Judy let me do errands, and I set the table and didn't drop a dish."

Uncle Jerry's smile of understanding warmed Judith's heart, while her face flushed rosily.

Rob wasted no words, but he was thoughtful enough to refuse the white meat knowing it was Judith's choice.

That evening, as Judith sat with Benjie and Uncle Jerry on the porch steps, she leaned over and whispered to Uncle Jerry; "Thank you for telling that story; I think I see things more as mother does now."

Uncle Jerry held her warm, capable hand in his. "It pays, dear, it pays; and it'll come back to you in big measure." Already Judith believed it, and resolved in heart to make her mother's motto her own, that she, too, might have the spirit of Christ, and show it in her everyday life.—Condensed From Dorrice Pressly in The Christian Union Herald.

The Bigger Game

Genial Doctor Macfarland was the president of the Wayborn Golf Club; there was no one in town who loved the game more whole-heartedly. Often when he was in too much of a huffy to remove his greatcoat while visiting a patient he would pause at sight of a golf bag in the hall and finger the clubs for a moment, and tell about a wonderful drive or astounding putt that some friends had recently made. He never spoke of his own prowess; for he was a modest man and he played infrequently.

"I haven't seen you on the course for a month, I'm sure," said the merchant whom the doctor was taking out to the club one lovely autumn day.

"No. I've been too busy lately, but I expect to play some next week," he answered cheerfully.

"I wish I could, but there's fever out on the prairie and a dozen calls when I get back."

"Well, I wish you'd use our golf club oftener. I tell you, Doctor Mac, you did a great thing for this town when you organized that club. It has not only given us fresh air and exercise, but it's created a new feeling of fellowship. I can't help noticing that the men who used to hang round my store gossiping and telling no-good yarns spend most of their spare time now trying to keep their eyes on the ball and to follow it through. And when they can't play, they have something pleasant to talk about that everyone is interested in."

"Gammon! If I hadn't started it someone else would;" The doctor looked away with misty eyes.

The car slowed down at the club.

"Well, I do wish you'd [illegible] and play a few holes with me."

"Tempter!" cried the doctor. But he said to himself that the next day he would challenge his boy to an early game before office hours.

Father and son were out on the links in the morning as soon as dawn had broken, and young Rob kept his father at the first tee much longer than the doctor thought necessary, to criticize his stance and his hold on the clubs. He bore it good naturedly, for Rob had taken some valuable lessons of the professional whom the doctor had imported for the instruction of the enthusiasts. He had not been able to take any himself, for scarlet fever had swept a neighboring village just at that time.

(Continued on page 8)

THE CANADIAN
Eight pages.
PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY
At the Ontario School for the Deaf
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

GEO. F. STEWART, - - - - EDITOR.

OUR MISSION:

First—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

Second—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf subscribers.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils now in the School, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

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BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO.

TUESDAY, MARCH 15th, 1921.

The Burden Great

"M. J. S. Morrison, for many years superintendent of the Missouri school, has resigned, to take effect at the close of this school term. This resignation, we are informed, is voluntary because he desires to enter some other work before he is too old to succeed in a new field.

So many superintendents have left the work the past year or two as to cause those interested in the schools for the deaf to stop and think. If these men who are already succeeding in the work have found it so burdensome as to give it up, how long are new men liable to remain?

Mr. Jewell of the Wisconsin school and Mr. Burdette of the West Virginia school found the work too exacting after a trial of one or two years and gave it up. The greatly increased cost of maintaining a school (if it is maintained right) and the lack of funds to maintain it, together with the shortage of help which multiplies a superintendent's duties and responsibilities, make it almost physically impossible to continue even when the superintendent is youthful and in good health. It is to be hoped that these hard conditions are soon to pass, but how many of the faithful superintendents will still be at the helm when that day comes is problematical. We wish our friend, Mr. Morrison, an abundance of success in his new endeavor."—Ohio Chronicle.

Teachers' Reading Club

For the past three years we have conducted among our teachers a Reading Club which has afforded considerable diversion, and made available a number of the season's newest books at very little cost. Each teacher wishing to join the circle purchases a book or selects the name of some book which is then ordered for her. The books rotate in such a manner that each teacher has a specified time in which to read every book on the list. There are this year fourteen books making the rounds. At the end of the season each teacher will possess the book which she originally purchased.—The Maryland Bulletin.

Teaching Thrift

In a recent issue The Virginia Guide strongly emphasized the importance of "teaching thrift" in our schools in order that the pupils may know the value of a dollar, and the hard work by which dollars are earned, and that wilful waste" will almost assuredly bring "woful want." We quote the following paragraph as being equally applicable to all schools.

"A child cannot too early learn the importance of economy and the evil of waste, and the school is certainly a proper place to inculcate such lessons. This, of course, applies to all children but particularly does it apply to the deaf pupils in our own School who have had no home training. The training fo a deaf boy along practical lines should begin just as soon as he is put into our hands. The first lesson taught should be the lesson of economy: that his food, and clothes, and books are expensive, and that nothing of value must be wasted or destroyed. He should be made to understand that some body has to work for every thing he has, and that some day he himself will have to work, in one way or another, that others may have comforts and advantages as are now provided for him. He should be warned, time and again as he grows older, of the disgrace as well as the futility of trying to make capital of his affliction, and should be urged to cultivate a spirit of manliness and independence, and a determination to succeen in spite of the handicap of deafness.

Frequently, when pupils express a desire to leave school before finishing the course, they point to men who have been highly successful in business although they have had but little schooling. It is hard to make such pupils understand the true situation of affairs, viz:

First, the majority of successful men, in any field of endeavor, are men who have had a good education. (In the instances where this is not so, the men have succeeded in spite of their limited education, and not because of it.)

Secondly, there are really greater things in the world than money. When some soap manufacturers approached a certain famous scientist and offered him a large sum of money if he would sell his scientific knowledge to them, he replied that he had no time to make money.

In the very nature of things the boy or man of limited education cannot appreciate such a view. The joy of intellectual power, the ability to read and understand the thoughts of the great minds of all time, to "think the thoughts of God after him"—these things are beyond his powers of comprehension.

What to him

Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of songs,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?

The utmost flight of his imagination is comprised within the compass of this "successful" man's:

Successful man: I must buy more land.
Friend: Why?
S. M.: To raise more corn.
F.: Why?
S. M.: To fatten more hogs.
F.: Why?
S. M.: To make more money.
F.: Why?
S. M.: To buy more land.
And so on, indefinitely.—California News.

TORONTO TOPICS

Those who were at Mr. Russell Edward's birthday party on Feb. 25th certainly had a gala time and it is no wonder for this annual event is always looked forward to with the greatest pleasure by all who know what great entertainers Russell and his parents are. They never fail one such occasions and this time it was no exception. It was a treat beyond compare. Russell and his people are well liked by all their friends and these are beyond count. Games of every description were played and eagerly contested for all knew what the winner would get. All voted a merry time and Russell and his people a jolly bunch.— The prize winners were,— Miss Ettie Sackett, Miss Muriel Kennedy, Mr. W. Bell, Miss Isabella Barker Mr. Geo. Elliott, Mr. Asa Forrester, Mr. Lewis Ireland and Mr. Frank Harris. Mr. George Martin, of Riverview, brother-in-law of Mr. Wm. W. Scott, was in the city on March 2nd on business and gave Billy a pleasant call.

"You will promise not to surprise me on my birthday, will you?" asked Mrs. Alex McCaul of her hubby, a week or so before the dawn of her natal day. "I will" he laconically replied with a smile, and Mrs. McCaul then went about with her daily routine of work, thinking she was immune from the fuss that characterizes such events, but her calculations were far from the safety zone for the surprise cloud still hovered over her home, fanned from another source. It grew more exciting as the day drew nearer and finally exploded on March 3rd, when over a dozen of her friends broke down the barriers of etiquette and rushed in upon her in such a way as to almost scare her to death. At first she began to think her husband had broken his promise and was about to belabor him, but her attemps we frustrated by all assuring her it was that young maiden, sweet and fair, pointing to Miss Isabella Barker, who smilingly tried to cloak her guilt. After the fuss subsided all joined in a merry race for the valuable prizes which Miss Barker was giving away, and the following were the lucky winners: Mrs. A. H. Jaffray, Mrs. H. W. Roberts, Mrs. W. R. Watt and Mr. A. H. Jaffray. A very enjoyable time was had by all.

Mrs. John T. Shilton and little daughter enjoyed a very pleasant week lately with her sister, Mrs. Alfred Smith, in Peterboro. Mrs. Smith was formerly Miss Helen Fraser, youngest daughter of Mr. P. Fraser.

On Sunday, March 6th, while strolling through the old Union Station, Mr. James Ross found a wad of bills. As he picked it up a number of loafers made frantic appeals to Mr. Ross claiming that it was theirs but our honest friend turned his back on them and forthwith handed over the precious parcel to a burly guardian of the law. We compliment Mr. Ross on his promptness and good judgment.

Mrs. W. W. Scott returned home on March 5th from Wellandport where she had been spending a couple of weeks with her parents. While there she had an attack of la grippe but was soon around again.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Newell of Milton were in the city lately visiting the former's brother, Dr. Newell, at the Beach, and before returning home made a hurried call on some of their Parkdale friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Bell are now comfortably settled in their little home at No. 1 Valhalla Boulevard, Birch Cliffe, a cosy little abode which Mr. Bell personally built. Mrs. Bell was formerly Miss Florence Ketcheson, of Trenton.

Congratulations, we extend to Mr and Mrs. Victor Whetham on the arrival of a little son on Feb. 27th to bless their home. Mrs. Whetham was formerly Miss Hazel Fleet, younger sister of Mrs. Earl Kindree.

Mr. and Mrs. Orval Eastman gave a very pleasant surprise party at their home on Melborne Ave. on March 11, in honor of Mrs. Earl Kindree, whose natal day it was and be it said she got one of the surprises of her life. About twenty people were present to share in the frolic of the evening. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sipe, who came in from Brantford and left next day for Haliburton, where they will reside. A great time is reported by all.

We are pleased to say little Dorothy Byrne is slowly but steadily improving from her recent and severe illness. She is a bright little maiden.

Mrs. R. C. Slater was out on a visit to her former home at Galt for a week lately and had a pleasant time. Mr. and Mrs. Slater will soon go to their home at King for the summer.

The Brigden Club had another evening of hearty laughter and on Feb. 26th that will go down as one we will long remember. It was virtually actor's night and the dozen or more who made up the van acquitted themselves as admirably as any professional devotee of the stage could perform. So great were their various performances that they were given tremendous ovations. Among acts given were: No. 1—"The Ignorant Prospector's lucky find" by Messrs. Wm. Hazlitt as "Mutt" Charles Elliott as "Jeff," P. Fraser as "John D. Rockefeller." No. 2—"Hunting the Eagle" by Mr. Chas. Elliott as "the hunter," Wm. Hazlitt as "the crank," Alex McCaul as "the chaffeur," P. Fraser as "the supposed rich man." The above three acts were depicted as "Mutt and Jeff." Then they put on "Bringing up Father" in nine scenes as follows. No. 1—"Arm chair incident" by Miss Muriel Kennedy as "Mrs. Jiggs," Miss Isabel Barker as "Her friend," Mr. Wm. Hazlitt as "Mr. Jiggs." No. 2—"Hypnotized" by Mrs. H. W. Roberts as "Mrs. Jiggs," Chas. Elliott as "the hypnotist," Wm. Hazlitt as "Mr. Jiggs," Eddie Payne as "the prowling tiger." No. 3—"The Bossy wife" by Mr. W. Bell as "the freecare man," Mrs. Alex McCaul as "his wife," Arthur Jaffray as "Mr. Jiggs." No. 4—"the missing purse" by Mrs. McCaul as "Mrs. Toots," A. H. Jaffray as "Mr. Toots." No. 5—"A Flirt in the ice-cream parlor," by Miss M. Kennedy as "the service girl," Mrs. Whealy as "Mrs. Stout," A. H. Jaffray as "Mr. Stout," Chas. Ford as "the doctor." No. 6—"the Motorist's troubles" by Mrs. W. Bell as "the pretty maid," Wm. Hazlitt as "the motorist," Mr. W. Bell as "the traffic policeman." No. 7—"Killing the Time" by Mr. Wm. Hazlitt as "the music professor," C. Elliott as "Mr. Knowall," Mr. H. W. Roberts as "the surprised guest." No. 8—"Expectancy" by Miss Isabel Barker as "the daughter," Mrs. H. Whealey as "Mrs. Looking For," Wm. Hazlitt as "Mr. Looking For," *Mr. Alex McCaul as "the winking chauffeur."* No. 9—"*Charlotte Russe and her Jabs*" by Mrs. H. Whealy as "the lady beautiful," Mr. P. Fraser as "Mr. Do Little," Chas. Elliott as "Mr. Hopeful." Everyone voted this the best treat of the season so far.

Messrs. A. C. Shephard, H. W. Roberts, W. C. Mackay, W. W. Scott, F. E. Doyle and H. E. Grooms were all successful in passing their annual exams on postal laws and regulations held in January last. The questions this year were somewhat more baffling than in former years yet all went "over the top" with flying colors.

Mr. Ernest A. Lawson of Hamilton was in the city over the week end of March 5, visiting his sister Mrs. Orval Eastman.

Mrs. Alex Buchan has returned from a few weeks' visit to her daughter, Mrs. John Crough, in Windsor.

Mrs. Alex. B. McCaul was out to see her father in Hamilton one day lately.

Mrs. John McGilliway of Woodbridge has returned home after a fortnight's visit to her daughter, Mrs. H. W. Roberts, and other relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Mason have taken a house at 33 Galley Ave. one block south where the former's parents M. and Mrs. A. W. Mason, live.

Mrs. A. Pilon and little daughter have returned from a few weeks' pleasant visit with relatives in and around Belleville.

Mrs. George Elliott was up in Kitchener for a few days lately visiting her parents and relatives.

Mr. Walter Bell returned home on March 13th after a business sojourn of two weeks in Detroit, Windsor and other parts of south Western Ontario.

Mrs. William Timpson was out to see her parents, Mrs. and Mr. Charles McLaren, in Raglan for a couple of days lately. She was accompainied by a brother of her mother who came down from Regina on a visit to his old home in Lnorubury and relatives elsewhere.
—H. W. R

The herring is more largely used as an article of food than any other fish, both in its fresh and cured states. More than 250,000 tons of herrings are landed on the coast of Great Britain every year, representing a money value of about $1,200,000.

PUPILS' PAGE

—I received a long letter and five cents from Mr Levi Lewis about two week ago, and was very much pleased to get it. He told me that he would visit my home this summer. He told me that he would give me a grand time. When I go home, he and I will go to the city. My Aunt Bella and I visited Mrs. Sutton's home last summer. Mrs. Sutton asked me to visit her this summer. She will give me a good time. She is a deaf woman and she lives in Simcoe. —Florence Davis.

—When spring comes, the pupils will begin to play baseball. The Senior boys will have to practise playing baseball because they will play with the Belleville High School, Albert College and the Red Sox teams. We hope that R. Pye will pitch well for the O. S. D. team and perhaps he will make many strike-outs in one game. He says that he will try to shut out the Albert College team.—William H. McGovern.

—I read in a newspaper about Stratford and Collingwood playing with each other last night. The Stratford team beat Collingwood easily. The score was 6 to 3. Carson and Worenz were very good players. Worenz is the fastest centre. I hope Stratford team will win the championship in the Junior League. I saw the pictures of Carson and Worenz. Kerry is the manager of the hockey team. They looked very fine. I have never seen the Stratford team playing, but I hope to see them some time.—Willie Miller.

—I read in a newspaper that the allied troops have gone into Germany and have occupied three cities in Germany because the Germans will not consent to pay as large a sum of money as the Allies demand. The Germans took and destroyed many cities in France and Belgium. They destroyed over six hundred thousand houses, two thousand factories, five thousand bridges. Now the Germans are angry because the Allies want them to pay for part of the damage they did.—G. Christian.

—I got a letter from Catherine Tudhope and she told me that Miss Ford and she arrived in Northampton, Mass., safely. I was sorry to hear that they had some trouble on their trip to Vermont. They had to stay at St. Albans, which is the first station after they cross the Canadian border. They were detained all day by immigration officers. Catherine saw no girls and boys signing at Northampton School. They talk as fast as hearing people. I wish I could hear well but there is One who knows best and we must live accordingly. I am happy with my life as it is. Miss Deannard is going to give us practice in lip-reading whenever we wish.—L. Whalen.

—Last Monday evening Miss Ford called us to go to the chapel. Mr. Stewart told us the story of Dickens' Christmas Carol for about an hour. Then some pictures of the Christmas Carol were shown, also a few comical pictures. They were very good. Then Dr. Coughlin gave the prizes to those who won the skating races. A few days before, we had pictures of the Old Curiosity Shop and several other series. We like the pictures very much. We think we will see pictures of the Merchant of Venice soon. Last Sunday evening we went to the chapel and were shown some pictures of Joseph and his eleven brothers. They were not very good, but Miss Deannard gave us a very interesting account of the life of Joseph.—Nellie Patrick.

—I would like to tell you a story about Cadmus and Europa. They were happy children. They used to play with a white bull. They had a good time. They patted the bull's side. Europa rode on his back and he ran away with her. Cadmus was very sad and went home and told his mother that Europa and the bull were lost. She was very sorry and told Cadmus that they would get up early in the morning and look for her. They went but they did not find her. His mother got very tired and hungry. She told Cadmus that he must find Europa. After a while his mother died. Cadmus walked in the woods alone. At last he found her and took her home again. Europa said, "Where is my mother?" Cadmus said "Our mother is dead." They were very sad.—Leone H. Jackson.

—A few weeks ago, I read in a newspaper that Dode Paskert, the star outfielder of Chicago, was a hero. One day he saw a house burning and he ran to it to save the children. He saved five children and he helped other people to save ten children. "Dode" Paskert's hands, cheeks and feet were scorched. He is one of the best outfielders in the Professional League. He can catch the ball when the sun shines in his face. If he plays again, the fans will remember that he is a hero and they will cheer him wildly. Paskert lives in Cleveland. In 1915 he played with Philadelphia, the former champions of the National League and he played against Boston Red Sox, the former champions of the American League for the World Series. Paskert's team lost the World Series but he played a great and clean game.—R. Pye.

—I read a book about "The Girl and the Wolf." It was a sad story. The girl and her mother and father lived in Russia. The parents went out to work and left their daughter at home to take care of the house and baby. Their daughter was fourteen years old. One day a wolf and two cubs came to the house and the girl saw them coming. She attacked the old wolf and tried to drive it away from the door. She saw the two cubs tearing the baby's clothes and trying to bite it. So she ran and snatched up the baby. She put the baby up in a high closet where the wolves couldn't reach it. She tried to drive away the young wolves and the old wolf returned and began to attack her. She was becoming very weak from loss of the blood. Her body was all torn. Just then her father returned home and the girl pointed to the closet and said, "Baby." Her father got the baby from the closet and the girl kissed the baby and died.—Madeline Dubois.

—I would like to tell you a story about "The Gold Thimble." Mary Long got a beautiful gold thimble from her father for her birthday. She was ten years old and she was proud of it. One day in summer she sat on the door step sewing and opened the door because it was too warm. The hens saw the door open and went to it. They began looking around for something to eat. She got up and shook her hand at them to drive them away. The thimble was on her finger. After a while it fell off her finger on the ground. The old rooster saw it there and thought that it was good to eat. He picked it up and ran away. Mary wanted to catch him to get her thimble but she couldn't catch him. She saw that it swallowed the thimble. Mary cried very hard because she wanted to have her beautiful gold thimble. She wondered if she would ever get it again. When her brother Tom came home, she told him about it. He went and caught the rooster and cut off his head. He cut the rooster open and found the thimble in the crop. He took it into the house and gave it to his sister. She thanked him very much.—Lauretta E. Delinelle.

—On Feb. 25th Miss Willoughby told me that she received a letter from a friend telling her of Miss M. H. Barnum's death. Miss M. H. Barnum knew me when I was a small boy. She was one of Toronto's best known social workers and superintendent of the "Blink Bonnie Boys' Home." She was buried at her old home in Grafton. She had spent many years of her life devoted to the training of boys. On Tuesday she contracted a cold. The illness quickly developed into pneumonia. She died of pneumonia. Many hundreds of Toronto children knew her through the outings to the house in Grafton as I did. I have not seen her for eleven years. Miss Barnum's sister, Mrs. Henry Reettan Jones, lives at Avenue Road in Toronto. Since her death the Boys' Home on Victoria Street has been a scene of pilgrimage for social workers. Her life service made for her a host of friends and her kindly manner gave her an influence over children which was a great asset in her work. Miss Barnum belonged to a fine family at Grafton. She was a friend of Miss Willoughby. Miss Willoughby and I now are friends. I know where Miss Barnum's home is in Toronto. When I go home, I will go there but I am sorry that I cannot see her any more because she has gone.—Thomas Goulding.

—I am going to write about a story called "Coals of Fire." Joe Benton lived in the country. His cousin Herbert gave him a beautiful boat. He put it in a little cave near the pond. On Saturday morning Joe went to see if the boat was all right and found that some one had badly damaged it. He thought Fritz Brown had done it, as he had invited all his schoolmates except Fritz to ride in the boat. He thought he would punish him by fastening a string across the footpath so that Fritz would trip on it and break the basket of eggs he took to market every day. Just then he saw his cousin coming and told him about the boat and the string. His cousin told Joe that this was not a good way to punish Fritz. It would be better to put some coals of fire on Fritz's head. Joe thought he meant to put real coals of fire on his head but his cousin told him that "coals of fire" means kind thoughts, kind actions and kind words. After a while Fritz came along. Joe told him that he would like to lend some books to him and he would like to invite him to ride in the boat but the boat was broken by someone. Fritz felt very sorry and ashamed and told Joe that he did it. When Joe came back in the afternoon, Fritz was trying to fix the boat and he gave Joe a beautiful flag and they were both happy. Have you ever read in the Bible, in Romans about coals of fire?—H. Myrel Jackson.

The Christmas Bell

—I read a book about the Christmas bell. The rich people went to the church. There was a king and queen in the church. They put gold, silver and beautiful gifts in the bowl. They waited for the bell to ring, but it did not ring. A little boy and his brother were walking on the road. The older brother saw an old man lying on the ground. He felt very cold and hungry. The older brother said they must help him. He told the little boy to go to the church and he told him that he had one cent. He took it to the church. He put it in the bowl. The bell began to ring because his older brother helped the old man.—Mary Campbell.

James Watt

—I have read a lot of stories about James Watt. We all know something about steam. It comes from boiling water. It can send engines and trains along on the tracks. It can drive ships across the sea. It can work machines in factories. Men did not always know that steam could do these things. James Watt was one of the men who found out this great secret. Watt was born in Glasgow in Scotland. His father was a carpenter. James liked to go into his father's carpenter shop when he was a boy. He worked with the men's tools. He liked to hold a spoon over the steam when the kettle was boiling in the kitchen. He worked a long time trying to make a steam engine. At last he made one. Then he made a lot of steam engines.—John Davey.

The Raven and the Peasant.

—Many years ago there lived in Poland a peasant by the name of Dobey. He was honest and industrious. He was very poor. He lived in a rented house. One day Dobey was very ill. He could not pay his rent. He was very much troubled. The weather was very cold. He called his family and they knelt in prayer. He asked God to help them. Dobey reached out his hand and the raven dropped a gold ring. It was worth a great deal of money. He examined it and found the king's name on the inside of the ring. Dobey sent the ring to the king and explained to him how he had found it. The king was glad to get it. He gave him a reward. He paid his rent. Presently Dobey built a house for himself. God had helped Dobey.—M. E. Egginton.

Sir Walter Raleigh

—We had a story about Sir Walter Raleigh. He lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth and King James. He took a lot of people over to America. They settled in Virginia. Many of them were killed by Indians. Raleigh went back to England. Queen Elizabeth was angry with him. He was put into prison by her. While he was in prison, he studied a lot of books. After a while he was set free. He went to South America. He tried to find a gold mine in South America but he did not find one, so he went to England. King James was ruler of England after Queen Elizabeth died. He wanted to be friendly with the Spaniards. He was very angry with Raleigh. He was put in prison again. After a while he was set free. He went to South America again. He tried to find a gold mine but he could not find one. He fought against the Spaniards because they killed his son. King James was angry with Raleigh. When he went to England, King James put him to death. I think that King James was a cruel king. Are you sorry for Raleigh?—Albert Hodgins.

Joan of Arc

—I have just read the story of Joan of Arc. It was an interesting story. In 1420 Henry V married Katherine the daughter of the French King and then returned to England. He went to France again to fight with his usual bravery and he fell sick and died in 1422. His body was buried in Westminster Abbey. Henry left a young son, who was then one year old, who succeeded him as Henry VI. When Henry grew older, he ruled over part of France and all of England. The English helped the Burgundians and always got the better of the French. Joan of Arc was the child of a French farmer and lived in a cottage. She was honest and good and was always happy. One day an angel came to her and commanded her to go and help the King of France and she obeyed. She went to the court and told the king that the angel told her to help him become King of all of France. Joan was then eighteen years old. She took command of an army and defeated the English and drove them out of nearly all of France. One day during a battle some one shot an arrow into Joan's chest and she fell. She pulled it out of her chest, but the English caught her and carried her to the king. They thought that she was a witch. They put her into prison and after a while she was taken out and burned at the stake. Now the whole world praises her and she has been canonized. I saw some pictures about Joan of Arc about three years ago.—A. L. C. Ingle.

The Farmer and His Pig

—I shall tell you the story of "The Farmer and His Pig." There was a farmer who had a pig. He fed it and took good care of it and it grew large and fat. The farmer thought he would drive it to the city and sell it. The pig was worth twenty dollars. But the farmer was not satisfied. He wanted to sell it for more money. So one evening he gave his pig salt which the pig ate. The salt made it very thirsty and it drank several bucketfuls of water. The farmer thought that he would make his pig heavier and sell it for more money. He thought that he would get twenty-five dollars. In the morning he gave his pig more water. The pig was thirsty and drank until it could drink no more. Then the farmer drove it to the city. He chuckled to himself. He thought he was very smart. He thought he would cheat somebody and make five dollars more than his pig was worth. It was a very warm summer day and the roads were very hot and dusty. At last the farmer and his pig came to the city. Suddenly the pig staggered. It fell, rolled over and died. The farmer was surprised and grieved. The salt and water had killed the pig. He walked on and left his dead pig lying on the street. A policeman saw him. He made him get a wagon and take his dead pig away. He went home but he did not laugh. He did not think himself very smart. If he had been honest, he would have got twenty dollars but trying to cheat he lost all.—J. L. Goldman.

Dick Whittington

—I would like to tell you a story about Dick Whittington, a poor orphan who became Mayor of London. He had been an orphan since he was seven years old. He and his elder brothers worked on their farm. Dick often heard stories about London. He was told London was a large, beautiful city and the pavements were paved with gold. At the age of thirteen years he set off to see the city. When he reached London, he found it was an ugly, untidy city and was very much disappointed. He was offered a job in a kitchen. The cook who worked with him, treated him cruelly but he was very patient. One day he bought a cat for a penny. It was the thing he loved best. He never let the cook know that he had the cat with him in his bedroom. The cat was very useful and was a very good mouse catcher. One day Dick's master Fitz sent his goods in a ship to be sold. He called his servants and told them that everyone should give him one thing to be sent in the ship also. The ship went to a distant land and the captain of the ship visited the king of that land. When they dined, many rats came to destroy the food. The king was angry. The captain thought of Dick's cat in the ship and ordered it to be brought to him. When it came to the king's palace, it at once ran around and destroyed the rats. The king was very grateful and gave the captain a great deal of money for the cat. The captain came back to England and brought the wealth to Fitz and gave it to Dick Whittington who afterwards got a good education and married Alice, daughter of Fitz. He afterwards became Mayor of London.—Norma Smith.

Dishonesty Punished

Once a rich man lost a hundred dollars in a purse. He offered a reward of ten dollars to the person who should find it and return it to him.

A poor man found it and carried it to the owner. He asked for the reward.

The rich man was very stingy. He did not want to give the reward. So he looked in the purse and said, "The purse had a hundred and ten dollars in it when I lost it. Now there is only a hundred dollars. You have taken ten dollars."

The poor man said he had not touched the money, and wanted his reward. But the rich man would not pay him. So he went to the judge and told him his story.

The judge made inquiries about the two men. He found out that the rich man did not have a good reputation. He was dishonest. "Did your purse have a hundred and ten dollars in it?" he asked him.

"Yes" replied the rich man.

"Then," said the judge "This is not your purse. It has only a hundred dollars in it. You must look for your purse until you can find it with a hundred and ten dollars in it. The finder of this purse must keep it until the true owner claims it."

The Cat And Her Kittens

There was once a farmer who lived on a farm, and near the farm was a small stream. The farmer had a cat with five kittens. The mother cat taught her kittens very good manners.

One day the farmer bought a dog. This dog was not taught as good manners as the kittens. As soon as he saw the kittens, he began to growl and bark. He wanted to chase them up the trees, but all they did was to sit and look at him. The dog thought they were very queer cats and got up and walked away. After a few days they became the best of friends.

Every day the cat, the dog, and kittens, went down to the stream. They played on the green grassy banks of the stream.

One day while they were all down by the stream the kittens saw a broad board in the water. All the kittens jumped on it. They did not not know what harm was coming to them. All at once the board went down. The kittens were frightened and mewed piteously. But the dog was a very smart dog, and he jumped into the water and brought them out one by one. They were all saved. This experience made them better friends ever after.—Selected.

The Flowers

Maud and Muriel went the woods. They picked some pretty flowers. They brought them home. They put them in a vase. They put some water in the vase. They put the vase on the table.

1. Who went to the woods?
2. Where did Maud and Muriel go?
3. What did they do?
4. Who picked some flowers?
5. What did Maud and Muierl pick?
6. Where did they bring the flowers?
7. What did Maud and Muriel bring home?
8. Where did they put the flowers?
9. What did they put in a vase?
10. Who put the flowers in a vase?
11. Why did they put water in the vase?
12. Where did they put the vase?

Asleep and Awake

Mother Earth is sound asleep,
Who, oh, who will wake her?
"I will," said the mild South Wind;
"I will gently shake her."

Mother Earth is wide awake,
Who will bring her flowers?
"I will," said the beaming sun,
"Helped by April showers."

Trees

1. What is a tree?
2. Name the parts of a tree.
3. What part of a tree is sawed into lumber?
4. What part of a tree grows in the earth?
5. What is the trunk covered with?
6. What flows through the trunk? Where do the roots get the sap?
7. How does sap taste? What is made from maple sap?
8. What tree is the emblem of Canada? Why?
9. Name some hard wood trees. Name some that have soft wood.
10. Name some evergreen trees.
11. From what trees do we get very valuable lumber?
12. What tree has the largest leaves?
13. Name some trees that do not grow in Canada?
14. What tree grows very tall and slim, with no branches?
15. What tree do we get acorns from?

Foods

Our foods are vegetable and animal. Some of the vegetable foods are,—corn, wheat, vegetables, oats, rye, fruits, nuts, coffee, tea and sugar.

Some of the animals used for food are,—cattle, hogs, sheep, goats, fish, tame fowls and game. We call wild animals and fowls game. Some of our game are,—quail, turkeys, deer, squirrels, ducks and rabbits.

We buy our vegetable foods and some of the animal foods at the grocery stores. Most of our animal foods are bought at the butcher shops.

Frogs

In the spring frogs lay eggs in the ponds. Very soon tadpoles grow in the eggs and come out of them. When they come out of the eggs, they have eyes, mouths and tails, but they have no legs. After awhile the tadpole's hind legs grow. Then their fore legs grow and their tails become short. They change into frogs. A frog has two short fore legs and two long hind legs. It has no tails.—Nature Lessons.

Do you know—
Five animals that eat meat?
Five animals that eat grass?
Three animal with long ears?
Two animals with short ears?
Two animals with horns?
Three animals with sharp claws?
Two animals with long tails?
An animal with a trunk?
An animal with a hump?
An animal with a very large mouth?
An animal that hops?
An animal that eats nuts?

The Clouds

White clouds, white clouds,
In the blue sky,
When the wind blows,
You go floating by.

When the wind stops,
You all stand still,
Like pretty white sheep,
On a blue hill.

The Cat and the Fox

One day a cat met a fox. They began to talk. The fox asked the cat how many tricks she knew. She said that she knew only one trick. She could climb a tree when dogs chased her.

The fox was very sorry for the cat because she knew only one trick. He was boastful. He said he knew a hundred tricks. He told her to go with him to the woods and he would show her how to escape from dogs.

Soon a hunter and several dogs came along. The cat at once climbed up a tree. The thick leaves hid her.

The fox tried all his tricks. But the dogs soon caught him and killed him. —The Companion.

News Items from Junior Dept.

Last Saturday afternoon the ice came down the Moira River. Many people stood on the bridges and watched the ice. They were afraid because they thought that the water would flood the streets but the ice broke away and the water flowed into the bay. The deaf girls went for a walk to the city and saw the ice. We hope that the ice will not flood the streets.—Dolly Wheate.

The pupils will play baseball and football soon. They will have a good time. On May 24th the girls and boys will have races. Perhaps Dr. Coughlin will give prizes to them. They will be glad to get prizes.—Walter Wagester.

Last Thursday morning Mr. Clarke, the Inspector, came into our class-room. He came at 8 o'clock and stayed until 11 o'clock. We had many lessons for him. He enjoyed seeing the pupils very much. Mr. Clarke will visit other class rooms next week.

Last Saturday afternoon Dr. Coughlin let the pupils go to the city. The boys went to the city. They were glad. They bought many things. They went to the picture show at the Regent. The Regent is a new show house. The show was good. I think that the boys will go to the picture show there again. —Duncan McCallum.

Last week we had three examinations. We had arithmetic, geography and language. I came eighth in arithmetic and seventh in geography. I do not know my marks in language yet. I hope that I shall get high marks. —S. R. Foster.

Last week I got a letter from my father with a dollar bill in it. I thanked him very much. I was very happy to get it. I shall get a box from him soon. My father will make maple candy for me. My mother will make a cake for me, too. I shall thank them very much. I shall be glad. I shall get a box from them next Easter. I shall get a big chocolate egg with pretty flowers and birds on it.—C. A. Bennett.

Oh! Robins, crows, blackbirds, woodpeckers and other birds have come from the south. Some girls and boys saw several birds this morning and yesterday. We love to see the birds. We are glad spring will soon be here. —Dorothy Healey.

The ice is nearly all melted on the rink now. I saw two robins on a tree yesterday. I saw two black birds flying in the air this morning. Some men brought many bricks here to build the new school. They will soon begin to work.—George Hirons.

I sat on a mat. A fat cat sat on a mat.—Vincent.

I saw a bird in a nest last summer. I saw some pretty flowers in the grass last Wednesday. I saw a rabbit and played with it last May.—Alonzo Wood.

Easter will be in two weeks.
My father will come to see me.
I shall watch out of a window for him.
I shall talk to my father.
My mother will send a big box to me.
Aunt Maudie gave some pretty red and white eggs and a rabbit to me last year. I liked them.—Lorena Tweedie.

My mother will send a big box to Norine and me for Easter. She will send some things to us. I love her very much. She sends letters to us every week. She sent two dolls last Christmas. We shall go home next June. My mother is kind to us.—Zona Simpson.

One day, Mary went for a walk. She saw pretty, red roses. She picked them and brought them home. She gave them to her mother. Her mother was glad. Her mother put them into a jar. In one week they were dead. Mary started to cry.—Lemay Jette.

I shall have my birthday next July. My father will make a birthday cake for me. My family and friends will have supper with me. We shall have a good time.—Duncan McMillan.

I got a letter from Mrs. Budreaw. She told me she went to see my mother and they told me my father was away. I had a letter from my mother. She sent me 50 cents. She will send me a new spring coat and a box for Easter. I shall be glad. She told me to be good to Zona. I try to be very good to her.—Norene Simpson.

Last Saturday afternoon Dr. Coughlin let the pupils go the city and they were glad to do so. He did not let them go the city last fall, because some people very sick in Belleville. They are better now. The boys went to the picture show at the Regent. They enjoyed looking at the pictures. The Regent is is a new picture-show house. It has nice walls. After the show the boys bought many things at the stores. They came home at five o'clock.—Gordon Smith.

Walter is making a nice table for my mother. I think my mother will be glad to get it. He will bring it home next June.—Lewis Patterson.

—Miss James had a birthday on March 10th. Miss Brown gave a pretty pink hyacinth to Miss James, for her birthday. Miss James brought it in and showed it to us. We were glad to see it. I think Miss James got many gifts. —Lloyd Thornton.

—I received a letter from home and my mother told me that Mr. Fletcher had a bad accident. He works at the abbatoir and a dead cow fell on his foot and broke every bone. He was sent to the Western Hospital. The doctor says that he will not be able to stand up on his feet for 3 months and I feel very sorry for him.—S. Pack.

—The boys did not go to the city for four months because the people had diphtheria. The boys went to the picture show. I bought notebooks and envelopes. I went to the druggist. I bought 2 films. I paid 30 cents for them. I shall not go to the city to-morrow. I shall help Mrs. Balis.—N. Eickemeyer

One afternoon a few days ago some of the boys and I were milking the cows at 4 o'clock. After we had finished we took the can of milk to the kitchen and weighed it. After we weighed it we asked the farmer if we could get some apples. The farmer said, "Yes." Then he took the barrel out from under the table and told us to take some and we did. Then Miss Willoughby came in and saw us taking the apples and said to us, "What did you take the apples for?" We said that the farmer said that we could have some and Miss Willoughby said, "All-right you can have some," and we laughed at her and when we had supper the big boys told us to give them some. We gave some to our friends some and some of the other boys were sad. We We had a good time on the farm.— Archie Charlton.

The Birds

A boy saw three birds on the grass. He caught one. He carried it home. He did not give it to a cat. He put it into a box. I saw the boy's bird. The cat did not catch it. After awhile it flew away.—Abraham Hanna.

Easter

We shall have a party at Easter. We shall go the party. We shall receive a big box from from our parents. We shall be glad. My mother, sister, Jack and Gordon will come to see me. I shall be happy. Father will send some eggs to me soon. I shall eat them. I shall like them. We like Easter eggs very much.—Dorothy Bailie.

The Flowers

One day last summer I went to see a woman. She was sick. I gave some pretty, pink carnations to her. I spoke to her. I talked to two nurses. I wanted to go to bed. I was sick. The next day, I was better. I saw many people. I went home.—Helen McNish.

Last June

My mother bought a ball for me last summer. I was glad. My sister bounced it. I played games with her. I threw a ball over her. We had a good time. My sister had a birthday in June. Mother sent two pretty dresses for her and me. We said, "Thank you." My sister and I wore our dresses. We went down town. We bought some cakes.—Blanche Batty.

A Kite

One day, last summer I made a kite. It was white. I made it with a paper. I went for a walk. My brother came with me. I pulled a long string with the kite. It was cold. The kite went up high. It fell on the ground and broke. I saw it and picked it up. I gave it to my brother. He and I were glad.

Our Party

We had a party last week. We came at three o'clock. Zona rapped on the door. Miss Stirk opened it. We shook hands with Miss Stirk. We said, "How do you do?" We sat down on our chairs. We talked to Miss Stirk. We played cross tag and London Bridge. Miss Stirk gave some sausages and some buns to us. We said grace and ate them. Miss Stirk gave some candies to us. We thanked her. We said, "Good-bye."—Mildred Volk.

Ontario Association of the Deaf

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THE CANADIAN

SCHOOL MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

TUESDAY, March, 15th 1921

LONDON LEAFLETS

A surprise party was held at the home of Mr. George Jolly on a recent date and was attended by a number of his older deaf friends.

Mr. George W. Reeves of Toronto gave the deaf of this city and vicinity a splendid address on Saturday evening, Mar. 19th, and a valuable Bible talk on the following afternoon. Both meetings were largely attended.

Mr. W. H. Gould Jr. attended the auction sale at Mr. Isaiah Nahrgang's in New Hamburg on March 2nd and had a good time.

Mr. McMurray has gone to his home in Thamesford for a couple of months for lack of work at his place of employment, the Green Shaft-Clothing Co.

Miss Clara Balswell has relinquished her position at the Penman's Knitting mills and accepted a more lucrative situation at the McConnons Biscuit Co.

Mrs. G. A. W. Gustin has returned from Elmwood, whether she went to attend to her daughter following the birth of a daughter to the latter.

Mr. Russell Marshall is still employed at the London Box factory as a carpenter.

A St. Patrick party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Spindler and it was a shinning success. Mrs. Spindler was formerly Mrs. Henry Gottlieb of Galt.

Mr. Edward Paul of St. Thomas was handshaking with old friends here over the week-end of March 5th.

Mrs. Jennie Henderson of Sarnia came on old friends into last month while on her way home from a pleasant sojourn with relatives and friends in Simcoe and Hamilton. Mr. Henderson is steadily employed at the Goodyear Rubber Works.

Mr. W. H. Gould, Jr., attended the Sabbath service in Brantford on Feb. 25th, conducted by Mr. Geo. Reeves of Toronto. He also visited relatives while there.

Messrs. W. H. Gould, Jr., and George Moore went to Preston on the hockey special with 89 other fans to witness the sudden death game between the city and this left wing to endure the humiliation of seeing their own team go down to defeat by a score of 5 to 1.—W. H. G.

Johns Church By Dual Signs

Over 25 young people were received into the fellowship of Askin Street Methodist Church by Rev. J. T. C. Morris. Two were baptized and one of those baptized had the ritualistic questions put to him by means of the sign manual.

Gilbert Henderson was the young man referred to and he had been deaf from birth. Rev. Morris was assisted in the unique ceremony by Mr. John Fisher, who is also deaf, but has learned to speak, is quite proficient in lip reading and is a master of the finger method of conversation.

The pastor addressed the necessary questions to the interpreter, who "heard" them through his eyes. The interpreter then passed the questions to the candidate for baptism by the finger alphabet, and the candidate made reply by an affirmative or negative shake of the head. It was noted by those watching the ceremony that questions were put and answered as quickly as if the candidate had been in full possession of the faculties of hearing and speech.—London Free Press.

Meloche—Hoffman

A very interesting nuptial mass was celebrated at St. Peter's Cathedral on Wednesday morning, when Miss Nelda Hoffman of Piccadilly street, this city, was united in marriage to Mr. Edmund Meloche of Windsor, the Rev. Father J. J. Young officiating. An interesting fact in connection with the wedding is that the groom is deaf while the bride is practically deaf. Attending the bride was Miss Georgina Hoffman, while Mr. Raymond Meloche acted as groomsman. A number of relatives and friends of the bride and groom were present at the ceremony.

FROM FAR AND NEAR

Mr. James Green accompanied the Chesley hockey team to Wiarton and played a league game with the Wiartonites. It was a good game and Wiarton won by 9 to 7. We are always pleased to hear of our boys or girls figuring in an honor roll of some kind.

We have just heard with much regret of the death of the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Newell of Milton, which occurred last July. We extend our belated sympathy to the bereaved parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Colcough, who have been up in Clinton since last November, are anxious to return to Toronto, but they first want to be assured of steady work.

The Misses Sarah and Alice McKenzie, the refined and pretty daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert McKenzie, of Aurora, recently passed their high school examinations with honors.

There was a good turn out of the Winnipeg Association of the Deaf to a St. Valentine dance and Masquerade in Columbus Hall, Winnipeg, on Feb. 14th. It was a hummer.

We are pleased to hear that our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Lewis, now living in San Diego, California, are doing so well that they purchased a "flivver" and are making the dust fly faster than a cyclone. Teddy is steadily working and enjoying good health. We miss you, old friends.

Hearty congratulations to our esteemed Aurora friends, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert McKenzie, who on Feb. 20, became the happy parents of another boy, thus making it two girls and two boys. The latest arrival is a fat and cute cherub. Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie are very well and popularly known in Aurora.

The auction sale that took place on March 2nd at Mr. Isaiah Nahrgang's in New Hamburg was a top notcher when price is taken as a criterion. The total proceeds aggregated nearly sixteen thousand dollars to the last owners, of which nine thousand was realized on the valuable farm itself. Over five hundred people were at the sale, among whom were the following: William Quinlan of Stratford, Mr. W. H. Gould Jr. of London, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cattard of Hayville, Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Underwood of Petersbury and Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Nahrgang of Baden.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clements of Galt and Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Robertson of Preston were among those who attended the meeting conducted by Mr. Charles Elliott at Kitchener on March 13th.

Mr. Clarence Ryan of Woodstock is a member of the hockey and basketball teams that won the respective championships in the Woodstock City League. Clarence is a well known athlete and a good boy, too.—H. W. H.

Montreal News

On March 5th a most pleasant shower took place by invitation of Mrs. H. Armstrong, formerly Miss Keyworthy, at her house in honor of Miss Dankson who will be married to Wm. Upton in April. There was a considerable number of the girls who were generous givers of the kitchen equipment. Miss Dankson expressed her appreciation and gratitude for their kindness which she did not expect. She will never forget it she said. In addition to this we all seriously hope the future of Mr. Upton and Miss Dankson will be full of success and happiness.

I may add to the above that meanwhile a score of the deaf boys had gone to the Arena as enthusiastic fans at the hard hockey fight between the Canadiens and the Ottawa players. The latter were unexpectedly victorious by a score of one to nil; of course it was a sore disappointment to those fans. They said that it was one of the best games they had ever seen.

There was quite a successful skating party held at Mackay Institute's rink on Feb. 22nd last. There was a large number of guests from the city, mostly the graduates of Mackay Institute. Ice cream and other refreshments were delightfully served. We are deeply grateful to Miss McLeod, the Sup't of Mackay Institute, for her kindness in permitting it on the request of several graduates.

There was another surprise party held at Mr. and Mrs. Charlotte's house in honor of Mr Carl Meigler on Feb. 19th which was his birthday. He was very much surprised indeed, for he neither knew anything of it nor expected it. A number of gifts were given him by his friends. There was a considerable crowd of guests who surely enjoyed it very much.

A new club for the deaf established near the heart of the business district in Montreal was opened last fall. It was named by Rev. McInnes, in charge of the house. Mr. H. Upton was elected president; Mr. C. Meigler, vice-president; Mr. N. Paterson, secretary, under the management of Mrs. Masterton through her daughter, a graduate of Mackay Institute.

We hope it will be a great success. It is opened every Wednesday evening only.

A newcomer, a welcome addition to the number of our deaf circles, whose name is Mr. Geo. Pusey, graduate of Winnipeg School for Deaf, has taken up his residence here with his family. He is employed in the Vickers ship-builders as a machinist and is well liked by all in his circle of friends.

Mr. J. H. Grimes has returned here from Aylmer, near the capital city, where he spent an enjoyable time with his mother. of Prince Albert, Sask, whom he had not seen since five full years ago, when he paid his last visit. He is very much pleased to say that his mother is much changed for the better and also getting fat. Poor Jimmie has to be vaccinated on his return trip.

It is indeed nice of Mr. J. Steen, who has brought his dear mother here on his return from London where he had spent enjoyably the period of his being out of work owing to the depression in business.

Sometime ago a debate on capital and labor was conducted by Mr. W. Archeson and Mr. Rollo. According to the spectators' statement, the former was a victor over his opponent. We hope it will be continued, as it is evident that it will not only increase the knowledge of the deaf but their education also.

We very much missed Mr. N. Mc D. Wilson who has returned to Ottawa with the hope of securing his old position in the Government Printing office. We were very sorry to learn of his bad luck, when he got a letter from the civil commissioner, in which he was told that his services are not required again. Of course it was a serious disappointment to him. Nevertheless, we are confident that there will be far better luck awaiting him.

On Feb. 5th a party was given to the deaf by Miss J. Mitchell at her residence in Westmount. Some new games were played and they enjoyed them. Among those present was Miss Jessie McFoolener an intimate friend of Miss J. Mitchell. It was quite a successful party.

Each and every one of us earnestly wishes the Bible conference, which is to be held in Toronto on March 25, 26, and 27th, will be a great success.

Mr. Philip Arcand, who in Spring-field, Mass, last fall for his holidays, won a prize of a silver cup for a 100 yard dash race. Let us all be proud of him as our Canadian winner in United States.

KITCHENER GLEANINGS

Miss Constance Gabel attended a dance given by her cousin, Mrs. J. H. Schmidt on Feb. 7th and all present said it was a treat.

Hepcder had some attraction for Miss Margaret Golds and her two sisters Feb. 15th. So off they struck for that hamlet for the day.

Mr. Hine, St. Paul of Toronto came up on Feb. 13th and gave us some good Biblical talks. The meeting was very large.

Messrs. Oliver and Isaiah Nahrgang of Baden were in our midst on Feb. 19th on business.

Mr. Isaiah Nahrgang of Baden had a successful auction sale on his farm on March 2nd and everything was sold at a high figure, thus netting the genial proprietor a tidy sum.

Some of our friends contemplate going to the Bible Conference in Toronto at Easter. May the gathering be very successful.

On the way home from his father's funeral, Mr. Newton Black stopped over at Clinton to make Mr. and Mrs. David Sours a friendly all, and found Dave was still waiting the call to work.

Miss Margaret Golds was in Stratford over the week-end of Feb. 19th visiting friends.

Mr. Absalom Martin went home to his old brother good-bye prior to the latter's departure for the west whither he went lately. Two of Absalom's brothers own 480 acres out in the far west.

Mr. Charles A. Elliott of Toronto came up on March 12th and remained over night with Mr. and Mrs. William Hagen and on Sunday gave a very earnest and far-reaching talk on God's Word to a large crowd.

On Feb. 13th Mr. Newton Black was receiving greetings on the occasion of his natal day, when the news came that his beloved father had passed away. He was one of the oldest Orangemen in Canada, having reached the wonderful age of 99. Mr. Black went to Blythe to attend the funeral, which was one of the largest ever seen in that district.—C. W. G.

A Blessed Blunder

There is in Georgia a man with no less than three academic degrees, whose education was thought out by a blunder, about in a singular way. When this man was seventeen years old, his father let him leave school and go to work on a piece of land of his own.

In the fall, after the young man's little crop of corn, cowpeas and pumpkins was "laid by," the young people of the village began to have moonlight parties. There was one pretty, brown-eyed girl, at home from college for her first vacation, whom the young farmer particularly admired. One day he limbered up courage to tell her the following note.

"Miss Lula:

"There is going to be a party up at Mrs. Hall's this evening. Will you except my company?"

The girl, following a careless neighborhood custom, replied at the foot of the sheet on which the young man had written. Her reply was brief. "Certainly," was the only word she wrote, except her name.

The young man was dressing for the occasion and planning the things he would say to his fair companion when he reached the girl's home, he was much surprised meet her coming out with another boy.

"What does this mean?" he inquired with considerable spirit.

"It means," respouded the girl, with equal spirit, "that I have done exactly what you asked me to do."

Dumbfounded, the young man turned and started home. On the way he purposely stepped into a mud puddle and spattered his shoes and trousers. Feeling as if he were choking, he tore off his first standing collar with so much force that he broke the bone collar button he had borrowed from his father.

When he reached home he stole up into his own room and there, alone read over and over the note he had received in the girl, which she had returned with her reply. It seemed all right to him. He read it a score of times, and at each reading he became more angry. Finally he exclaimed, "Going to college has turned that girl's head!"

His mother, in the next room, heard him, and hurried in to see what the matter was. Struggling bravely to keep his voice from quivering, he told her what had happened. She asked to see the note. The moment she read it she saw what was wrong. She handed her son a small dictionary that lay on a side table, kissed him, and said, "Good night, my boy. It is really your fault; but I am afraid Lula thinks a little too well of herself, too. Perhaps she thought you were seeking fun of her in quite way."

His mother had not been out of the room ten minutes when he discovered his mistake and made three resolutions; first, to tell Lula, politely, that he had meant no disrespect; second, to let Lula alone; third, to get an education.—Youth's Companion.

Trials, temptations, disappointments all these are helpful instead of hindrances, if one uses them rightly. They not only test the fibre of character but strengthen it. Every conquered temptation represents a new fund of moral energy. Every trial endured and wrestled in the right spirit makes a stronger than it was before.

Best

The best law—the golden rule.
The best science—self-knowledge.
The best philosophy—a contented mind.
The best medicine—a merry heart.
The best music—the laughter of an innocent child.
The best science—extracting sunshine from a cheerless day.
The best telegraphy—flashing a day of sunshine into a sad heart.
The best biography—the life that writes love, kindness and peace in the largest letters.
The best engineering—building a bridge of faith over the river of death.
The best navigation—steering clear of all perilous rocks—such as quarrels that are really in wrack one's happiness.—Selected.

The Bigger Game

(Continued from page 1)

"It's worth while to practise your strokes a whole lot, dad," Rob remarked as they followed their drives. "It pays to get the form."

"Yes, I suppose so, son, but when I do get out here, I'd rather play than spend my time decapitating clovers. By George, Rob! Why's that youngster and what is he doing with his shirt? We don't want any skins, so we."

"No! That's Billy Wiggis." He never caddies."

"No! Poor little chap. He has to put in all his time taking care of his grandmother. I suppose she's had another spell and fallen out of bed. Yes, Billy, I'm coming."

Doctor Macfarlane picked up his ball and put it into his bag. "So long, son! You stay, and if the old lady isn't in bad shape, I'll be back."

"All right, dad," answered Rob; but he did not expect his father back.

At upper time Rob heard his father's step on the porch and hurried down the down hill path to catch the fainting doctor in his arms.

"Why, dad! What's the matter?"

Doctor Macfarlane slowly opened his eyes, and looked about the room.

"Don't be frightened, Rob was up all last night, you know—the Hanson's baby. Country practice isn't what it's cracked up to be. You go in for a specialty, in the city. Big office, big fees, summer vacations. That's the—"

"Don't try to joke, dad. Tell me what I can do for you?"

"Get me some milk and a slice of bread, and you might haul off my shoes, son."

The next morning Doctor Macfarlane was too ill to rise and the physician who came to see him urged a long rest.

"You must get away from Wayburn and have a complete change," he said.

"I'd rather stay at home and take a good holiday here playing golf."

"Hut, you know the minute you're on your feet you'll go the first call. A man can't go on forever working his way you have for the last twenty years. We'll plan a trip to Bermuda for him, Rob."

Doctor Macfarlane did go away, but not to Bermuda. Rob was alone when he brought him home and came, quietly and unexpectedly.

"That night, with the craving to be near the things that had been nearest his father, Rob went alone into the little office where many a patient had received invaluable help of which the medical advice was only a small part. He stood reverently in the little room, looking at the shabby revolving chair and the old fashioned desk and all the familiar books and instruments, and then he saw the golf bag hanging in the corner. He laid his cheek against the rough canvas, and tears that had not come before rushed to his eyes.

"Oh, dad," he cried, "you never had time to play golf! But you played a bigger game! And what a score you made! What a score you made!"—Youth's Companion.

A Good Reference

John was fifteen, and very anxious to get a desirable place in the office of a well-known lawyer who had advertised for a boy, but doubted his success, because, being a stranger in the city, he had no reference to present.

"I'm afraid I'll stand a poor chance," he thought, despondently; "however I'll try to appear as well as I can, for that may help me a little."

So he was careful to have his dress and person neat, and when he took his turn to be interviewed, went in with his hat in his hand and a smile on his face.

The keen-eyed lawyer glanced him over from head to foot.

"Good face," he thought, and pleasant ways."

Then he noted the neat suit—but other boys had appeared in new clothes—saw the well-brushed hair and clean looking skin. Very well, but there had been others there quite as cleanly; another glance, however, showed the finger-nails free from nail.

"Ah! that looks like thoroughness, thought the lawyer.

Aloud he asked a few direct, rapid questions, which John answered as directly.

"Prompt," was his mental comment; "can speak up when necessary. Let's see your writing," he added aloud.

John took a pen and wrote his name.

"Very well, easy to read, and no flourishes. Now what references have you?"

The dreaded question, at last!

John's face fell. He had begun to feel some hope of success, but this dashed it again.

"I haven't any," he said slowly; "I'm almost a stranger in the city."

"Can't take a boy without references," was the brusque rejoinder, and as he spoke a sudden thought sent a flush to John's cheek.

"I haven't any references," he said with hesitation, "but here's a letter from my mother I just received. I wish you would read it."

The lawyer took it. It was a short letter.

"My dear John:—I want to remind you that wherever you find work you must consider that work your own. Don't go into it, as some boys do, with the feeling that you will do as little as you can, and get something better soon. Put all make up your mind you will do as much as possible, and make yourself so necessary to your employer that he will never let you go.

"You have been a good son to me, and I truly say I have never known you to shirk. Be as good in business and I am sure God will bless your efforts."

"H'm!" said the lawyer, reading it over the second time. "That's pretty good advice, John—excellent advice. I rather think I'll try you, even without the reference."

John has been with him six years, and last spring was admitted to the bar.

"Do you intend taking that young man into partnership?" asked a friend lately.

"Yes, I do. I couldn't get along without John; he is my right-hand man!" exclaimed the employer heartily.

And John always says the best reference he ever had was a mother's good advice and honest praise.—Sacred Heart Review.

A Huge Lifting Machine

The most powerful crane in the world has recently been installed in the Philadelphia navy yard. This huge machine is capable of lifting a million-pound load. It can pick up ten one-hundred-thousand-pound locomotives easily. It is to be used for equipping warships. One of its tasks will be to hoist from the dock and and move into place on the ship gun-turrets completely assembled.

WANTED

A deaf man on my farm and threshers by next May 1st. Apply Magnus Johnson, GULL LAKE, Sask, Box 187

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LETTERS AND PAPERS PRESENTED and passed without delay to the pupils for whom they are addressed. Mail matter go one way. If put in box in office door, will be taken to city post office at 1.40 p. m. and at 4 p. m. of each day (Sundays and Holidays excepted). The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any one unless the same is in the locked box.

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If parents or friends send letters, packages or boxes to pupils, address as follows—

Name of pupil
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BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Prepay postage, express or freight charges in all cases.

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TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION

West—2.15 a. m.; 7.50 a. m.; 11.40 a. m.; 3.00 p. m.; 5.50 p. m.
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Madoc and Peterboro' Branch—5.20 a. m.; 12.10 p. m.; 5.45 p. m.

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For Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points: 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday), 7.25 A.M. and 3.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).

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For Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. and 9.25 P.M. (Except Sunday).

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For Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate points: 3.10 A. M. and 1.25 P. M. (Except Sunday).

For Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk. 3.10 A.M., 7.25 A.M., 1.25 P.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).

From Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points: 3.10 A.M., 1.25 P.M. (Except Sunday) and 9.35 P.M.

From Trenton, Picton and Intermediate points: 7.35 A.M., 12.05 P.M. and 9.55 P.M. (Except Sunday).

From Maynooth, Bancroft and Intermediate points: 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).

From Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. and 5.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).

From Kingston, Harrowsmith, Napanee, Deseronto and Intermediate points: 3.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).

From Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate points: 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday) and 5.15 M. (Except Sunday).

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THE CANADIAN,
Belleville, Ontario.

Bible Conference

The Twenty-first Annual Bible Conference of the Toronto Evangelical Church of the Deaf, will be held at Toronto Bible College, 110 College Street, on March 25, 26 and 27. Programmes and cards will be issued soon. Please pray for a blessing on the Conference, and upon all who attend.

P. Fraser,
Superintendent.

Sermon for Catholic Deaf.

The Catholic deaf residing between Peterboro and Windsor Ontario, are requested to attend the first sermon during the Lenten Season on March 25, 26 and 27th inclusive to be held at the Loretto Abbey Day School, 387 Brunswick Ave., Toronto, to receive Holy Communion in a body at St. Peter's Church on Easter. Those who wish to come, will please communicate with Mr. Jas. Kelly, 48 Sullivan Street, Toronto, to arrange accommodation.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

School Hours—From 8.00 a. m. to 1 p.m. with recess from 10.40 to 11.00 during which lunch is served to the pupils.

As Soon As the Pupils Assemble in the class-rooms in the morning each teacher will open by prayer. At 9 o'clock the pupils will assemble in the chapel and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner. The prayers are those prescribed for use in the Public Schools of Ontario. Teachers and instructors are to be in their respective rooms and departments five minutes before the time for the assembling of pupils.

Evening Study from 7 to 8 p. m. Voluntary study hours for senior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Religious Exercises:

Every Sunday—Sunday School at 2.45 a. m General Lecture at 3.30 p. m. Pupils of all denominations attend their respective churches whenever desired by the pastors in charge.

Regular Visiting Clergymen—Rev. Ven. Archdeacon Beamish, M. A. (Anglican). Rev. A. S. Kerr, M. A. (Presbyterian). Rev. A. H. Foster, (Methodist); Rev. W. H. Wallace, (Baptist); Rev. Father Killeen, Catholic.

Bible Classes Sunday morning at 9.05; Inter national Lesson of Sunday School Lessons. Superintendent, Mr. George F. Stewart. Teachers—Mr. Geo. Lane, Miss Lane, Miss Hull, Miss Ford, Miss Jutten, Miss Brown, Miss Palen, Miss Scott, Miss Murray, Miss Handley, Miss Switzer, Miss Springer, Miss Nurse, Miss Sunter, Miss Herk and Miss Malcolm.

The Catechism Purpose is religious instruction on Sunday morning from 8.45 to 9.30 and on Friday afternoon from 2 to 2.30. Teachers, Miss Beamish, Miss Hierlon Miss Shearme and Miss Carrol.

Clergymen of all denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.

Industrial Departments:

Girls' Fancy Work Classes on Monday afternoon of each week from 2.15 to 4 o'clock.

The Printing Department, Shoe and Carpentry Shops from 2.30 to 4.30 for junior pupils and from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m. for those who attend school: for those who do not, from 7.30 a. m. to 11 noon, and from 2.30 to 5.30 p. m. each working day except Saturday, when the office and shops will be closed at noon.

Domestic Science Classes may be arranged from time to time.

The Sewing Class rooms are from 2 to 4 p. m. for to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do not attend school, and from 7 to 9 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons

The Printing office, Shops, Sewing Room and Domestic Science Department to be left each day when work ceases in a clean and tidy condition.

Pupils are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments, except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent.

Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work in hand to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the School, will be made welcome on any day school. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is as soon after 9o'clock a. m. as possible.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the School, they are kindly advised not linger and prolong leave taking with their children. It only makes disconfort for all concerned, particularly for the child. The child will be tenderly cared for, and if left in our charge, within a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. If parents must come, however, they will be made welcome to the class-room and allowed every opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodging or meals, or entertain guests at the School. Accommodation may be had in the city at the Quinte Hotel, Grand, Queens, City and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. No correspondence will be allowed between parents and officers or employees under any circumstances without special permission upon each occasion. Every letter addressed to the Superintendent will be promptly answered.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. In the absence of letters FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE THEY ARE WELL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every three weeks, and may write oftener if they wish; letters will be written by the teachers for the little ones who cannot write, stating, as nearly as possible, their wishes.

No medical prescriptions that have been used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the school

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise medicines and appliances for the cure of Deafness. In 999 cases out of a 1000 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well-known medical practitioners in cases of adventitious deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice

C. S. COUGHLIN, M.D.,
Superintendent.

THE CANADIAN

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Ontario School for the Deaf, Belleville.

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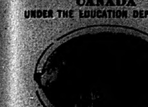
ONTARIO SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA
UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT



Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. R. H. GRANT,
Minister of Education, Toronto.

Officers of the School:
C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., ... *Superintendent*
J. W. PEARCE .... *Bursar*
W. W. BOYCE, M. D. .... *Physician*
DR. J. CHANT, M. D. ..... *Aurist and Oculist*
MISS E. A. WILLOUGHBY .... *Matron*
MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD..... *Assistant Matron*

Teachers:
ORAL
W. J. CAMPBELL,
Supervising Teacher Senior Oral Dept.
MISS CATHERINE FORD
Supervising Teacher Junior Oral Dept.

GEO. F. STEWART	MISS E. SCOTT
MISS I. B. PALEN	MISS E. NURSE
MISS B. RIERDON	MISS L. CARROL
MISS L. DEANNARD	MISS B. SUNTER
MISS E. PANTER, B. A.	MISS I. MALCOLM
MISS F. CURRY	MISS A. STIRK
MISS G. SPRINGER	MISS S. E. WARD
MISS V. HANDLEY	MISS B. A. WILSON

MISS G. BRADLEY

MANUAL
MISS GEORGINA LINN
[illegible]

D. R. COLEMAN, M.A.	MISS ADA JAMES
MRS. SYLVIA L. BALIS	MISS NINA BROWN

MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD,
Teacher of Domestic Science
MRS. L. G. WILLIAMS, *Teacher of Sewing*
———— *Teacher of Fancy Work*

MISS I. MCBRIDE, *Stenographer & Clerk.*	———— *Instructor of Printing.*
WM. NURSE, *Storekeeper & Associate Supervisor.*	ALEX. MORRICH, *Master Shoemaker.*
W. SMITH, *Supervisor of Boys, etc.*	———— *Engineer.*
MISS CLARA COOMBE, *Trained Nurse and Instructress in Home Nursing.*	M. W. PARKS, *Master Carpenter.*
	J. N. BOYD, *Master Baker.*

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this School is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, who are, *on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.*

All deaf persons between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious disease, who are *bona fide* residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $50 per year for board. Tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf persons whose parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT CHARGED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Baking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in General Domestic Work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of Sewing Machines and such Ornamental and Fancy Work as may be desirable. Manual Training in woodwork for boys, and Domestic Science for girls have been introduced.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

☞ The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

POETRY

The Easter Message

Sweeter grows the Easter story
  As I hear it o'er and o'er;
Dearer grows its tender meaning
  As I dwell upon it more.
For the years have brought me sorrow,
  And I scarce can bear the pain,
Save that I have caught the vision
  Of the risen Christ again.

I can hear His gentle whisper
  As He tarries at my side,
Speaking, as He spake to Mary,
  In the first glad Eastertide.
Breathing words of hope and comfort,
  Till my heart grows staunch and strong;
And my grief is turned to gladness,
  And my sighing into song.

O Thou risen Christ! I pray Thee
  As the Eastertide draws near,
Unto hearts bowed down with sorrow
  Grant the Vision may appear.
Though their eyes be blind with weeping,
  Touch them, Lord, that they may see;
Bear to them the gracious message
  Thou hast spoken unto me.

—Edith Virginia Bradt.

MISCELLANEOUS

"Rejoice"

It was a beautiful Easter morning and the church door stood ajar. "We can hear the music if we sit here, and maybe some of the sermon, too." "It was Katie said this, with a glance at shabby Tommy at her side and then at her own poor dress that had gotten far past her skill in mending the holes and rents in many places.

"I'm so tired, Katie," said Tommy again.

"Never mind, dear, lay your hand in my lap awhile," said Katie, tenderly drawing him near and smothering a little cry that almost escaped her. "I wish he would talk to the children as the minister used to where mother took us to church."

But Tommy's eyelids dropped the long lashes upon his checks and he cared nothing at all for the sermon, or the music, or the beautiful sunshine, or even for dear Katie herself, for Tommy was fast asleep.

She was only two years older than Tommy; but now that their sweet mother was gone, Katie felt that she must take her place. With never a thought for her own forlorn little life, but a heart full of pity for Tommy, she called him "dear" and "darling" as his mother had, kissed his bumps and bruises, and even tried to prove watchful and comforting.

"My text to-day consists of just one word," the minister began. "It is found all through the Bible, and this season gives us more reason than any other for obeying the command, "Rejoice?"

"I wonder what rejoice means," mused Kate; but the minister was speaking again:

"Do the children know what rejoice means? They ought to, for they do more rejoicing than grown people." "Oh, he is going to talk to us," thought the heart-hungry child on the doorstep.

"And now," continued the good man, "I will explain it in words that I am sure you all can understand. Rejoice means, be glad, and you all know what gladness is."

"Of course," responded Kate: "Tommy and I were glad all the time when mother was alive."

"At this season of the year above all others we should rejoice."

"How can we?" remonstrated Kate. "There should be and is great rejoicing at Christmas time, the season when Christ was born among men; but there should be more rejoicing now, at Easter, because he lives again and forever."

Then he told anew the wonderful story of the resurrection and its recurrent illustration in the coming of the spring and its flowers. He told it in language that his youngest listener could understand. His hearer on the doorstep eagerly grasped each word and treasured it in her desolate little heart.

"Death is not death!" he exclaimed, "but rather a long sleep with a glorious awakening. The flowers are not dead when we miss them in the winter time but only sleeping; and when the spring comes again the flowers come with it, brightly awakening when we thought they dead. To us who have lost dear ones, the spring time should bring especial comfort. For as we see the winter that has passed, so may we know that we shall have our dear friends back, more beautiful, lovelier far for the separation and for having passed through the gates of death."

He then spoke a few words about flowers as tributes to the memory of the dead and of their appropriateness in the chuch at Easter.

Katie's face was radiant. See her dear mother again! She was not depressed by the possible years of waiting nor appalled by her own sure journey through those gates of death before the glad reunion. She only thought of once again being enfolded by a mother's arms and feeling the shelter of a mother's love.

"I wish you would wake up so that I could tell you about it. We ought to have some flowers in the church today for mother. We did'nt think about it, but never mind, we can get some for her to-night. Oh, Tommy dear, just think of it! Sometime we'll see mother again!" But Tommy still slept unheeding.

The closing hymn wakened the little fellow and, after hearing part of the wonderful story, he gladly accompanied Kate in the search for wild flowers to place in the church at the evening service as a tribute to the memory of their beloved dead.

It was a long and weary way the children went out; but they were richly rewarded and came back laden with all they could carry of the beautiful symbols of the resurrection. Up the church steps they climbed, only to find that the door was locked.

"We must take them to the minister's house," said Katie, nothing daunted. "He will know how to get them into the church."

With folded hands and bowed head the minister sat in the afternoon sunlight. His appearance was dejected and strangely out of place in him who had preached "Rejoice!" in the morning. It looked as if he who above all others should have been cheered by the services, had failed to be so. Your sermon today was very beautiful," his wife said gently. "It has been a great comfort to me."

"Thank you, my dear," said the minister stroking her hand, but his tone was half-hearted.

The wife was silent a few minutes; then she ventured softly:

"And yet you seem a little depressed now, dear."

"I am," he replied, reluctantly, "not only a little, but very much depressed."

His wife looked distressed, and he went on: "The truth is, I want our children. It is not enough for me to know that in the hereafter we shall meet; I want to feel their arms around my neck and their warm kisses on my cheek!"

His voice trembled and on his cheeks were tears instead of longed-for loving caresses. Before his wife could speak the doorbell rang, and hastily wiping his eyes the minister himself answered the summons. There with their arms full of blossoms, the loveliest that the woods afforded, stood two little motherless children looking wistfully up to her face.

"If you please," said Katie, "we want these flowers in the church. We heard your sermon this morning. We couldn't come in," with a glance at her ragged dress, "but we sat on the steps and I heard every word. We never could rejoice since mother died, it has been so lonely; but now we will. We understand it better—we know she had to go—and we shall have her again—and we want the flowers in church, please, in—memory, I think you called it."

"My dear child!" was all the minister could say as he held out his hand for the flowers; but his wife caught both children in her arms, and kissed them again.

"Oh, you poor darlings!" she exclaimed. "Tell me about it." And holding them close to her she drew forth the pitiful story. A glance at her husband showed that they read each other's thoughts.

"Of course we'll keep them," said he heartily, "if they will stay and no one else has claims upon them."

A closer questioning showed that the children's father had died when they were too young to remember him and they knew of no living relative.

"What does it all mean, Kate?" asked Tommy bewildered.

"It means, dear," remarked Katie, thoughtfully, "that this is to be our home and we shall have two mothers, one in heaven for us to see again some day and one on earth to love and take care of us now."

"I'm so glad," sighed the tired little, fellow."

"And so am I," said the minister, and then kissing Katie's wise little face he added, "I believe that with such a brave little woman in the house to make sunshine for me, I shall practice what I preach and always rejoice.

—Carrie G. Nottingham, in Young People's Weekly.

The Might of that Pale Form

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HARRISON

The story of that scene on Calvary nearly two milleniums ago is the story which has transformed the world. The moral and spiritual energy of that great event is is still so amazing and persistent, that it requires no large gift of the prophetic spirit to affirm, with increasing emphasis, that that story will continue to transform the world through all coming years. Looked at from the human standpoint, all seemed over forever when the Son of God hung dead upon the tree. An immeasurable disaster had apparently wrecked, in the most hopeless manner, the mission, claims and plans of the Great Teacher, and in a few brief hours the grand attempt at a world's uplifting will, to all appearance, be buried in the gloom and stillness of that lonely Judean tomb. It did seem that the black angel of despair had spread its wings across that pagan world, and that goodness, truth, righteousness and redeeming hope had met with a crushing defeat.

But that one Pale Form, out of all the tens of thousands who went to death by the way of the Cross, has created a new era in the progress of humanity, and has not failed to win an ever-widening empire of affection, worship, and devoted service as the current of time has swept onward through the world. The testimony of 1900 years is before the generations of today, and language; in its most royal and splendid power, breaks down when it would set forth the results achieved by that holy and historic scene. The shaping power of the world for nearly twenty centuries has been that old, old story of the marred face, the pierced hands, and bleeding brow and side of the dying Nazarene! From the humiliation, the anguish, the darkness and apparent defeat of the Cross, there have come the forces which have thrilled, lifted, gladdened myriads of souls. That amazing, redeeming, transforming energy from that place of suffering and death was never so potent, so far-reaching, and all-controlling as it is to-day.

By the might and majesty of that Pale Form, Christendom came into being, the silence of the world's dumb despair was broken, the radiant angel of a new hope went everywhere amid the distress and doubt and sin and gloom of earth's heathen millions, and the inspiring tale of all its bright bur-

(Continued on page 6)

THE CANADIAN

Eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Ontario School for the Deaf

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

GEO. F. STEWART, - - - - EDITOR.

OUR MISSION:

First—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

Second—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf subscribers.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils now in the School, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

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Fifty (50) cents for the school year, payable in advance, postage prepaid by publisher. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postal notes, or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us, that mistakes may be corrected without delay. All papers are stopped when the subscription expires, unless otherwise ordered. The date on each subscriber's wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

☞ Correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted —if we know it.

ADVERTISING:

A few select advertisements will be inserted. Rates made known on application.

Address all communications and subscriptions

THE CANADIAN,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO.

FRIDAY, April 1st, 1921.

At last the prospects seem good for escaping from the age-long domination of the cow. A method has been perfected of making a "vegetable milk" out of soy beans, which is said to be "far superior to cow's milk in all properties, such as vitamines, fatty solids, casein, albumen, carbohydrates, sugar and salts, with the same percentage of water as cow's milk." This new product has been thoroughy tested for all purposes for which milk is used, with most satisfactory results. A strong company, composed of a score of prominent Hamilton business men, has been formed to manufacture this vegetable milk, and operations will begin by June. The Ontario cow will thus lose the exclusive monopoly she has so long enjoyed, though no doubt she will continue for a long time to come to produce real milk in the good old way, and, we hope, at the good old prices also, with the emphasis on the "old."

According to the January copy of American Annals of the deaf, there are seven schools in Canada with a population, in October last, of 960—474 male and 486 female pupils. The largest school is at Belleville, with 239 pupils, the smallest at Vancouver, B. C. with 38 pupils. The other schools are located at Halifax and Montreal, there being three institutions in the latter city, two for children of the Catholic faith and one for the Protestant children.

In the United States the deaf population in the schools at the same date was 13,654; 10,944 of which was in public residential schools of which there are 64 in number, 2,034 in 72 public day shools, and 695 in 19 denominational and private schools. The largest school is at Mt. Airy, Pennsylvania, with 533 in attendance.

Use English

Principal Caldwell, of the California School, has issued the following notice to his staff:

"Officers and teachers are requested to use English when communicating with the deaf pupils. These children are supposed to be learning English in school, and in order to accomplish this end it is imperative that speech (writing or manual spelling) and not signs be used when communicating with them. No request should be granted to any pupil unless it is spoken, spelled or written. The extra time necessary for this is time well spent."

This is the rule in this school, and probably in all schools, and should be strictly observed.

Boil to Down

The following story is old and has appeared in the THE CANADIAN, but it is always so apropos to all who write for a paper, whether editor or correspondent, that it is worth repeating:

A beginner in newspaper work in a southern city, who occasionally sent "stuff" to one of the New York dailies, picked up last summer what seemed to him a big story. Hurrying to the telegraph office he wired the telegraph editor thus: "Column story on so and so. Shall I send it?"

The reply was prompt but to the enthusiast it was unsatisfactory. "Send six hundred words," was all it said. "Can't be told in less than twelve hundred" he wired back.

Before long the reply came: "Story of creation of world told in six hundred. Try it."—Ex.

The Echo, published at the School for the Deaf at Winnipeg, Manitoba, is a very interesting school paper. Like The Canadian published at the Belleville School for the Deaf, it is very American. No one in reading either of these papers will note that they are not published in the United States. In last week's issue of the Echo are biographies of James Russell Lowell and Henry Wadsworth Longfellew. There is also an editorial on the American Annals of the Deaf and its table of statistics published in the January number.

It makes us feel how close is the tie between the people of the United States and those of our enterprising neighbor on the North. Our minds likewise go back to the days of the World War when Canadian heroes returning from the battle front spent week after week in Columbus speaking here, there and to everybody on the War. Their services were in great demand and their entrance into any speaking hall was sure to bring forth tremendous applause. Several of them spoke from the stage in our own school. Well do we remember Private Herman who left one leg at Vimy Ridge making two addresses to our people. We never thought of them as belonging to another country nor as belonging to our own. We thought of them only as brothers on the right side of a tremendous struggle for right.

Canada could have had anything at our hands and we could have had anything from Canada. It is hoped this beautiful spirit of brotherly love, confidence, and esteem will last always; that neither nation will ever try to take advantage of the other, but that each will try to yield advantages rather than to gain. In this way the people of the two countries can live side by side for another century without a fort or naval vessel between us. It is to the everlasting credit of the two nations that no fort has existed, no defense has been erected and that the lakes have been free of any signs of militarism. But the strongest barrier which could exist to prevent war has been maintained,—that of confidence, love and a helpful spirit.—Ohio Chroncile.

The Palmetto Leaf interrogates without an interrogation point: "Who is the richest editor among the l. p. f." We can furnish a perfect alibi. We suspect that we know who is the poorest.—Illinois Advance.

Well, we wish the editor of the Advance would keep his suspicious to to himself. We don't care to have our private financial affairs discussed in public.

Prince's Message

On leaving New Zealand after his visit there last year, the Prince of Wales sent a farewell message to the boys and girls of that Dominion. The concluding words are worth repeating to the boys and girls of Canada, or of any other land.

"There are just three things that I want you to bear in mind:

"(1) Never consciously say or do a dishonest thing.

(2) Always remember other people's interests when pursuing your own.

"(3) Play for the side, and play the game.

English And Still More English

Let us say, "A long time ago" a certain young deaf man, a graduate from a regular School for the Deaf, got a job in a big factory.

The young deaf man was a conscientious hard worker; a real cheerful fellow, always willing to work.

The General Manager heard from the Superintendent, and the Superintendent heard from the General Foreman, and the General Foreman heard from the Foreman that "Danny makes good at everything he has to do."

The General Manager, a real gentleman of appreciative character and a student of human nature, was glad to get the news. He sent for the young deaf man, wrote some compliments to him, and intimated quite a substantial raise in his hourly wage.

The English of the Chief Executive was "Greek" to the deaf man. Reverse English so far as he understood. He took praise for censure and a raise in wages for a cut. Consequenntly, he "got on his ear" and was ready to quit instanter.

The genial Boss took in the situation. He realized the failure of the young deaf man to comprehend colloquial language. He quieted the quitter and told him to go to a certain mutual friend who would explain away, in Signs, the significance of the communication. Imagine the mortification of the mute man when he found out his mistake.

The Moral of this true story is very simple. Let every deaf pupil determine not to go out into the world handicapped by imperfect English. Comedy, tragedy, censure, or loss are all equally apt to come from failure to understand a common English conversation. Foot-ball, Baseball, Basket-ball are fine but they mean bread and butter to very few. They are amusements and not occupations for the vast majority.

Read! Read!! Read!!!

Write! Write!! Write!!!

Over every Library the deaf should mentally see the sign:

"Abandon Hope all ye who do NOT enter here."—F. H. O'Donnell, in California.

That is good talk, and we are sure the last paragraph expresses the sentiments of the great majority of people on both sides of the line. Only we did not know The Canadian was "very American." We sure do not intend to be. We flattered ourselves that were very Canadian—rather aggressively so some of our contemporaries used to think. But in ordinary times there is really not much difference. No one reading the Ohio Chronicle, and many other American School papers, will note that they are not published in Canada—expect during the month of February.

We have a common origin, we speak the same language, we glory in the same incomparable literature, we have the same conceptions of law, justice, and liberty, our social and political institutions are almost identical—then why should we not ever live side by side in trust, peace and brotherly goodwill? Only we wish the United States government would stop building warships. If they go on doing this, then Canada will have to build or buy several more cruisers to maintain the balance of naval power in the new world.

Won the Highest Honors

We are pleased to know that Elwood McBrien, who got his preliminary education and passed his High School Entrance examination at this school, has won high honors at the Peterboro Collegeiate Institute and was named by the Principal as the "best all-round pupil in the school. In making the announcement at the recent Commencement Exercises, Principal Kemer said that the "winner" has not the power of speech or of hearing but in three years, despite these handicaps, he has passed both the Matriculation and Middle Normal Entrance examinations." In presenting the efficiency prize to this outstanding pupils, Mr. Kemer said: "I congratulate you and am proud of you and I think all the boys and girls are also." Elwood also won the first place in athletics.

Of course Mr. Kemer meant that Elwood is dumb only in the conventional sense. But he speaks very well and is a good lip-reader without which aids he could not have accomplished the good work referred to above.

He Struck the Rock

"You should drive that spade more deeply into the ground," advised the citizen as he stood watching his neighbor prepare a small garden plot in a Northern Ontario mining camp. "Why, down in Old Ontario they wouldn't consider a garden half dug unless the soil were turned up for a least the depth of the spade. The deeper you cultivate, the better the crop, and there you are forcing the spade scarcely halfway down."

With a quiet smile the digger answered, "Well, perhaps you're right. How would it be if you were to jump over the fence and show me just how it should be done?"

Accepting this challenge, the critic vaulted the fence, took the proffered spade, and with his whole weight forced it into the ground. It went down about half its length, and then stopped, and no amount of exertion could drive it any further.

"It looks as though I've struck a boulder," explained the demonstrator.

"You sure have," retorted the other. "You've struck the solid rock. In this part of the garden the soil is but half a spade deep, and in the deepest part the rock is less than a spade-length below the surface.

"Well, I guess this is one on me," reluctantly admitted the authority on gardening as he handed the spade back to its owner. "I don't see how you have a garden at all under these conditions."

This rather amusing incident illustrates the ease with which unfair criticism may be offered. It is always quite easy to criticize what the other fellow is doing and to state just how it should be done, but it is not so easy for the fault-finder to perfoom the task any better when, as seldom happens, he is willing to tackle the job. Not infrequently there are unseen difficulties that are only realized when the actual task is attempted.

In many instances, when there appears to be just cause for criticism, a full knowledge of all the facts will throw a new light upon the matter, and will arouse honest appreciation that so much is accomplished in the face of adverse circumstances.

Never criticize the other fellow unless you are sure that you can do better yourself.

Pay as little attention to discouragements as possible. Plough ahead as a steamer eyes, rough or smooth, rain or shine. To carry your cargo and make your port is the point.

PUPILS' PAGE

—I received a letter from my mother. She told me that I could go to Humber Bay for a swim next summer. I will learn how to swim. If I can go to Sutton West for a week, I will go with Norma Smith or Iona Osborne. I am sure I shall be fond of swimming. I hope I will have a good time there. Have you ever been there?—Flora Leeder.

—Spring seems to be here. There is no snow on the ground now. Robins, crows, red-winged blackbirds and woodpeckers have come from the tropical countries where they spent the winter. They are beginning to build their nests in the trees. The crocuses are in bloom in front of the Main Building. The maple sap is flowing and the farmers are making maple sugar. We will be glad when the leaves are all out.—Iora Osborne.

—Yesterday afternoon, it was foggy and wet outside after the rain. One of our supervisors, Miss Burleigh, who was on duty, went out with some girls along the eastern sidewalks. Miss Lucy Buchan and I went with them. I saw a little hill near the road where the water had taken the land away nearly to the travelled part of the road. I hope somebody will fix it up before cars or wagons are upset. —Blanche Brewer.

—We carpenter boys cleaned up the room over the carpenter-shop. Some of the little new boys are going to learn sloydwork. Mr. Parks will teach them. Dr. Coughlin visited the carpenter-shop with Mr. Clarke and Miss Ford. Dr. Coughlin questioned us big boys about the things. Dr. Coughlin told Mr. Parks to teach us big boys how to tell about the things that we work with every afternoon. We shall get new machines soon.—C. Barbour.

—This winter the snow was not deep and the weather was changeable so that we had but little skating, sliding, etc. We wished to play in the city hockey League but there was so much disease in Belleville that we could not. We had not gone to the city since Nov. until three weeks ago. I hope that this spring we will have lots of sports. We will play baseball with Albert College. Last year we did not win a baseball match from Albert College but we beat them in the hockey match.—Melvin Cole.

—Miss Carrol and Miss Palen took us to the shoeshop to see what Mr. Morrice does. We wrote the names of the tools as Mr. Morrice showed the tools to us. When we came back to school, we learned the names of the tools and other words and phrases to use when we need to ask a cobbler to repair our shoes and we learned phrases about buying new shoes. I work in the shoeshop every day and I am learning to repair shoes by machine. I want to learn the trade well so that I can work in a shoeshop when I grow up.—Russell Groves.

—I read in a newspaper that there is a coal mine in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. It was found last fall by Mr. J. F. Irvin, a farmer. When he was digging the ground for water, he found a little coal in the ground, twenty-seven feet below the surface, and he tried to burn it to see if it was really coal. Then he was sure. When he told the Governor about it, Mr. Irivin got an offer of a million dollars for the coal there. I hope it will be plentiful there and that the mine can be worked successfully.—M. E. Whalen.

—Two weeks ago Mr. Clarke, our inspector, came here. He came to our teacher, Mr. Campbell's room. We wrote arithmetic, grammar and British history. He said we were good. Then we went to our other teacher, Mr. Stewart, and wrote questions on the board about Greek history, Literature, and the air. He said that Mr. Clarke wanted us to write a composition and after we had done so, gave it to him. He showed them to his friends in Belleville. They were surprised at our work and said our compositions were very good.—Muriel Allen.

— I would like to tell you a story about a farmer who had many chickens, ducks and geese. A fox stole many of them. The farmer was very angry. At last he caught the fox. He thought he would be revenged. He poured oil on the fox's tail. Then he set fire to the tail. The fox ran into the farmer's field. The wheat was yellow and ripe in the field. The burning tail of the fox set fire to the wheat and the wheat in the field was all burned up. The farmer lost all his wheat. He hurt the fox but he hurt himself more. Revenge is often very costly.—R. Hunter.

—In school, during the past month, we have learned how to divide long words into syllables and to mark the accented syllable. Now we are learning to emphasize different words in a sentence. In arithmetic we are learning to make out bills. We have gone over all our geography lessons and we have begun to review. In history we learned about "The Company of One Hundred Associates and Royal Government." In physiology we learned about the hair, teeth, blood, tobacco and alcohol. We read several lessons in the Golden Rule Book and we wrote several stories in our own words.—Michael Coules.

—Last night Miss Deannard went into the senior girls' room. She talked to the girls about many different things. She told the girls to speak to each other. So they talked. Miss Deannard told them not to sign nor spell on their fingers. I will be glad if the girls will try to talk instead of signing. I am sure that their parents will be very proud of them. Catherine Tudhope saw that the deaf girls and boys at Northampton spoke to each other. They did not sign. She told the girls that she liked to stay there better than here.—Gladys Blais.

— Grace was Ruths' sister. They did not like to wash the dishes. They both wanted to wipe them. Sometimes they quarrelled and troubled their mother. One day their mother took two pieces of paper. One was long and the other short. She told them that they must draw lots to see who would wash the dishes or wipe them. Then she took the papers and held them in her hand. Grace and Ruth drew the papers. Grace drew the long paper so she washed the dishes and Ruth must wipe them. They did not quarrel. They drew lots every day. Their mother was glad because they did not trouble her any more.—H Sloan.

—I read in a book an interesting story about a canary and a cat. Every day a lady let her canary fly about a room while she cleaned the cage. It often flew down on the cat's back and had a ride. She let the canary fly around and come back to the cage again and again. One day the lady left the door open, a strange cat crept into the room and tried to catch the canary but her own cat at once seized the canary in its mouth and jumped on the bed. It growled. The lady screamed. She thought that her cat was going to kill her canary. Then the lady saw the strange cat and she drove it away. Then her cat let her canary go out of its mouth and it was not hurt. The lady found that her cat was protecting her canary from danger.—Robert Evan Crowe.

—On the evening of March 12th, Miss James and Mrs. Williams invited thirteen of the senior boys and girls to a party to be held in the large sewing room in honor of Miss James' birthday. We were helping to clean it, and worked at white masks in the afternoon. In the evening we dressed as ghosts and entered the room and it was hard to recognize each other. It was funny. We had some games and the prizes were given to the winners who won by walking very slowly in a row in one minute. Alton Dick and Betty Williams got these prizes. Then we revealed ourselves and had some games. Then refreshments, ice-cream, lemonade, doughnuts, three kinds of rich cakes, cookies, and candy were served. We had a grand time. We thanked these teachers for their kindness in inviting us to the party as we enjoyed it very much.—Helen Middleton.

—Two or three weeks ago, the Canadiens came to Toronto to play a hockey-match with the St. Patrick's team as the ice was fine there. The people in Toronto were proud of them as they played a clean game. Then the Ottawa's team played a hockey-match with the St. Patrick's team for the championship. If the Patricks won they intended to go to the West to play with the Vancouver team which is the champion team of the west. The people hoped that the St. Patrick's team would win but the Ottawa team have won two games. The St. Patrick's. was disappointed. The St Patrick's. goalkeeper, Forbes was very busy. He saved many shots. The Ottawa team arrived at Vancouver, B. C. They will play a hockey match with the Vancouver team for the championship. I don't know who will win the Stanley Cup. I hope that the Vancouver team will.—N. Nowak.

—I will tell you an interesting story about a woman who had seven big geese. She fed them every day. One day a man in a store near her house, threw away a small basket of cherries because they had fermented. The woman thought that it was a pity to waste all the cherries so she drove her geese to eat them. In the afternoon she went to see the geese. They all were asleep. I think they were drunk. She thought that they were dead. She did not want to lose all the feathers so she carried them into the kitchen and called her daughters to help her to pick the feathers off. She left the geese in the kitchen. The next morning she heard a noise. She listened and heard a cackling noise. She went down to the kitchen and saw the geese all standing around on the floor. They looked very queer without any feathers and she got vests for the geese to protect them from the cold. In a few weeks their feathers grew.—Fred Suddy.

—I read in the newspaper that many new players will play baseball in the Ontario Central League, and that it will include Peterboro, Belleville, Oshawa and Cobourg this year. Port Hope which was in the Ontario Central League last year will be out this year and the Osler, the champion of the city of Toronto will likely take the place of Port Hope. The Osler team is one of the best teams in Ontario. If the Oslers play in that league, we will be proud of James Tate because his uncle, "Glad" Calhoun is the manager of the Oslers. I will be very glad if the Osler team plays in the Ontario Central League. Peterboro, the last year champions of the Eastern Ontario will give a hard battle to the Oslers. The Oslers, Peterboro, and Belleville are splendid ball players and they expect to win the championship. When I go home in June, I will go to see Peterboro play with the other teams every week. I hope that I will have a good time at Peterboro.—Joseph John Meyette.

—I read in the story of the Romans about Pyrrhus and his elephants. Pyrrhus was the king of Epirus. The Greeks founded cities in the south of Italy. The Greek city of Tarentum was strong. The Romans fought against the Greeks. The Greeks asked Pyrrhus to help them. Pyrrhus went to Italy with twenty-five thousand soldiers and twenty elephants. The Romans would have defeated the Greeks but Pyrrhus sent forward the elephants. The Romans were afraid and ran away. They had never seen any elephants before. Pyrrhus was victorious. Again the Romans fought against him and Pyrrhus was victorious again. He then went back to Greece and after two years he returned, and tried to attack the Romans by night. The Greeks were lost in the darkness and in the morning the Romans suddenly attacked them. The Romans shot the elephants with burning arrows and they turned and ran away through the Greek troops. The Romans defeated the Greeks and Pyrrhus fled to Greece. The Greek colonies became Roman.—Alton Dick.

—I read in a book about "The Lost Necklace." I liked it very much. A lady lived in Italy. She had a beautiful necklace. It was very valuable. One day she put her necklace on her dressing-case near the window and left the room. The window was open. A magpie saw something bright near the window. It was fond of bright things. It flew in and stole it. Then the magpie flew on a big marble statue near the house. It dropped the necklace into the hand of the statue. In a little while the lady came back to the room but she could not find her necklace anywhere. She thought one of the servants stole it. The servant said that she did not but the lady would not believe her. She called a policeman to arrest the servant. He took her to jail. Afterward there was a great storm. The lightning struck the arm of the statue and it fell on the ground. The next morning a man was walking past the statue when he found the necklace. He went into the house and gave it to the lady. She was ashamed and sorry because she had blamed her servant. —Florence Bagby.

—I would like to tell you about the child and the wolf. There were many wolves in Europe. Once a man was poor. He lived in Europe. His wife had to take care of the cows on the farm. They had a little baby and she was two years old. She was very pretty and cute. One day the woman drove the cows to the pasture. Then she put the baby down and gave her some soup to eat. She sewed some things. After a while the cows strayed away. The woman went to find the cows and left her baby. She expected to be back in a few minutes. While she was gone, a wolf came out of the woods and took the baby off and carried it to the woods. When the mother thought about her baby, she ran home. She called the baby but she did not come. She was very much frightened. She told her husband that the baby was lost. Her husband got his gun and called his neighbors to help him to look for the baby. They walked through the woods and looked for her. He heard the baby. He looked and saw it with a big soup-spoon. He killed the wolves. He took the baby in his arms and went home. He gave the baby to its mother. She was very glad to find it again. Do you like this story?—Erna I. Sole.

—Last Saturday evening fifteen of us senior girls got an invitation to the boy's residence from Miss Ford. As it was raining, we did our best to protect our clothing. We met Miss Ford and, following her warm welcome, we went to the sitting-room in which we noticed seven tables with crokinole boards. We all played and a prize was given to a winner who got the highest, and to the lowest. When we ended the games, we found A. Dick's and M. Jackson's amounts were seven hundred and thirty-five and W. Tait's and A. Middleton's were forty-five. Miss Ford gave each a prize. Then refreshments were served. We all enjoyed ourselves and thanked Miss Ford for a pleasant evening. Miss Deannard is going to ask Dr. Coughlin to let us have some crokinole games for our residence. We will be pleased to have them. I did not know how to play crokinole before, and we hope Dr. Coughlin will give us the games.—Maude McKee.

— Do you know about the Spanish Armada? I shall tell you about it. During the time of Queen Elizabeth the English and Spaniards were enemies. King Philip of Spain sent a large fleet against England. It was called the Great Armada. It carried a large number of Spanish soldiers. When the English heard that the Spanish Armada was coming up the English Channel, they got ready to fight. Sir Francis Drake was one of the leaders of the English sailors. The Spaniards had about one hundred and fifty ships but the English had not so many. The Spanish vessels were larger than the English vessels. When the Spaniards shot their guns the shots went too high to hit the English ships. The English sent out a lot of old ships which they wanted to burn. The fire ships burned all night. The English beat the Spanish. The Spanish sailors were frightened of the fire ships. They decided to go back to Spain but the English would not let them go home. So they went around the North of Scotland. Many of their ships were wreck. They had started out from Spain with one hundred and fifty ships. They returned with only fifty ships. They never tried to take England again. —Dennis Laporte.

—I was much interested in reading the story of about Captain Smith and Pocahontas. A long time ago there were many Indians in what is now the United States. They were very savage and cruel and killed the white people and burned their homes. Captain Smith lived in Jamestown. One day he sailed a long distance up the James River with his companions. They reached the dense woods and went through the forest to explore the country. There were Indians behind the trees and they killed all of them except Captain Smith. The Indians caught him but they were afraid to kill him. He showed a compass to the Indians. The Indians did not understand it and thought he was a magician. They took him to the king. Powhatan had a daughter, Pocahontas. She never had been taught to write and read so he tried to teach her and he made some toys for her. Each day she got more fond of him. One day Powhatan told the Indians to kill Captain Smith. They tied him and put him on the ground with his head on a stone. Two Indians were ready to kill him with clubs, but Pocahnotas rushed to him and then threw her arm around his neck and asked his father to let him live and go back to Jamestown and at last he consented. He told some Indians to follow Capt Smith to Jamestown so that he would reach it safely. The people in Jamestown were glad to see him again. He told them about Pocahontas and his wonderful escape.—G. Hunter

The Rabbit and The Eggs

Once, in a country beyond the sea, there was a time of famine. A famine is when there is little or nothing for the people to eat.

For a long time, no rain had fallen. The seeds that had been planted did not grow, and it was hard work for the people to get food. The little children sometimes had to go hungry.

Now in that country, Easter Sunday was the time at which gifts were made to the children. Easter Sundays was, for them, what Christmas is to you. It was always the happiest time of the year.

As Easter Sunday drew near, the mothers said, "The dear children will have no gifts this year. We have nothing to give them. It is more than we can do to get food enough for them."

The mothers were all very sad, but they said nothing to the children.

One night, a happy thought came to one of the mothers, and next morning she told it to the other mothers.

"Don't be so sad," she said. "I know what we can do for the children. The hens are laying well. Let us dye some of the eggs. We can dye them with many beautiful colors. We will put the eggs in nests, which we will hide in the woods behind the church. Then we will take the children there on Easter Sundays and when they find the eggs, they will be very happy."

This happy thought was a great delight to the mothers, and they began at once to dye the eggs.

When Easter came, every one went to the great stone church. When the church was over, the mothers said,

"Come children, let us go to the woods for a while."

So away went the merry children to the woods behind the church.

Soon the children were heard calling in delight, "Oh, Mother, Mother! Come here! Here are the prettiest eggs you ever saw! There are nests full of them! Such pretty nests, almost covered by the soft moss! How did the eggs ever come?"

Just then, a rabbit jumped from behind some bushes, where he had hidden away from the children.

As he hopped off, the children cried, "See the rabbit! The rabbit must have laid these beautiful eggs."

And ever since then, children have played that the rabbits lay the pretty eggs at Easter.—Selected.

How We Got Our First Pussy Willows

It was a glad spring morning.
Some little pussy cats were out playing.
There were playing under the old willow tree.
Two little birds were in the tree.
They were singing a glad song.
They were singing, "Spring has come!
Be glad! Be glad! Be glad!"
It was a sweet, sweet song.
It made the boys and girls glad.
Do you think it made the pussy cats glad, too?
No, they do not care for sweet songs.
They said, "Now we have some breakfast.
We will get the little birds."
They jumped up into the tree.
They ran from bough to bough.
The little birds saw them.
They flew away.
"We can't get breakfast here," said the pussy cats.
"We must look for some other birds.
We will jump to the ground."
But what do you think!
They could not get away.
They were growing fast to the tree!
They were no longer pussy cats.
They were pussy willows.—Selected.

Caterpillars and Butterflies

Freddie's mamma had told him that caterpillars became butterflies.

He wanted to watch one change for himself.

One day he found a caterpillar in the garden.

He took it on a leaf to mamma.

She gave him a little box to keep it.

Freddie gave it fresh leaves every day.

By and by the caterpillar stopped eating.

Freddie thought it would die.

Mamma said, "No, Freddie, it is going to sleep.

When it wakes it will be a butterfly."

The caterpillar spun a web about itself.

It had a thick white covering.

It hung from one side of the box.

"It is dead, mamma!" said Freddie.

"It does not move nor eat."

"It is not dead," said mamma.

One day Freddie went to the box.

He saw a strange looking insect.

Its wings were not pretty and bright.

He called mamma to see it.

"It is your butterfly," said mamma.

"How strange and homely it is!" said Freddie.

"I thought it would be a pretty butterfly."

Soon it began to move and spread out its wings.

The colors grew bright.

"Oh, how beautiful!" said Freddie.

It spread its wings and flew to the window.

Freddie opened the window and let it fly away.

"You see it was not dead," said mamma.

"The butterfly was there all the time.

It was like my lily.

I put the homely bulb into the ground.

A beautiful lily has come from it now."

How We came To Have The Buttercup

Long ago a pot of gold was hidden at the end of the rainbow.

Many people searched for this gold. At last a man found it. He would not tell how he came to find it.

He made up his mind to hide the money. One dark night he started off. He had some of the money in a big bag. He carried the bag on his back.

There was a little hole in the bag. The man did not know this.

As he went along a coin dropped out of the bag. This made the hole larger. Another coin fell out. Then others fell to the ground.

The bag grew lighter and lighter. At last the man noticed this. He looked at the bag and saw the hole.

"I have lost a great deal of money," said he.

Of course he went back to search for it.

He did not find a single piece. Do you know why?

The fairies had changed them all into bright yellow flowers.

You call them buttercups.

Something To Guess

I am in the water.
I am not a fish.
I have two webbed feet.
I am not a duck.
I sleep all winter in a hole.
I am not a squirrel.
I hop about in the grass.
I am not a rabbit.
I have a little song.
I am not a bird.
At first I am a tadpole.
I swim and breathe as a fish does.
I have gills to breathe with.
By and by I have four little legs.
I lose my gills and tail.
I come out of the water.
I hop about in the fields.—Sel.

What can ——?

What can a bird do?
A bird can fly and——.
What can a dog do?
A dog can run and ——.
What can a boy do?
A boy can —— a ball.
A boy can —— a top.
What can a little girl do?
A girl can read and ——.
What can Mamma do?
Mamma can —— to me,
Can you —— a top?
Can you —— a ball?
Can you read in this book?

I am thinking of something big and bright.
It is round like a ball.
I saw it this morning in the east. It waked the birds and the pretty flowers.
Can you guess what it is?.

I have something for you in my hands.
In my right hand is a yellow flower.
I found it in the field.
The flower will tell you if you like butter.
In my left hand I have something good to eat.
When it is ripe it is red.
It is round like a ball. It grew on a tree.

True Treasure

"Yes, the doctors say that he is physically perfect—well formed and healthy in every way." The mothers' eyes rested sadly upon her little son playing and prancing aimlessly about upon the lawn nearby. "But he will alwas have the mind of a little, little child. He is ten now, and acts like three; indeed, I am afraid far less sensibly than three." A moment's watching of the restless movements, that were not normal, and childish play, proved her words, as did later years. The boy grew up—big, sturdy, handsome, except for the vacant look that betrayed the undeveloped mind. And because the mind was lacking, his splendid strength went for almost nothing. He might have accomplicked much useful work if he had been "smart." As it was, the simplest tasks given to him had to be supervised and directed by another's eye and mind.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich," we are told. How thankful we should be for our share of "common sense," our ability to use our own minds to direct our own lives and activities; our opportunity to cultivate and develop our minds may, indeed, be deep mines of true treasure. How fully we should realize the responsibility for using this treasure aright; for making the most of the mental powers given us by the Master, to do His work aright; to so direct our every energy and effort that it will be a thankoffering of consecrated service to the Giver of this true treasure and of every other good gift.

We speak of common sense, and find it so common that we often take it for granted. But there are many, many who have not this rich gift, which makes all other possessions worth while. Let us appreciate to the full this true treasure and make such use of it that it will be a blessing to our selves and others.

The reconstruction of Palestine is in full swing. Harbors and railroads are to be rebuilt, swamp-lands reclaimed and irrigation systems established. Members of wealthy Jewish families in Europe and America are financing the scheme. Building operations have been started at Jerusalem and Jaffa, and it is believed the vale of Ajalon will soon be the home of a rich merchant class.

Every task wrought out in patience
Brings a blessing to the doer.
Joy comes to the waiting worker,
But eludes the swift pursuer—
Olive E. Dana.

News Items from Junior Dept.

Miss Curry's class.

I got a box yesterday. I gave some candies to Leonard. Lawrence, Carman and three other boys. My box is big. I have candies and cakes. The cakes are brown and white. The candies are brown. I thank my mother.—Joe Carriere.

I played with some water yesterday afternoon. I had a small boat. I had a good time.—Gordon Meyer.

Lillian and Meier came to school in the winter. Lillian took a picture of the girls and boys. She gave cakes to us.—Elsie Wright.

I got a post-card from my sister Laura and my cousin. Shina played with me. We went into the house. I got a box from Ethel.—Dorothy C. Standish.

Miss Curry will not come at Easter. She will go home. We shall not come to school on Good Friday and Easter Monday. We shall have a party on Easter Monday night.—Marie Smith.

I shall get a box at Easter. I shall get a candy rabbit, a candy hen and candy eggs. I shall be happy. I shall thank my mother.—Lawrence Roach.

Perhaps my mother and brother will come at Easter. Perhaps I shall get a candy egg, a candy hen and a candy rabbit. Perhaps I shall get a box. I am happy.—Carman Quinn.

I got a letter from my mother. She will send a box for Easter. Perhaps she will come at Easter. I shall be happy. I shall thank my mother.—Leonard Brown.

My birthday was on Monday. I am eleven. I got two post-cards. Many girls whipped me on my birthday. I was happy. Nellie Black.

Perhaps my father and sister will come at Easter. Dorothy played with me yesterday. Good Friday will be the day after to-morrow. We shall play.—Shina Bluesteiu.

Miss Nurse's class

I saw a black bird this morning. I got letter from home last Tuesday. —Bessie McGovern.

I saw the moon last night. It was big.—Ada Barnes.

To-morrow will be Good Friday. We shall not come to school.—Almina Wagler.

The sun shines. It is bright.—Gordon Webb.

I saw three dogs. I saw two horses. —Elsie Luke.

I made a boat. We shall have some eggs on Easter Sunday. I had a gun. A boy broke it.—William Krick.

I shall go home on Saturday afternoon. I have a new blue cap.—Sidney Wall.

My Father will come on Good Friday I am glad. We had some eggs yesterday.—Jack Angus.

I saw some white flowers. I saw a yellow bird. I saw four cows. I saw a black bird.—Walter Daniels.

I shall have a birthday on March 28. I shall have a big box from home. I shall be ten.—Margaret Brent.

I got a postcard from home. I saw two grey cats. I saw a brown dog. I saw two black horses.—Sadie Little.

Miss Handley's class

We went to walk. We saw some horses. We saw some birds. They hopped.—Jean Lawrence.

I found ten cents. I got a box. I got some candy eggs. I got some oranges. I got a ball. I shall thank mother.—Lesley Wilton.

I shall have a birthday in April. I shall have a birthday cake. Miss Handley will put candles on the cake. We shall have a party.—Kathleen Webb.

I have a watch. I have a white comb. I like coffee.—Lawrence Guy.

I got a box. A boy ran. A dog ran. I fell. I fell. I laughed.—Carl Eames.

I got a box. Mother sent it to me. I have new boots.—Leta Petch.

I have a box. I have white, brown and pink candy. I have some cake. I ate some candy and cake. My mother and father will come to see me.—Margaret Partrick.

If happy circumstances have made your sky bright, then cast just a little of its preciousness into the clouded life of others, for in so doing none of your own brightness will diminish in the least.

Ontario Association of the Deaf

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THE CANADIAN

SCHOOL MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

FRIDAY, APRIL, 1st 1921

HOME NEWS

—Some of our boys in the shoe-shop are planning to start little shops of their own when they leave school. The ambition to be their own bosses and independent of employers is alright but a few months seasoning in a good shop would help them much and be time well spent. The experience gained would help them to make a success of it when they launched out for themselves. A capital of $100 would start them and by making good neat work they would soon merit the confidence of the public.

—Mrs. A Pilon, nee Miss E. Nelson, a former pupil of our school, and her hearing daughter, spent a day with us lately. She is on a visit to relatives in Belleville. Her little one is a bright little maid and had no trouble at all in making her deaf mamma understand her wants. She was a great favorite with the girls here during her brief visit.

—The boys are two or three weeks ahead of the usual time in beginning the baseball season. Association football, which used to be popular here and in which our boys excelled, is not played so much among the seniors, as tilhes are no games to be got with outside teams, so our lads are turning more and more to baseball. If we can develop a good battery the rest of the positions can be well filled this season.

—Since the pupils have again been allowed to go down town on Saturday afternoon, our candy box has not been so well patronized, but we could sell a wagon load of cocoanuts if we would lug them around.

—There are a few girls and boys that we would like to get a little pocket-money for from home. When there is nothing to their credit even to buy a postage stamp it naturally makes them feel badly. Every year a great deal of money passes through the hands of our officers for incidental expenses and every cent is accounted for. All money for this purpose had better be sent direct to Dr. Coughlin. It will then be acknowledged and placed on the books but if sent direct to the children, often we have no trace of it and it is sometimes misspent or lost.

Several of our senior boys were allowed to go to the armories in the city one afternoon lately. The High School cadet corps was being inspected and we wanted our boys to see their methods of drill. We try to do a little drill our selves as often as time will allow.

—The shoyd work for small boys has been re-organized. Two classes have been formed of twelve boys each, the seniors working on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, the Intermediates on Tuesday and Thursday, the classes spending an hour each afternoon from 1.30 to 3.30 p. m. Mr. Parks takes charge of the work at the close of the work in the carpenter shop. When these two classes have settled down to work it is probable that a junior class will be formed. They are off to a good start and we feel sure that, under Mr. Park's guiding hand, they will make good progress.

—A few days ago Dr. Coughlin, accompanied by Inspector Clarke and Miss Ford, visited the Industrial Departments. The pupils were not expecting an examination so soon and had no time to "cram" for it. Some of the pupils did well but others have found that they have much to learn about the names of the tools they work with, the purposes to which they are put as well as the general language of the trade. Our pupils had better be awake to their needs along this line as there will be other examinations before school closes.

—How glad the supervisors will be when the ground dries up! Our little lads are no different from others and delight in the water and mud.

Among the little boys

Bert Waston is the mostenthusiastic kite flyer among the boys.

Walter Gorman kindly lend his foot-ball for his little mates to play with.

Morris Glasner likes to be with the big boys best and is happy when he can tease them.

There seems to be a rivalry among the young ones to see which can attach the most mud to his boots.

C. Murtil, L. Malinsky, F. Radmore and B. Yerrow were all invited to a St Patrick's Day party given by their teacher. Of course they had a big feed and enjoyed it.

M. Schneider thought that St. Patrick's Day should be honored, so he donned his best clothes and sported a bit of green.

TORONTO TOPICS

Mr. and Mrs. Augusta Stanbits and son Arthur, of Kitchener were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Mackay over Easter.

Messrs. Gordon and Willie Ormiston of Raglan were in the city for a brief call on their brother Russel on March 15th when they were on their way to the far west, where they will work. They are the two youngest sons of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Ormiston of Raglan. They were accompanied as far as this city by their sister, Miss Agnes Ormiston, of Brooklin.

A little son was born to Mr. and Mrs N. D. O'Neil on March 31st.

Mrs. A. S. Waggoner of Hamilton was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bell from Good Friday till the following Wednesday. Mr. Waggoner was also over here on Mar. 29.

Mrs. John Tayor and Miss Mary James of Hamilton and Mr. Newton Black of Kitchener were guests of Mr. R. S. Edwards during the late Bible Conference.

Mr. Gerald Huband of Ottawa was up in our midst for a week at Easter, the guest of Mr. Asa Forrester.

Miss Margaret Ferguson was out to her parents' home near Dundalk for Easter week and had a good time.

During Easter we received lovingly worded letters from Messrs. D. H. Coleman of Belleville, R. S. Williams of Winnipeg, Howard Lloyd of Brantford and others, expressing great regret at their inability to be present but wishing our Bible Conference abundant success.

Mr. and Mrs Isaiah Nahrgang of Baden while on their way to the latter's old home in Muskoka to spend several months stopped over here and enjoyed the Easter holidays with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mason, taking in our Conference as a side line. Mr. Arthur Bowen of Cookstown was also the guest of his sister, Mrs. Mason, over Easter.

In a competition against the best cracks of America, Mr. T. H. Walton recently won the chess championship of Canada. He had previously won the checker championship, and thus he is double Champion of the Dominion.

Mr. Russell Ormiston was out to Hamilton on a business trip recently. Russell is a general favorite here.

Miss Ada James of your school was up here on Good Friday and left next day to see her parents in St. Thomas for a few days.

Mr. Allan Nahrgang, of Kitchener and Miss Elizabeth Carter, of Guelph were guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Elliott during the Easter holidays.

Mrs. J. R. Byrne was too ill to take part in our conference and we sorely missed her cheerful smiles and timely help. We are glad she and her daughter, Dorothy, are a lot better at time of writing. Mrs. Slater, Mrs. Peterkin and Mrs. J. T. Shilton did the work that Mrs. Byrne would have done and they did their duties to the general satisfaction of all.

Among sent down its full quota to our Bible Conference, namely, Mr. and Mrs. Eli Corbiere, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. West and Mr. Herbert McKenzie.

Miss Jessie Marshall, of Arthur was visiting relatives here at Easter and taking in our Bible Conference.

Miss Eva Jewell of Lindsay, accompanied by her mother, was visiting in this city over Easter. Eva remained here for over a week later.

The beautiful Easter hymn, "Jesus is Risen To-day," which was given by our young choir, the misses Isabel Barker, Ethel Griffith, Lillian Casey, Muriel Kennedy, Pearl Herman and Arlie Chestnut, was a marvel to behold. So beautiful they did render it that they were urged to do it again at the evening service which they cheerfully did. It was given at the Sunday afternoon meeting to a crowded house.

Mrs. W. J. Baird of Brenton was the guest of Miss Ethel Griffith over Easter.

Mrs. James Stark and daughter Helen, of Burketon, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts at "Mora Glen" for a few days during the first of April. Mrs. Stark is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Ormiston of Raglan. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts entertained a number of friends in her honor during her stay.

Miss Ena Hughes of Woodstock and Miss Gladys Lloyd of Brantford were in the city over Easter, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Bartley.

Our Bible Conference was a great success in every way and those who worked so industriously for its progress are to be congratulated. There were over seventy outside visitor this time. We hear the Catholic Conference held in this city at the same time was also a great success.

At a recent athletic meet at the Broadview Y. M. C. A. our popular young friend Mr. Eddie Payne, established a Canadian record in the sprinting line. We congratulate our young friend on his remarkable achievement. Push ahead, Eddie, and win more laurels.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Fisher of London, while attending the Bible Conference were guests of Mr. H. W. Roberts. Mr. Fisher gave a very splendid address Saturday afternoon that was far reaching. While Mrs. Fisher's rendition of "Let us Love" on Sunday was most captivising. Mr. Chas A. Ryan of Woodstock was also a guest at "Mora Glen" over Easter. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas D. Cruzier of Springvale and Mr. Chas. W. Goulds, your erstwhile Kitchener Correspondent, were visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pugsley over Easter.

Miss Marion Powell had as her guest Miss Laura Tudhope of Orillia during the Easter holidays.

Mrs. Alex Perry of Norwich was in the city looking up old friends at Easter and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Oral Eastman.

Mr. Williams Nurse's powerful address on Easter Sunday evening was greatly appreciated. He has a marvellous command of our sign language. He was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Reeves and left for Belleville Easter Monday.

Mr. Everett Johnston was down with relatives near Lindsay over Easter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLaren of of Raglan were the guests of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George Timpson, during the conference and remained in the city for a few days afterwards.

Supt. P. Fraser's address of welcome to the delegates to our late conference had the warmth and sincerity of a father's welcome to a prodigal son. It was full of spiritual love.

A little son came to bless the union of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Yager on March 27th. Mrs. Yager was formerly Miss Mabel Smith.

Miss Margaret Kennedy of Brantford was visiting in this city over Easter.

The Misses Mabel and Freda Wheeler went out to Simcoe to visit friends over Easter.

After our meeting was over Easter Sunday evening a goodly number of our Catholic friends, who had just come from a meeting of their own, dropped in to greet their many friends. Though we differ in religious worship we all agree in the virtues of love and comradeship.

As usual, our good old friend, Mr. R. Mathison, the daddy of us all, was at our meeting on Easter Sunday and shook hands with all. His genial smiles were as sunny as ever. A good many other friends of the Deaf were also present on that glorious day.

Mr. Alex B. McCaul was out in Oakville over the week-end of April 2nd, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Thomas.

A surprise party, led by Mrs. A. B. McCaul was got up and played on Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts on St. Patrick's day, and turned out to be a merry treat from both ends, not to speak of the bushel of confetti that was scattered all over "Mora Glen," good and plenty, thus converting the scene into a veritable wedding bowery. All kinds of fun and frolic were on the way until a late hour and all had a jolly time.

Mr. James Green of Chesley was down for the Easter holidays, the guest of his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McCaul.

Mr. W. W. Scott was pleased to have a pleasant visit from her father, who came up from Welland-port to see her the other day.

Mrs. Alex McLaren of Smith's Falls was visiting her son and other friends here for a couple of weeks lately.

Following are the names and addresses of those who were here at Easter that are not elsewhere mentioned:—

George Pepper, Hamilton; James H. Mosher, Hamilton; Robert Bruckenborough, Depot Harbor; Miss Etta Duke, Orangeville; J. D. Stewart, Hamilton; Frank Walker, Kitchener; Samuel Avarell, Aurora; R. Furber, Hamilton; Harold A. Hall, Perth; George Moore, London; Thomas H. Brown, Markdale, Mary McLeish, Caledon; Jennie Broom, Woodstock; Mrs. M. Perry, Hamilton; R. M. McMaster; Mona McFarlane, Woodstock; Lionel Berthiaume, Windsor; Mabel Burke, Weston; Mr. and Mrs. N. Gleadow, Hamilton; Margaret Golds, Kitchener; Gerald O'Brien, Peterboro; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Rogers, Motherwell. Miss Clara Hartley, Milton;—H. W. R.

FROM FAR AND NEAR

We were pleased to hear from Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Wood of Santa Barbara, California. They are very well and recently sold their bungalow at a profit of over three thousand and have bought another at 420 Ruth Ave.

Mr. W. H. Gould, Jr., of London was in Stratford on March 16 visiting his old friend, Mr. William Quinlan.

We regret to hear of the painful accident that befell our old friend, Mr. Jontie Henderson, of Sarnia. While tending a circular saw the plank he was, using accidently slipped, with the result that Jontie got his right thumb cut open and the two longest fingers off at the base, the index finger ripped off at the first joint by the fast revolving saw. He will be laid up for several weeks, but luckily he comes under the Compensation Act and therefore is not left on the rocks. It was a very close call and we are glad it was no worse than it was turned out to be.

Mr. Percy Smith of Owen Sound was in Hamilton looking up old friends over the Easter Holidays.

Not many years ago Mr. and Mrs. James J. Ormiston of Raglan were industriously toiling on their old homestead near Raglan, surrounded by their eleven children. This venerable and highly respected couple are now spending the sunset of their lives in peaceful retirement in a cosy home in that quaint village while their children have left their parental nest and scattered far and near. It is very pleasing to note that all the children all able to converse in the sign language fluently though possessed of all their faculties. Following are the eleven children according to seniority and their whereabouts: Alexander on the old homestead near Raglan; Charles near Moose Jaw, Sask.; Lizzie, now Mrs. James Stark, near Burketon; Russell at the Veterinary College in Toronto; Osgoode, near Myrtle, Man. Frank at Roland, Man; Miss Agnes at Brooklin, Ont., and Gordon and Willie near Myrtle, Man. Only Alexander and Lizzie have entered the ranks of the benedicts so far of the nine boys. Russell, Osgoode and Frank went overseas during the great war and nobly did their duty for our King and Country, while their sister, Agnes, went down to Halifax as a nurse following that fearful explosion of a few years ago. Though they retired Mr. and Mrs. Ormiston are still hale and hearty and may they enjoy continued health and prosperity.

A goodly number of her friends of Brantford gave Mrs. A. E. Smith of the "Telephone City" a very pleasant surprise party at her home in that city on March 12th. It was a very brilliant affair and was given as a farewell prior to her removal to Burford, where she has now joined her husband. Mr. Smith has now a thriving shoe-repairing shop out in that progressive village. Messrs Chas. A. Ryan of Woodstock and Robert H. Randall of Paris were among those who came from a distance for the party.

Mr. David Turrill, of Detroit, was lately visiting in London and Stratford.—H. W. R.

The Might of that Pale Form

(Continued from page 1)

dens of benediction all who will may read. What systems of wrong, what countless, abominable idolatries, what colossal superstitions backed by emperors and thrones, have gone down before the bruised form of the once despised Galilean!

He who hung dead amid the victorious shouts of the blood-thirsty mobs has long since proved Himself the greatest spiritual power in the world—the Overthrower of Greek, Roman, and Asiatic paganisms, the Evangelizer and Civilizer of this modern age, with its unparalleled literature and intellectual might, the Inpirer of immortal hope in the heart of living and dying millions all over the globe. And it is true, in the fullest and grandest sense of that record, that "He who was the purest among the pure, who with His pierced hands raised empires from their foundations, turned the stream of history from its old channels, still continues to rule and govern the ages." He is the King of a dominion destined to be universal and enduring, and for this great consummation all things in heaven and earth are constantly working.

When we ask for an adequate explanation of the glorious outcome of that dread and sunless hour which gathered around that Pale Form nearly two thousand years ago, there comes to us the old refrain, "This is the story that transformed the world!" There is no other. Why? we keep asking. Why? If there were no Divine power behind all that, why should the crucifixion of one among the unnumbered hosts executed every year in the reign of Tiberius and the Caesars that followed him, have arrested so much attention to-day? How comes it, if there were no dynamo at the other end of that long coil of centuries, that the light should still be shining at our end to-day? If the light and warmth of a new day of faith and hope and love and power are to irradiate our world, then may it not be confidently asserted, in view of all that has already been realized in the history of the race, that in the old, old story of the Cross lies the secret of the only power which can save mankind.—The Outlook.

After Two Thousand Years.

In the course of his wanderings among the Pyramids of Egypt, Lord Lindsay, the celebrated English traveller, accidentally came across a mummy, the inscription on which proved it to be at least two thousand years old. In examining the mummy after it was carefully unwrapped he found in one of its closed hand a small, round bulb. Wondering how long vegetable life could last, he took the bulb from the closed hand and planted it in a sunny soil, and in course of time, to his astonishment and delight, the root sprouted and grew and finally developed into a beautiful flower. This interesting incident suggested to Mrs. S. H. Bradford the following thoughts upon the resurrection:—

Two thousand years ago, a flower
Bloomed lightly, in a far off land;
Two thousand years ago, its seed
Was placed within a dead man's hand.

Before the Saviour came on earth
That man had lived and loved and died,
And even in that far off land
The flower had spread its perfume wide.

Suns rose and set, years came and went,
The dead hand kept that treasure well;
Nations were born and turned to dust
While life was hidden in that shell.

The shrivelled hand is robbed at last.
The seed is buried in the earth,
When, lo! the life long hidden there
Into a glorious flower burst forth.

Just such a plant as that which grew
From such a seed is buried low;
Just such a flower in Egypt bloomed
And died, two thousand years ago.

And will not He who watched the seed,
And kept the life within the shell,
When those He loves are laid to rest,
Watch over their buried dust as well?

And will not He from neath the sod
Cause something glorious to arise?
Yes, though it sleep two thousand years,
Yet all that buried dust shall rise.

Just such a face as greets you now,
Just such a form as here you bear,
Only more glorious far, shall rise
To meet the Saviour in the air.

Then will I lay me down in peace,
When called to leave this vale of tears,
For "in my flesh shall I see God,"
E'en though I sleep two thousand years.

An Unbeliever's Grave

A young German countess was a noted unbeliever, and especially opposed to the doctrine of the resurrection. She died when about thirty years of age, and before her death gave orders that her grave should be covered with a solid slab of granite; that around it should be placed square blocks of stone, and at the corners it should be fastened to the granite slab. Workmen made the tomb as secure as possible. Upon the covering this inscription was placed: "This burial-place purchased to all eternity must never be opened."

All that human power could do was done to prevent any change in that grave. But "the weakness of God is stronger than man!" God frustrated this design of his impious woman and of these builders. He permitted a single seed from a tree to fall into a crevice of this tomb. It grew; the rain nourished it. Between the granite slab and the stone walls of the tomb it steadily grew, forcing its way until the granite lid raised, and is now resting on the trunk of the tree, which is flourishing, rebuking the idle boast of infidel unbelief, and testifying to the power of the new life, even of an apparently dead seed.

"Make it as sure as ye can," said Pilate to the Jews, and they went their way to seal the entrance to the Saviour's tomb, and to set guard to prevent his body being removed. But in vain the stone, the guard, the seal; on the third day morning,

"Angels roll the rock away
Death gives up the mighty prey."

God's living power is stronger than all the clamps and bars and iron gates with which men seek to confine the dead. A tiny seed, sown by the winds unseen and unnoticed, but filled with the life of God, burst iron bands, and so the Living Word of God shall rend tombs, and call forth the dead to conscious life at the last day.—Angelus.

The Richest Man

He is the richest man—
Who values a good name above gold.
In whose possessions others feel rich.
Who can enjoy a landscape without owning the land.
Who has a mind liberally stored, cultivated and refreshed.
Who can face poverty and misfortune with cheerfulness and courage.
For whom plain living, rich thinking and grand effort constitute real riches.
Who has a hearty appreciation of the beautiful in nature and in human beings.
Who carries his greatest wealth in his rich personality and fine character.
Who absorbs the best in the world in which he lives and gives the best of himself to others.—New Success.

WANTED

A deaf man on my farm and threshers by next May 1st. Apply Magnus Johnson, GULL LAKE, Sask, Box 187

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

IT WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send me the names and post office addresses of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them, so that I may forward to them particulars concerning this School, and inform them where and by what means their children can be instructed.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

SINGLE OR DOUBLE
Alphabet Cards and Writing Pads
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2 for 5c., postpaid 7c.
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1 Garden Ave., Toronto, Ont.

SCHOOL POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RESEIVED and distributed without fees. Mail matter to go away, if not in box in office door, will be sent to the office every day (Sunday excepted). The messenger is allowed to pick letters or packages out of the mail matter at post office for delivery, for any one unless the name is on the mail bag.

LETTERS—PACKAGES—BOXES.

If pupils are expecting letters, packages or boxes to pupils, address as follows:

(name of pupil)
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

☞ Prepay postage, express or freight charges in all cases.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION
WEST—3.15 a. m.; 7.50 a. m.; 11.40 a. m.; 3.00 p. m.; 4.40 p. m.
EAST—12.25 a. m.; 1.05 a. m. 11.10 a. m.; 12.11 p. m.; 6.35 p. m.
MADOC AND PETERBORO' BRANCH—5.20 a. m.; 12.10 p. m.; 5.45 p. m.

Canadian Northern Railway.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS
For Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points: 8.10 A.M. (Except Monday), 1.35 P.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
For Trenton, Picton, and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M., 12.25 P.M. and 5.15 P.M. (Daily Except Sunday).
For Maynooth, Bancroft and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. (Except Sunday).
For Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
For Frankford, Marmora, Coe Hill and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. and 12.45 P.M. (Except Sunday).
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For Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate points: 8.10 A. M. and 1.35 P. M. (Except Sunday.)
For Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk: 3.05 A.M., 7.55 A.M., 1.35 P.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
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From Trenton, Picton and Intermediate points: 7.55 A.M., 1.35 P.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
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From Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk: 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday), 5.15 P.M. (Except Sunday.

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THE CANADIAN,
Belleville, Ontario.

TORONTO EVANGELICAL CHURCH OF THE DEAF

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows
Every Sunday—
West End Y. M. C. A., Corner of College St. and Dovercourt Rd. at 11 a. m.
Toronto Bible School, 110 College St., at 3 p. m.
Central Y. M. C. A. at 11 a.m., and 7.45 p.m.
Bible Class every Wednesday evening at Central Y. M. C. A., 46 College St. at 8 p. m.
Superintendent, Rev. A. P. Fraser, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.
Ontario Mission Committee Convener—Mr. F E. Harris, 111 St. Patrick St., Toronto.
Mrs. J. R. Byrne, Deaconess, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.
ALL WELCOME

CATHOLIC DEAF ASSOCIATION

Meets every Sunday at 2.30 p.m. and every Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.

At the Loretta Day School
387 Brunswick Ave
Communicate with the priest in charge
Rev. J. Kirby, Director
Chancellor of Archdiocese Wolseley Place
Toronto, Ont.

School for the Blind

BRANTFORD, ONT

THE PROVINCIAL SCHOOL FOR the Education and Instruction of Blind children, is located at Brantford, Ontario. For particulars address

W. P. RACE, Principal.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS—From 8.05 a. m. to 1 p.m., with recesses from 10.40 to 11.00 during which lunch is served to the pupils.

AS SOON AS THE CHAPEL ASSEMBLY IN THE MORNING is over, the teachers of each teacher will open by prayer. All pupils except the pupils will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner. The pupils will be dismissed from the School by and the Public Schools of Ontario. Teachers and teachers are to be in their respective rooms and dormitories five minutes before hours and dormitories for duty of pupils.

EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8 p. m. Voluntary reading hours for senior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY—Sunday School at 9.05 a. m. General Lesson at 2.30 p. m. Pupils of the denominations attend their respective churches whenever desired by the pastors, in charge.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN.—Rev. Canon Bedard, Roman Catholic; Rev. (Anglican); Rev. A. S. Kerr, M. A. (Presbyterian); Rev. A. H. Foster, (Methodist); Rev. W. H. Wallace, (Baptist); Rev. Father Killeen, Catholic.

BIBLE CLASSES, Sunday morning at 9.05; International Series of Sunday School Lessons. Superintendent, Mr. George H. Stevens; Teachers—Mrs. Bells, Miss Linn, Miss Bull, Miss Ford, Miss Johnson, Miss Bryant, Miss Paine, Miss Scott, Miss Curry, Miss Handley, Miss Pauker, Miss Spring, Miss Nurse, Miss Sutter, Miss Stark and Miss Malcolm.

THE CATHOLIC PUPILS receive religious instruction on Sunday morning from 8.45 to 9.30 and on Friday afternoon from 2 to 2.30. Teachers, Miss Hyland, Miss Riordon, Miss Lahearne and Miss Carrol.

☞ *Clergymen of all denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.*

Industrial Departments:

GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday after noon of each week from 3.15 to 4 o'clock.

THE PRINTING OFFICE, SHOE AND CARPENTER Shops from 2.30 to 4.30 for junior pupils and from 2.30 to 5.30 for senior pupils who attend school for those who do not school, from 7.30 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 2.30 to 5.30 p. m. each working day except Saturday, when the office and shop will be closed at noon.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASSES are may be arranged from time to time.

THE SEWING CLASS HOURS are from 8.15 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do not attend school, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons

☞ The Printing office, Shops, Sewing Room and Domestic Science Department to be left each day when dismissed in a clean and tidy condition.

☞ Pupils are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments, except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent

☞ Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work in hand to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the School, will be made welcome on any day except Sunday, Monday, Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is as soon after 9 o'clock a. m. as possible.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the School, they are kindly advised not linger among leave talking with their children. It only makes discomfort for all concerned, particularly the parents. The child will be tenderly cared for, and if left in our charge without delay will be quite happy with the others in a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. If parents must come, however, they will be made welcome to the class-room and allowed every opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodging or meals, or entertain guests at the School. Good accommodation may be had in the city at the Quinte Hotel, Tryon, Queene, City and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. No correspondence will be allowed between parents and officers or employees under any circumstances without special permission upon each occasion. Every letter addressed to the Superintendent will be promptly answered.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTERS FROM HOME OF PUPILS MAY BE GIVEN THE SAME THEY ARE WELL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every three weeks, and may write oftener if they wish; letters will be written by teachers for the little ones who cannot write, stating, as nearly as possible, their wishes.

☞ No medical preparations that have been used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the school

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise medicines and appliances for the cure of Deafness. In 500 cases out of a 1,000 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult your family physicians, practitioners in cases of adventitious deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.

THE CANADIAN

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Ontario School for the Deaf, Belleville.

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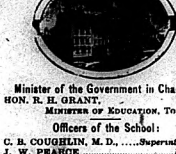
ONTARIO SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA
UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT



Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. R. H. GRANT,
MINISTER OF EDUCATION, TORONTO.

Officers of the School:

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., ...*Superintendent*
J. W. PEARCE .....*Bursar*
W. W. BOYCE, M. D. .....*Physician*
DR. J. CHANT, M. D. .....*Aurist and Oculist*
MISS R. A. WELLINGHEY .....*Matron*
MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD.....*Assistant Matron*

Teachers:

ORAL
W. J. CAMPBELL
Supervising Teacher Senior Oral Dept.
MISS CATHERINE FORD
Supervising Teacher Junior Oral Dept.

GEO. F. STEWART	MISS K. SCOTT
MISS I. B. PAINE	MISS E. NURSE
MISS A. BERRIDGE	MISS E. CARROL
MISS L. DRANNARD	MISS B. SUTTER
MISS E. PARKER, B. A.	MISS I. MALCOLM
MISS F. CURRY	MISS A. STIRK
MISS G. SPRINGER	MISS S. E. WARD
MISS V. HANDLEY	MISS B. A. WILSON
MISS G. BRADLEY	

MANUAL
MISS GEORGINA LINN
Supervising Teacher Manual Department

D. H. COLEMAN, M.A.	MISS ADA JAMES
MRS. SYLVIA L. BAIRD	MISS NINA BROWN

MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD,
Teacher of Domestic Science
MRS. L. G. WILLIAMS, *Teacher of Sewing*
Teacher of Fancy Work

MISS I. MCBRIDE,
Stenographer & Typist. *Instructor of Printing.*

WM. NURSE, *Storekeeper & Associate Supervisor.*
ALEX. MORRICE, *Master Shoemaker.*

W. SMITH, *Supervisor of Boys, etc.*
Engineer.
M. W. PARKES, *Master Carpenter*

MISS CLARA COOMBE, *Trained Nurse and Instructress in Home Nursing.*
J. N. BOYD, *Master Baker.*

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this School is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, who are, *on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools*

All deaf persons between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are bona fide residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $50 per year for board. Tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf persons whose parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT CHARGED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Baking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in General Domestic Work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of Sewing Machines and such Ornamental and Fancy Work as may be desirable. Manual Training in woodwork for boys, and Domestic Science for girls have been introduced

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

☞ The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent,
BELLEVILLE, Ont.

POETRY

The Thinker

BY BURTON BRALEY

Back of the beating hammer
By which the steel is wrought,
Back of the workshop's clamor
The seeker may find the thought.
The thought that is ever master
Of iron and steam and steel,
That rises above disaster
And treadeth the under heel!

The drudge may fret and tinker,
And labor with lusty blows;
But back of him stands the thinker,
The clear-eyed man who knows.
For into each plow or share,
Each pipe and each nail and wire,
Must go the brains of labor
Which are the worker's sole fire.

Back of the motor's humming,
Back of the belts that sing,
Back of the hammer's drumming,
Back of the crane that swings,
There is the eye which scans them,
Watching through stress and strain,
There is the hand which commands them—
Back of the brawn, the brain!

Might of the roaring boiler,
Speed of the whirling wheel,
Strength of the sweating toiler,
Greatly in these we trust.
But back of the toiler and his scheme,
The thinker who drives things through;
Back of the job—the dream.
Who's making the dream come true!

MISCELLANEOUS

Lawyer Bob's Guardian Angel

BY JEAN JUDSON

The Higboro town clock struck nine as Tom Bryan, office boy, ran swiftly up the steep staircase leading to the offices in the Kay Block. Unlocking a door, on the glass panel of which the inscription, "Robert Wilson Drew, Barrister, Solicitor, etc.," shone forth in gilt letters, he ushered in through a small entry to the office beyond. As he entered, the office clock struck its last stroke of nine. "Good, steady little ticker," said Tom aloud; then, to himself, "I wish I could get Mr. Bob to work as steadily. I suppose it will be ten or half-past before he arrives."

But the clock struck ten and then eleven, and Mr. Robert Wilson Drew had not made his appearance. Tom was worried. It was no new thing for Lawyer Bob to be late but never during Tom's five months' service in the office had he been as late as this. The lad went over his morning tasks several times and finally sat down to dream of the next school term when he would surely enter Highboro High School. A sound of footsteps in the Bryan home had made it necessary for him to "take a term off," and earn something.

Tom was still turning over ways and means in his active mind, when his employer's step was heard on the stairways. It was then a quarter past eleven, and as Tom listened to the oncoming foot-steps, he sighed and shook his head. He had not studied the lawyer for nothing. "When he comes up with a jump I know he can carry what he's got aboard," said the boy, "but that jerky step I don't like—ah! You almost stumbled there, sir."

Mr. Drew entered the office a moment later, and advancing a step or two, gave Tom a low, sweeping bow. Then holding his hat sideways in his hand, he shut one eye and threw the headgear to his desk, where it knocked out a bottle of ink, fortunately tightly corked. In response to Tom's "Good morning, sir," Mr. Drew replied in a slightly husky, but otherwise musical voice. "Good morning and how's business, eh? Been doing wonders this morning, Tom? Office so full of clients that you're had to send 'em out and ask 'em to return one at a time, eh?"

"No business doing when the business man's not on hand, sir," said Tom tersely.

Mr. Drew laughed and tilted his chair upon its back legs, looked at Tom intently for a moment or two, and then, changing his mood, at Tom declared himself the most miserable man on earth. "Why you snoopy Tom," said the lawyer, "I'm in trouble—deep trouble. My guardian angel has quit the job, it would appear, for no luck attends me. Do you know what ails me this morning, sonny? Tell me! Why have I no ambition? Can you tell me Tom? Can you?"

"Yes," replied Tom, suddenly and boldly.

"You can good boy! Dear boy, tell me; speak the word."

"You're drunk, sir," said Tom, and although his heart beat fast and his face flushed, he faced his employer and looked at him fearlessly.

The lawyer's chair came down on its front legs with a bang, and he sat erect and staring, hardly believing that his ears had heard the word.

There was silence for a few moments, and then a voice that Tom did not recognize, a voice with an icy edge, and a languid drawl, said, "In deed! Say it again, will you?"

"I would rather not," replied poor Tom; "I didn't mean to hurt you."

Mr. Drew's flash of anger died down perceptibly, and in a short time had gone out entirely. "Come, Tom," said he, "I guess you deserved the insult, here, you ever seen me—ah—drunk before?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom in a low voice, "once before."

"Hem! Well, well! How did you know I was—drunk?"

Tom shifted uneasily. "Come," said Lawyer Bob; "you started the ball rolling; give it another kick."

"Well," said poor Tom, "you fell asleep at your desk one day, and when you woke you asked me" (here Tom lowered his voice as though "ashamed of what he had to say—Why, I remembled the Queen of Sheba, and if bumble-bees ever had pneumonia."

If Tom felt shame over the remembrance of his master's folly, the man himself evidently did not. He lay back in his chair and laughed long and loud, laughed until the tears came, while Tom, going on a window under pretext of fixing the blind, had all he could do to keep back his tears. That this fine, clever man could laugh over the remembrance of a foolish, drunken question seemed to Tom a most unfitting thing. A voice called him from the window, saying, "Come, Tommy, mistaken." Mr. Drew was saying. "It may be what you say, but that is not what darkens my horizon. Guess again."

"I think it is, sir," said Tom, with a sigh.

"No, no," said Lawyer Bob; "you are far from the mark, but I'll tell you; I'll keep my self secret no longer." Then, in a low tone, as implying the strictest confidence, he continued:

"Tom, there is a young and beautiful lady in this town, for whom I have a sincere regard. I won't use stronger language, Tom, though I might—let it go at that, a strong and deep regard. But the young lady, suddenly showing a narrowness I wouldn't have suspected in her, turns me down, absolutely and finally. In short, she will have no more to do with me. Now, under the circumstances, what course would you pursue, my learned friend?"

"Oh, Mr. Bob," cried Tom, his voice tremulous with emotion. "I would cut out the drink from this minute. I'd start in and build up such a practice that the young lady would change her mind. Why, sir, you could do it in six months. I heard two men talking about you at the freight shed the other night, and one of 'em said you were by all odds the smartest lawyer in town, and it was a hanged shame to let so much talent go to the devil. Do start afresh, sir! Don't keep on till you can't stop."

The boy's earnestness and his evident affection seemed to sober Mr. Drew for a moment, and something like shame showed in his eyes as he replied, "Oh, come, come, laddie, who can't stop? Not I; I can draw up and get off at any old corner. No, no; I must be trusted; no one must lay down the law for Robert Wilson Drew. Still, I accept your mature counsel gratefully, and may give it some further consideration." With which return to his usual jaunty speech, the lawyer sat down to his desk and occupied the time until twelve o'clock in opening a few letters, which he read without appearing to grasp their meaning, singing snatches from the latest songs, and spinning a coin on his desk.

At the lunch hour he left the office, and Tom was free until half-past one. Coming back punctually (Tom was always sharp on time) he was surprised to find the lawyer at his desk. His delight over the sharp return to business, however was mixed with uneasiness as he noted the silent, heavy attitude of the man at the desk, and when he rose at three o'clock, saying, "I'm going to have a cat-nap, Tom," and threw himself on the leather settee, he was still more uneasy. Mr. Bob had taken more drink at noon, of the that he was sure. Tom was troubled, surely at first, but as the afternoon passed and his employer breathed regularly, and looked fairly well in the face, he grew easier in mind, and sat back to keep watch.

At five o'clock Tom tried to rouse Mr. Drew, shaking his shoulder, at first gently, then more vigorously, but after a few unmistakeable efforts, he gave it up. Well, he would leave him where he was. He was quite safe and comfortable. The main entrance was never locked, and he would return between nine and ten o'clock; in the meantime leaving the office door unlocked. So off went Tom. Although he had an evening's fun, thought of the task awaiting him, of rousing the sleeper at the office, troubled him considerably. At ten o'clock he returned to the Kay Block, and as he crossed the threshold a strange, choking odor met him. "Dust," thought Tom; then "smoke," for as his foot touched the stair he realized that the strange, suffocating something was smoke. Up the stairs he leaped, three steps at a time, and when he landed in the long corridor which ran through the building from the front to rear, he was met by a dense cloud, which almost strangled him. He ran crouching low and covering his mouth and nose with his hands, to Drew's office, entered, and closing the door quickly, switched on the light. The room was almost free from smoke and Mr. Drew still lay asleep on the settee. The next twenty minutes Tom is not likely to forget. First his frantic rush to the telephone to send an alarm of fire; then his effort, at first unavailing, to get Mr. Drew sufficiently roused, to realize their danger; then the lawyer's determination, when he was aroused, to argue over the advisability of dropping out of the window—an idea he was with difficult persuaded to abandon. Following this, his sudden impulse to go down the stairway, and his fall as he attempted to cross the room. Tom remembers, more clearly than anything else, gazing with horrified eyes at the now quiet form, and seeing blood trickle from a cut on the forehead.

And then—oh, the welcome sound! The clang and roar of the fire engine was heard in the street below, and the shouts of the brigade.

In the next few minutes events marched rapidly. Tom called out his plight to the men in the street, and in a flash several were in the room, and in another were swinging Mr. Bob out of the window and down the ladder as though he had been a child. Tom followed, able to make the decent himself, although his legs shook under him. Then a policeman took charge of the lawyer and his boy, and the firemen turned to their task of fighting the flames.

An ambulance was called and Mr. Bob taken off to the hospital, at Tom's suggestion. "For" said he, "he may be worse hurt than we think." Tom went along, and saw his friend carried in through the big door; then, turning, he ran back to the scene of the fire, relived in one sense, yet full of care that was not his own.

When Mr. Robert Drew opened his

(Continued on page 8)

THE CANADIAN

Eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Ontario School for the Deaf

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

GEO. F. STEWART, . . . EDITOR.

OUR MISSION!

First—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

Second—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf subscribers.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils now in the School, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

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Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us, that mistakes may be corrected without delay. All papers are stopped when the subscription expires, unless otherwise ordered. The date on each subscriber's wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

☞ Correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted—if we know it.

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A few select advertisements will be inserted. Rates made known on application.

Address all communications and subscriptions

THE CANADIAN,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO.

FRIDAY, APRIL 15th, 1921

Summer Employment For Pupils

The time is rapidly approaching when the school portals will close for the summer vacation and the children will hie away home. This is always a time of joyful anticipation to parents and children alike.

It is a time, too, when many of the youngsters are eager to try their own wings in flight. These efforts should be encouraged by all practicable means. Youth is confident, age is hopeful.

It is time when parents can be helpful and lend encouragement to both pupils and teachers by looking around and finding employment for them in trades the children are learning at school. Let them do this; at the same time it should be borne in mind that a boy who has spent a few hours a day during the school term is not the finished product and can not be expected to earn the wages the regular workers are earning. They should be given a start more as an apprentice than as a high class workman. Practice makes perfect. It is no disparagement to the trades teachers to say that with a large number of boys and a limited amount of time for instruction they cannot turn out master workmen—that these boys must have further experience to command the maximum wage.

An idle mind is the devil's workshop. There will not be one among all our children but that will be better off for some well directed effort, either at work or at play. We hope when school opens again next year to hear that many have followed this suggestion, that most have made good, and that all undergraduates will return enthused for another school year.—The Kansas Star.

Our printer boys have gotten so they can set type with despatch and accuracy. To keep them busy and to instil ambition and initiative we have started the publication of a sheet called BUBLES for school circulation. Its make-up, copy and everything else will be in the hands of one of the advanced printer boys, turn about.—Kansas Star.

The Oklahoman speaks of two deaf persons of sixteen and thirty-four years of age who were applicants for admission to the school. The first is a girl who has been kept at home in a vain hope that something could ultimately be done to restore her hearing—and perhaps with the restoration, a well rounded education(?). She had never been taught the most rudimentary things and refused obedience. It is not surprising her mind is warped, her habits vicious. The second case is that of a young man of very limited education. Can not parents be made to understand the only place for deaf children of school age is in a school like our own, and will the public never realize that it must force negligent parents to send such afflicted children to school? Our compulsory education laws need teeth in them like the tusks of a wild boar.—Kansas Star.

It is a well-known saying, but worth repeating very often, and remembering well, that "if you do not keep a pupil busy, the pupil will keep you busy." One of the most difficult parts of the teacher's work is to keep every pupil usefully employed all the time. It is difficult, but it is essential to success. A teacher may do this yet not be a successful teacher. But he cannot be a successful teacher and not do this.

The Palmetto Leaf says it "would not object if THE CANADIAN would enlarge its type a little." We don't know why it picks on us as there are quite a number of other papers that use type no larger than we use. However it is perfectly all right, and if our gentle critic will just watch out, we hope that before very long it will see that his wish, and ours, will be gratified.

Parents should send their child the home county paper. It will keep him posted about the changes taking place that he should know about and keep his interest centered around his home community. It also helps to keep him interested in current events, for a paper is much more interesting to read if the child knows it is his paper and not a "borrowed" copy.—Deaf Carolinian.

In the report of one of the committees making a survey of the Ohio school we take the following recommendations as being of special interest.

a. Teachers should receive a salary commensurate with the work they are doing. The salary should be greater by $150 to $600 than that of a similar position in the nearest public school.

b. There should be a supervisor for each division of the educational system and most especially for vocational courses.

The Ohio School has had an inspection by physicians and dentists from the State Department of health and in a report made, the results were classed as gratifying—their findings showing a smaller number of defects than is found in children of the public schools. This is attributed to the proper nutrition and the proper amount of exercise and sleep of these children. This report may be applied to all of our schools—the excellent condition of its athletes being the cause for frequent comment and wonderment by outsiders.

The suggestion has been made, and favorably commented on by some of our exchanges that Gallaudet College should confer the honorary title of L. L. D. upon the head of every school for the deaf in United States. A much better proposition would be to cut out honorary degrees altogether. So many people now sport honorary degrees no never could have got them by merit and who possess no qualifications that entitle them to such a distinction that degrees really earned and merited have largely lost their value. The general public does not distinguish, between the real and the imitation, which is decidedly unjust to the former. Of course there are some degrees never conferred except as honorary and perhaps no great objection can be taken to these. But the conferring of degrees as honorary that may also be earned by merit is a palpable injustice and a deception on the public, especially as these are very frequently, perhaps usually, got by undue influence and "pull," or for a "consideration."

Praise Your Pupils More

Experiments are always interesting. Suppose we teachers try one in praise.

No—not going to church and lifting up our voices in song—but trying how praise, instead of blame, works right here in the school room.

Instead of calling attention to the fact that John's handwriting is like unto the wriggly gait of the patient caterpillar, let us try to find a slight improvement in his chirography, and tell him so. Human nature is the same all the world over, and the pride which swells up in John's breast will make him try harder next time, both with his lessons and his writing.

Rosalie Jemima's efforts in climbing the hill of knowledge may be most erratic, but, until you have tried it, you have no idea of the way judicious praise will boost her. Make your class believe that you think they are of the salt of the earth. Set a high ideal for them, expect great things from them, and make them understand that you haven't a doubt but that they will fulfil your expectations. Calmly assume that they will succeed; you will be amazed yourself at the efforts they will make—the pleasure they take in trying.

Of course they will slip—sometimes you will secretly wonder if they are going to slide the whole way down the hill. But don't let them know. The very efforts that they make to attain the pedestal you've placed for them to stand on will unconsciously widen their horizon.

O, the plan does work. The writer is trying it daily, and let me whisper in your ear—you'll find yourself heaps less nervous. Emphasize the good points so that little by little, by sheer overweight, they'll crush down the defects.

Don't you remember "Polly Anna" how the little heroine of "The Glad Book" was always finding something to "be glad" about in everything, no matter how depressing or upsetting it might be at first? Well, we can always find something to "be glad" over even when our crosses are most amazing, and, I think that if we try out the plan, at the end of the year we will not only find ourselves with a set of "unfrazzled" nerves, but with what really counts more in Life's school—a much broadened sense of humor and an enlarged capacity for "feeling happy" all the time.—The School Helper (Georgia).

"Our Lady of the Snows" is continually giving the world fresh surprises regarding the moderation of her climate. The size and quality of our grapes and peaches cannot be surpassed anywhere. In Norfolk County in Ontario a company of enterprising men have bought a farm and are planting mulberry trees on it, with the purpose of raising silk worms as soon as the trees are old enough. Out west in British Columbia both tea and olives are being successfully grown. This year, too, on Vancouver Island, there will be a good fig crop. Filbert and almond trees are in full bloom, and the bamboo crop is large enough to harvest for baskets and fishing poles. No, Canada is not a mere ice and snow-covered waste, inhabited by wild Indians and Eskimos, with a few thousand whites,
engaged chiefly in buying furs from the Indians as stated by some American geographies still, or at least very recently, in use.

A Little Trip by Auto

J. Schuyler Long is writing some sketches of "A Little Trip by Auto" for the Iowa Hawkeye. In the issue of March 1, he tells of some experiences he had and some deaf people he met while crossing Ontario from Detroit to Buffalo from which we quote a few paragraphs:

"In a day or two when I had fallen in with a genial Irishman named W. K. Liddy who lived in Windsor, across the river from Detroit, I asked him how about it. He made a few inquiries for me and furnished us with the proper directions. Following these we crossed the river one morning, signed a bond, had it countersigned at the customs office, paid fifty cents for the service and were on our way rejoicing. There is an agreement between the United States and Canada so that tourists may enter either country and remain 30 days by simply signing a bond, giving certain information for identifying the car, and paying a small fee.

"At Windsor we fell in with party of deaf Canadians also bound for London and as they knew the road we had an easy time following. In this crowd was A. H. Cowan who was a member of the class of '65, Gallaudet, a class that was made famous by the escapades of J. C. Howard, aided and abetted by Jim Stewart of Michigan, and famed for its prowess in football. As the other car was rather crowded we took Cowan into ours and this gave me an opportunity to get acquainted with one of the finest fellows that lives in Canada. Cowan lives in London and works in the postoffice there, having a home on a few acres just outside the city. Here with his charming wife and interesting family of three girls and one boy he enjoys the delights of a country home, with city conveniences.

We reached London before nightfall and Mrs. Cowan had supper ready to welcome us. Mrs. Cowan was formerly a teacher at Belleville and is both cultured and well educated. It was quite a pleasure to spend a few hours here and get acquainted with such a charming family.

Next day we started out for Hamilton. We had been told, along with other fool dope about Canada, that the roads were awful in western Canada. We bent down toward the lake and as a matter of fact, traversed some of the best roads we met in all our experience. We slept that night in Niagara Falls, U. S. A., having crossed Canada in two days.

A man will compliment a woman friend on the new garments she is wearing. But when a man sees a man friend wearing a new outfit he asks him where the fire was.

When a man conquers his adversaries and his difficulties, it is not as if he had never encountered them. Their power is still kept in future life.

The reason why men fail in spiritual attainment is because they have never had it clearly in view at all. They have never defined in their imaginations just what it means. If we think of it as awakening, and dwell a little everyday upon that idea, we shall presently understand how to work for it.

How thoughtful some appear to become when ill-health claims a new recruit!

Those who have great burdens to bear can feel all the more for another whose burden they are unable to share.

PUPILS' PAGE

—I read about a Dutch girl. She lived in Holland. She wore a pretty blue apron and a white cap. She had wooden shoes. We go to Lot took like the Dutch girls. We do not wear wooden shoes. Her father had a farm in Holland. He had a wind-mill and a river flowed near it. Her father liked to work on his farm.—Florence Davis.

I received a letter from my sister, Jennie last week, saying that Mr. Hutson had a sure foot. It was cut by an axe last January. My father took him to the hospital in Kingston. George used to work at Mr. Hutson's farm. He got $15.00 a week. I hope that he will be better soon and that he will come back home.—R. Hunter.

—Last Saturday afternoon I did not want to go to the city so I played baseball with some other boys. It was a hard game. The score was 23 to 20 in favor of McGovern's team. My team was defeated. I am not sorry that my team did not win. I had a good time playing baseball. I hope we will play next Saturday again.—Frank Bealer.

—On March 28th, my mother came to see me. I was surprised to see her. I was very much excited and glad. My mother met Dr. Coughlin and shook hands with him. She visited the dormitories, schoolrooms, the farm and the hospital. She liked to see them. She stayed here for two days and went home on Wednesday afternoon. I said, "Good-Bye" to her. I enjoyed seeing her very much.—Jack Moreland.

—On Saturday last I didn't go down town because I wanted to play crokinole. I won 165 points. I had a good time. When it was about 4 o'clock, I went to the barn to milk the cows. When I finished milking I asked a boy to give me a ride on his bicycle and he did so. I had a good ride. I like to ride a bicycle better than to ride in an auto. When I go home, I shall ride to Hickson from Tavistock. Tavistock is 13 miles from Hickson.—W. Miller.

—A few weeks ago I received a nice letter from my father. He said that my brother George was going to get another job because he is a good worker. He used to work in the Dominion Sugar factory in Wallaceburg. I am glad that he is getting a good job. I don't know where he works now. My brother Hector worked in the Dominion Sugar factory and he was killed there on Nov. 8th, 1920. George used to work in Detroit. He was there for three years and a half.—Madeline J. Dubois.

—Yesterday morning, April, 4th, Mary Campbell left here at 12 o'clock. She went home to her mother. She wanted her go home and help her to work. Mary will miss all the girls She would like to stay here but she must help her mother. She will stay home through the summer. She will write a letter to her friends sometimes, when she is at home. I hope she will have a good time. It is Madeline Dubois. She loves her best. I hope her in other will be better again soon. I am sorry for her mother.—Erna Sole.

—Two weeks ago Saturday some of the girls went to the show but I didn't go. Some of the girls and I bought some things. Lauretta Delinelle, Madeline Dubois, Iona Osborne and I went to the store and had ice cream. It was called "Sweet Heart." We liked it very much. We met Miss Norse and we went to Wallbridge and Clarke's. Some of the girls bought some things there. Then we walked with Miss Nurse. She invited us to go to her home for a little while. She showed us some pictures. Her brother lives in the West. We thanked Miss Nurse for her kindness in inviting us. —H. Leone Jackson.

—The Hydro mailed a great many notices about "A Fallen Wire" to the people of Canada. It is intended to counsel the people about the danger of hanging wires. Dr. Coughlin received some of them from Toronto. He gave some to the teachers to tell their pupils about the danger of fallen wires. Some of us understood about it but the small children did not. We should tell them not to touch wires. So when we go home, perhaps somewhere or at our home there will be a fallen wire on the ground. We must leave it for it may be dangerous and kill us. Do you understand, dear children?—Thomas Goulding

—Last week I got a welcome letter from my brother Frank stating that he went to practice baseball every evening to play matches with other teams. Last year he played for Elizabeth Junior teams and he told me that he and his chums will get into a senior team soon if they can. They will play for Osler Intermediates. I hope that he will get into the Osler Intermediates. He plays very well as a second baseman. I hope that I will play baseball with my brother Frank next summer if I learn to play well. I did not play very well when we started last week. I hope that I will improve then at baseball as I want to be able to play with Frank.—Lorenzo Maiola.

—On April 2nd Mrs. Simpson came here from Ottawa. When I was reading a story book, a girl came to me and told me that Mrs. Simpson wanted me. I went down stairs and she shook hands with Dora Towns and me. Mrs. Simpson told us that we were big girls. We were glad to see her again. She has a deaf son here and she came to see him. In the afternoon she took Dora and me to the show. Then we went to the ice cream store and had ice cream. It was good. We thanked Mrs. Simpson very much for giving it to us. Mrs. Simpson went home on April 4th. She told me that she would talk with my mother and would meet me at the station when I go home.—Lauretta E. Delinelle.

—I would rather like to write a few lines about our lessons at school. We have just finished reading a book called the Highroads of Literature. First we read this and then Mr. Stewart questioned us and we answered him if we could. The Highroads of Literature tells about "How a Little Boy Began to paint," "The Wonderful Lion carved out of butter," "In the Land of Egypt," "Little Folks in Feathers," etc. We read about "How the Messengers came to Ulysses," "The Wooden Horse of Troy," "The One-eyed Giant," "In the Giants' Cave," "The Isle of Mermaids," and so on and we were very much interested in them.—E. N. Patrick.

—I read a book about Clovis. I would like to tell you the story. When the Angles and Saxons went to England, another tribe named Franks went to France. Clovis was their chief leader who lived where the city we now call Paris is. He married Clotilda. She often talked to him about her faith. Once she told him about the cross and Christians. He was angry. He went to church and saw the beautiful pictures and said, "Is this the kingdom of Heaven?" but the bishop said, "No, it leads you to it," and he was baptised. He had one son named Clovis the second. He was very kind to the poor and sold his jewels to give them bread, money etc. He married Princess Bertha They were happy together.—Norma R. Smith.

I read a book about Charles the Great. There was a man named Charles the Great who was tall, being seven feet high. His father was very small. There was a very good French king who was kind to the poor. He loved music and poetry. He liked books. He built churches. He lived very plainly. His daughter was taught to sew. She made her own clothes. He always planted his own fruit and grain in his gardens. One day the Normans came into his town. They drove the priests away and killed many people. Charles the Great heard about them. He made a strong fort and drove them out of his town. He was fond of hunting and swimming. He used to swim there. He was born there. He died and was buried there. Did you read this story?—Flora Leeder.

—I received a box from home last Saturday and my cousin sent me fifty cents. He told me that it was twenty-five cents. A few days ago my mother asked me if I got the funny papers and a letter and twenty-five cents in it but I did not know. When I got the funny papers at noon, I went to the boys' residence and put them in my box and left them there for a long time. After the work, I went to the residence again and then looked at the funny papers and the letter fell out of them but I did not see it. Then in a few days I received a box from home and my mother asked me if I got the letter and twenty-five cents, but I did not know. Then I went to the residence and looked for it. In a while I found it and opened it and was very much pleased.—Archie Charlton.

—I read the Acton Free Press which I get from home every week. I read there about "The Old man of the Big Clock Tower." I always enjoy reading it very much. The story is written by an old Acton man but I could not find his name. When he finishes writing his olden day's story, he puts his name to it as "The old man." He has written a long column about the olden day's life every week for nearly two years. He wrote about one of his old friends in Acton named Mack Second who now lives in Guelph. He is great great cousin of Laura Second of Lundy's Lane and Beaver Dams, who went through the woods on the way to the Canadian camp and told the way to the Canadian officers about the Americans who tried to attack them at Queenston in the war of 1812. Mack Second had been living in Acton for many years before going to Guelph. It was an interesting story of his olden days.—Frances Toney.

—Some papers were sent here from Toronto. The pictures show us that the wires are not safe. Once a wire fell from a pole. A little boy did not know that the wire was dangerous. He touched it and it killed him. If the wire catches your kite, you must not climb to get the kite. You must leave it there and make another kite. Some big boys told me that Dr. Coughlin saw a man driving over a muddy place. There was some wire under the mud. The man did not know about the wire. It killed his horse. They told us that a dog ran over the muddy place where the wire was. The dog touched it. He was frightened and left very quickly and ran away. We must not climb the trees because the wires pass through the trees.—Dennis Laporte.

—On March 12th our class had a party in the girls' residence. Miss Sunter invited us to the party on Saturday. The boys carried two crokinole boards from their residence. Miss Sunter borrowed Mr. Stewart's board. The boys and girls had tally cards. The boys' cards were green and the girls' were pink. We played with three crokinole boards with four pupils at each. Erna Sole and I played with Florence Davis and Albert Belgius at the first table. We won the most games and we did not move to the other tables. Lorenzo got the boy's prize. It was a new ball. Erna Sole got the girls' prize. It was a pretty rose-colored hair-ribbon. She had the most points and the most games. I had the most games, but Lorenzo had the most points. Leone Jackson and Robert Crowe got the booby prizes. Their prizes were jumping-jacks. After the party we had the lunch. We ate peanut butter sandwiches, coffee, cakes, strawberry jelly with whipped cream and sliced bananas. We enjoyed them very much. We thanked Miss Sunter very much for our party. We had a very good time.—John Davey.

—I got a most welcome letter from my friend in New Zealand last Wednesday. The letter was very interesting and I am going to tell you some of the things she told me. She says that Gore, Southland, the town where she lives, is a very pretty place. In the distance can be seen the snow-capped mountains sweeping down to the water's edge. A quarter a mile away is the Mataura River, which looks like a blue satin ribbon as it winds in and out. This river was once noted for its flooding. In the year 1913, it overflowed and came right into my friend's house. Haystacks floated down the road and once a pig tried to come through the dining room window but it did not succeed. Now there is a steep bank built on both sides of the river and extending for about two miles. The big traffic bridge was also lengthened so there is no fear of any more floods, no matter how hard it rains. The population of Gore is about two and a-half to three thousand and is growing very quickly. On Christmas Day my friend in New Zealand went for a swim and we had cold weather. Do you wonder that she could swim on Christmas Day? It is because new Zealand is south of the equator and they have summer there when we have winter, so Christmas is in their summer.—Olive Elizabeth Johnston.

—Many years ago, a great painter lived in Spain. His name was Murillo. He kept a school for young painters. They worked at their pictures all day and at night they left them in the school. One day a young man came to the school and saw on his canvas some painting which he had not done himself. It was very beautiful. Again and again his friends found that someone had been painting on their pictures during the night. It was strange. One morning when they came to the school they were much surprised to see a beautiful new picture partly finished. When Murillo came into school, he was also very much surprised. He asked each of the young men if he did it. They all shook their heads and sadly said, "No." Then Murillo called his slave boy, named Velasquez. The slave boy hung down his head. Murillo asked him who came there at night. "No one but me," said the boy. Murillo told him to stay there all night and find out who came to paint. He told him that if he could not find out, Murillo would punish him. That night the boy slept in the school until the clock struck three. Then he sprang up and went to the wonderful picture. He sat down and worked hard at it. Suddenly he heard a noise. He turned round and there stood his master. The poor lad begged for mercy. Murillo was not angry but he was very much surprised that the poor slave boy could paint so wonderfully. The poor lad became a great painter.—Rodger J. Pye.

—I read in the Globe that the Leafs of Toronto are in the International League with Baltimore, Buffalo, Reading, Rochester, Newark, Jersey City and Syracuse. The Akrons were in this league last year and changed to Newark. Newark gave $25,000 to the Akron owner. Doyle, who played on second base with the New York Giants last year is the manager of the Leafs now. He chose some new players including Davis, Purcell, Wagner, Mc Auliffe, Matthews, Litschenberg, Vaughart and Foster. The Leafs need some more pitchers. They played exhibition games with other teams in the United States. The International League will be opened on April 20th. Manager "Larry" Doyle got Pitchers "Joe" Boehling from the Oakland Club. He is a crack southpaw who played once with Cleveland and is able to pitch for Washington. I hope that he will pitch better than before. The Leafs have Pitchers Fortune, Woodgate, Snyder, Thompson, Reis, Williams and Warfield. Pitcher Warfield, McAndrews and Vaughart maybe will go out or release. Doyle has sent Foster and Pennoyer to the Brantford Club in the Michigan-Ontario League. He has returned to McGraw, the manager of the New York Giants that he would give him Pitchers Barnes, Winters and Outfielder Spencer The Toronto Club has sold Pitchers Shea, Ryan and Spencer to the Giants. The Leafs beat the Rocky Mount team last Monday by the score of 10 to 3. Reis struck out six batters. Winters had played with the Leafs and struck out one. Onslow and Gonzales hit each homerun. They are stronger, better hitters than last year. I hope that the Leafs will win the pennant. —Lionel Joe Goldman.

I am going to tell you about Ulysses and the one eyed giant called a Cyclops that my class had been reading about. One day Ulysses and twelve of his men reached an unknown island where the giant lived. When they found a great large cave and pails in which were full of milk and baskets full of cheese. Ulysses and his men kindled a fire in the cave and enjoyed drinking the milk and eating the cheese. In the evening a giant, who carried the trunk of a tree for his fire, drove his flocks of sheep into the cave. Ulysses and his men saw that he was a very tall man with only one eye in the middle of his head. They were afraid of him and tried to hide but the giant caught two men and ate them for supper. In the morning he ate two more men for breakfast, then he drove his flock of sheep out of the cave and he put a large stone on the hole so the men could not get out. Ulysses was thinking how he could escape and he saw the giant's long stick which gave him an idea. He cut a stake from it and sharpened one end and hid it. At sunrise the giant drove the sheep into the cave again and put the stone at the entrance and he ate two more men for supper. Ulysses had brought a large skinful of wine to the cave and he gave the giant a bowl of wine. He drank it and asked for more. He liked it so much that he drank the rest of the wine and fell into a deep sleep. Ulysses made the end of the stake hot in the fire then thrust it into the giant's one eye. The giant woke up with a loud roar and tow the stake from his eye. He was blind and could not catch the men, so he placed a rock near the hole of the cave so that he could get them as they went out. Ulysses and his men saw that they could not walk out, so they caught the sheep and hid themselves under the sheep clinging to the wool and went out of the cave in that way. The giant put his hand on every sheep's back to see if the men were on them but he did not find the men and did not think of feeling under the sheep. They went to the ship and sailed away. They shouted to the giant and mocked him. The giant was angry and threw huge stones at the ship but as he was blind he could not hit it.—George Hunter.

The Robins' Feather Bed

Mr. and Mrs. Robin were working very hard to finish their house. They had to hunt all about to find enough wool and sticks and horsehair to use.

It was a round house, and it didn't have any roof. But as it was in a large tree, the green leaves made a good roof.

Have you guessed that the house was a nest?

One beautiful day Mr. Robin came flying home with a soft red feather in his mouth.

"What is it, and where did you get it?" asked Mrs. Robin.

"I don't know what it is, but I got it from some queer-looking thing in the garden. It was a round black thing on the ground. It was not a plant, but I don't know what it was. I had to pull and pull to get this off."

"How nice and soft it is," said Mrs. Robin.

She took it in her bill and flew to the nest with it. "It will make a warm soft bed," she said.

She put it in the nest and fastened it down with a piece of horse-hair.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin were happy with their nice feather bed all that spring. But a little girl felt very sorry she had left her hat out in the garden. Somebody had taken the pretty feather from the hat.

She never knew where it went.

Tommy Tadpole

Tommy Tadpole was very little and very black. He lived in a pond with a great many brothers and sisters. What good times they all had together! Tommy could swim very fast, and he often led the others around the pond.

One day he decided to go off by himself; so, when the others were not looking, he slipped away. How big he felt, to be swimming all alone!

Now when Tommy started he had not meant to go far, but he saw nothing to frighten him, so he swam gaily on. Suddenly he almost ran into great shining creature with round eyes and a big, big mouth.

Oh, how frightened he was! He turned and swam as fast as his little black tail would carry him, back to his brothers and sisters. How glad he was to be with them again!

Tommy grew fast, and one day he found that he had two legs near his tail. He did not know what they were for, but he was very proud of them. He felt that now he was a big tadpole.

In a short time he had two more legs--this time near his head. His tail, which had always carried him about so well, was getting shorter. Tommy could not understand it.

One day he found out something which pleased him very much. He had gone close to shore where the water was not deep. On the shore he saw a great many tadpoles like himself. He put his head out of the water and looked around. Then he gave a little hop and found himself out on the warm sand.

Tommy had never hopped before, but now he knew what his legs were for. He hopped and hopped, and thought it the most fun he had ever had. He returned to the water only when he grew hungry.

After this Tommy spent a great deal of time out in the warm sunshine. His tail grew shorter and shorter and then disappeared. His coat was no longer black. It was brown with tiny spots all over it. His legs grew stronger, and at last one day he left the pond to see what was in the big world.

He had turned into a frog!

The Bee

"Buzz, buzz," said the bee.
"I have much work to do.
The garden and orchard
I must search through and through.
I must visit the meadows
And fields of red clover,
And search them for honey
Over and over.
To the hive I must carry
My honey with care,
And store it away
While the weather is fair.
For soon will come winter,
The ice and the snow,
And round our snug bee-hive
The cold winds will blow.
Buzz, buzz, little children,
Keep out of my way;
I must gather and store
All I can this bright day."

I grow on the branch of an apple tree.
I am small and round.
I wear a brown coat all winter.
When it is warm I will throw off my brown coat.
I will put on a pink and white dress.
What am I?

I am a month.
I bring bright sunshine.
I bring showers.
I bring the birds back.
The leaves come out on the trees and bushes.
People begin to make gardens.
What month am I?

I am a flower.
I grow in the grass.
I have long, narrow, green leaves.
I have a long, hollow stem.
I look like a yellow star.
The children are glad to see me.
I come in May.

News Items from Junior Dept.

Miss Bradley's class

Gladys Clark, Ruby Snell and Pearl Chambers were delighted to receive letters from home this week.

Carl Bradshaw had a visit from his mother. He was pleased to see her.

Ruby Snell is very proud of herself now, when she can tell anyone. "I am fat."

The boys and girls of this class had a party one afternoon last week. They had a good time.

Kathleen Gwalter received a box from home, and a card from her mother.

Francis Meyette is a good boy in school. He can say, "I am a good boy."

Pearl Liddle is the best lip-reader in her class.

Miss Ward's class

The little pupils of this class had a lovely time at the Easter party. They played games with the older boys and girls, and had ice cream and cake before going home. They are all doing well in their school work. They know and can say and write many vowel and consonant sounds, can lip-read many words and commands, and their own and one another's names. They can speak a number of words quite nicely.

Miss Wilson's Class

At Easter Douglas McMillan received a box from home, containing candy, cake, toys and a pen. He was very happy.

Jack Herman spent a few days at his home in Toronto recently.

Elmer Franklin treated his classmates and friends to some candy which his mother sent.

George Fawcett and Walter Scott, each received some money from home. They were very much pleased.

Albert Glennie's mother and little sister visited him at Easter. He was glad to see them.

Grace Dart and Julia Anderson have new aprons. They are proud of them.

Leslie Proctor is wearing his new sandals. He can run fast.

John Laforme can write nicely. He can speak some words.

Irene Stoner is a good lip-reader.

Hughie McMillan can say his words well. He likes to watch the birds.

John Boyle is happy when he gets cards from home.

Miss Malcolm's class

Three ladies came to see Miss Malcolm. They came from Belleville Hospital. They are nurses. She showed them the school buildings. Then she went down town with them. She walked back because she missed the bus.—Audrey Pittaway.

We have some pretty plants on our window-sills. The warm sun makes them grow. Walter waters them every day. A large plant is blooming now. It is pretty.—Grace Moors.

I saw two robins fighting on a fence We saw a blackbird in a tree. I found five cents on the floor. We played football. We saw a dog. I patted it.—Gervais Boileau.

It rained last night. The grass will be green, the flowers will bloom and the trees will have new leaves soon. Margaret Partrick gave some cake to me. She is kind. Florence Roberts played with me.—Ellen Donovan.

We shall have school from nine to three now. Miss Malcolm went to Toronto Friday afternoon. She saw her sister. Her sister lives there.—George Windsor.

Some girls played football. We had a good time. Next summer will be warm every day. Margaret Partrick gave a chocolate bar to me. Eileen played with a ball last Saturday.—Doris Wenzel.

The boys played baseball yesterday afternoon. I got fifty cents from home.—Walter Gorman.

George put some dust-bane on the floor. It is clean now.—Nathan Holt.

We played last Monday. I played with Joe. I saw a gray bird in a nest.—Bert Watson.

Miss Carroll's class

Our School hours are changed. We go to the shops at eight o'clock and come back to school at ten o'clock. We have dinner at twelve o'clock. We come to school again at half past one and stay until four o'clock.—Sylvia R. Foster.

Yesterday afternoon the deaf boys played indoor baseball. Both sides were strong. Fred Suddy's side won. The score was 7 to 5. Gordon Smith is captain of the other side. The boys like to play indoor baseball very much. George Hirons.

Last Saturday afternoon Albert College team came here, but they did not play baseball against the deaf boys because it rained. Perhaps they will come here next Saturday again. They will play baseball against the deaf boys. I hope that the deaf boys will win.—Duncan McCallum.

Some day Miss Brown and Miss Ford will take us to the woods to pick mayflowers. We shall find many kinds of mayflowers. We shall bring them to school and learn the names of them. We love the pretty flowers and the birds. One morning last week Miss Carroll brought some hepaticas to school. They are little pretty blue flowers, but they are not fragrant.—D. A. Healey.

—I got a nice box from my mother last Monday afternoon. My mother put gum, candy, eggs and other things into the box. I like them very much. was very glad to get it from her. I wrote a letter to her and thanked her for her kindness in sending it to me.—Rona Maule.

—One night last week we did not do our homework because we went to the picture-show in the chapel. We went about 7 o'clock and stayed until 9.15 o' clock. We saw a picture of a Dutch windwill. We saw Miss Linn, Miss Bull, Miss Pearce Mr. Ford, Miss Cross and Mr. Boyd in the pictures, too. —W. Wagester.

—Miss Carroll told us about Peter He was a little Dutch boy. He lived in Holland near the great dikes. His mother sent him on a errand. He passed a dike and saw a hole in it and the water was coming through. He wanted to stop the water because he was afraid the people would be drowned. He pressed his hands very hard against the wall. He stayed there a long time. He was very tired and hungry. After a while some men found him. They told him that he was a hero. The Dutch people loved little Peter because he was so brave.—Dolly Wheat.

I got two comic papers from my mother last week. I sent a picture of the Toronto harbour to my mother and father. I hope that I shall get a new suit in April or May. When I get it, I shall be glad and shall thank my parents very much. I shall get new boots soon. Last Saturday Mr. Nurse told me that my money will soon be gone.—Charles Bennett.

April 7th was my birthday. I was fifteen years old. My mother sent a box and post-card to me. I liked the candies. I thanked my mother very much for her kindness.—Nicholas Gura.

If it a nice day next Saturday Miss Ford will take us to the woods to pick mayflowers. We shall pick many flowers and bring them to school. I think that I will not go the woods because I shall play baseball with the Albert College boys next Saturday. Maybe they they will come here. I hope that the deaf boys will win.—Lewis Patterson.

I received a welcome letter from my mother and sister Eva yesterday afternoon. I was glad to get it and one dollar and twenty-five cents from my parents. I thank them for their kindness very much. I enjoyed reading the letter from them. My sister Eva was sick with pneumonia but I am glad that she is better now.—Gordon Smith.

Last Saturday night Miss Deannard invited forty-four pupils to a party in the sitting-room at the girls' residence. The party began about 7.30 O' clock and lasted until about 11 O'clock. The pupils played progressive crokinole and other games. Dorothy Healey and Joe Goldman won the first prizes. Rona Maule and Willie Miller won the booby prizes. After the games Miss Deannard served a lunch. We had sandwiches, lemonade, ice-cream and cake. The pupils had a good time and they enjoyed the lunch very much. They thanked Miss Deannard for her kindness. They went home about 11 O' clock. —E. Durrant.

Miss Stirk's Class

At School

One day last summer I went to school with Robert and Beulah. They hung their coats and hats on the nails. They went into school. Their friend, Kate, sat at the desk with Robert, Beulah and me. Teacher talked to us. After a while we played with Kate. Teacher rang a bell. We went into school. We wrote on a paper. After a while we went home.—Helen Mc Nish.

Mother's Trip

My mother will go to Winnipeg. She will go on the train. She will see a big store. She will see a store window. She will walk with Edna. She will like her. Edna lives in Winnipeg. Mother will visit her. She will kiss her. She will be happy. Perhaps Edna will come home with her.—Zona Simpson.

A Rabbit

Last summer at my home my brother and I went to a river and walked under a bridge. He and I went up a hill and I saw a rabbit. It was white and brown. It turned around near my brother and me. It hopped near me but I did not catch it. It hopped away fast under many cedar trees. I could not see it. He and I had a good time. --Albert Schwager.

Our Walk

My father and I went for a walk last winter. I made a snow man in the yard. I threw a snow ball at its head. It was white. I put a piece of wood for its mouth. It looked funny. Alonzo Wood.

Mary and Dorothy

One day in June my chums Mary and Dorothy went down to the city. They looked in a store window and after a while went into the store. They saw some pretty cloth and bought some of it. Mary talked to me. They came into my home and made a dress for Iona's doll. I shall go to see Mary next summer. We shall be happy. Lorena Tweedie.

A Baseball Game

I went for a walk. Alton Dick and James Tate played ball yesterday afternoon. Alton hit a baseball and ran to two bases. He ran around a base. James Tate hit a baseball over on the grass. He ran around a base. He won.—Abraham Hanna.

A Walk

One day last week I went to the city. I walked with Willie Tait. I saw a robin on the tree. It flew around a tree after another robin but did not catch it. I laughed at them. I saw Milton walking on a sidewalk. I called him and we looked in a store window. I went into the store. I bought some candy, cornflakes, gum and chocolate. —Duncan McMillan.

Mother's Flowers

One day last summer Father went down to the city. He bought some pretty, pink and red flowers. He paid two dollars for them. He carried them. I carried some of them. Father gave them to my mother. Mother said "Thank you." Father was kind. —Dorothy Baillie.

Ontario Association of the Deaf

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THE CANADIAN

SCHOOL MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

FRIDAY, APRIL 15th 1921

TORONTO TOPICS

Mr. Asa Forrester's mother went out to Dunnville for a couple of days, visit the first of April.

Those who were at the Brigden Club on April 2nd certainly had a great time, and there was plenty of fun which will be a prelude for the rest of the season on such evenings. It was a social evening, but strictly speaking it was more of a party-like affair, in which several games were played in which all figured at the same time, finally winding up in a spelling contest with Mrs. Alex McCaul and Miss Isabella Barker as Captains. There were about twenty on each side but they soon began to fall out one by one until only Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts remained in the running as opponents, but the latter soon truimphed over her hubby and won the contest for Miss Barker's side. Refreshments were served in plenty at the close.

Mr. Walter Bell has gone down on a business trip to Peterboro, Smith Falls Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec. Just how long he'll be away we cannot say.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts went out to Jarvis to visit the former's father and other relatives on Saturday evening, April 9th, and returned the following Monday evening. While going up the crest of Hamilton Mountain they chanced to meet the Rev. Mr. Cameron who gave such a loveable and touching Easter Sermon at our late Bible Conference on Easter Sunday. It was a very pleasant meeting and as he was going out to Nixon, above Simcoe, their journey for the rest of the trip was most delightful, for Mr. Cameron is able to talk with the double hand alphabet fluently, having learned it from his old friend, Mr. William Nurse, of your school. The gist of their chatter was about his happy days at your school under Mr. R. Mathison's regime.

Our annual picnic this year will be held at Niagara-on the-Lake, on July 16th, and anyone is heartily welcomed to join us in this happy outing. We trust it will be a success, for the one held at the Island last year was not a success.

We have lately formed a Ladies' Auxiliary in connection with the Toronto Evangelical Church of the Deaf, at present constituted as follows; Hon., President, Mrs. J. R. Byrne; President, Mrs. W. R. Watt; Secretary, Mrs. Henry Whealy; Teasurer, Mrs. A. H. Jaffray; and Mesdames, J. H. Mason, H. W. Roberts, Geo. Brethom, G. W. Reeves, A. B. McCaul, H. E. Grooms and W. Goodall and Miss Ethel Griffith. It meets once a month and the next meeting will be in May at the home of the president.

Mr. H. W. Roberts took a trip to Hamilton on April 17th to see his sister-in-law, Mrs. Marshall Roberts, who was in the new hospital on the Mountain suffering from an attack of neuritis, but is now improving. While in the "Ambitious City" he made brief friendly calls on Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Waggoner and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Perry.

It should be remembered that the Rev. Mr. Cameron gave a very forceful and stirring address at our Conference on Easter Sunday which we will not soon forget. It was full of advice and love that brought tears to some eyes. Mr. Cameron is a very influential speaker and well fills his present position as Secretary of the Canadian Baptist Missionary Society, and travels a good deal, having already visited England, France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark and other countries. Mr. E. Peterkin well filled the position as interpreter.—H. W. R.

United

It is a strange coincidence to note that at every convention and Bible Conference that have been held in the past, we have noticed that this world renowned little archer, Daniel Cupid, has had a hand in one way or another and our late Bible conference was no exception, for on that occasion two more of our friends bowed submission to his entreaties and came into our midst looking as happy and buoyant as a blooming rose of June. And no wonder they received an unusual share of congratulations from their hosts of friends. Here is the explanation of it all. On Thursday, March 24th a very quiet yet interesting wedding took place at the manse at Avonton, when Miss Charlotte Rice, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rice of Fullerton, became the happy bride of Mr. William James Roger of Motherwell, near St. Marys. The Rev. G. Bell of Avonton tied the nuptial knot, assisted by Miss Margaret Hoy, also of Avonton, as interpreter. Both the bride and groom were unattended. The bride looked very charming in a navy blue suit with hat to match. After the ceremony the happy couple left amid best wishes for a short honeymoon trip to Toronto and points East. Upon their return they will reside on the groom's valuable farm near Motherwell where our best wishes go for a long, prosperous and happy married life. The bride is a former graduate of the Belleville School, but Mr. Roger has all his faculties perfectly intact.—H. W. R.

Notes at the Bible Conference

Some deaf farmers who came to Toronto to attend the Bible conference, have been reading J. L. Goldman's story of the farmers and his pig. They were much interested in the story and have learned that it does not pay to cheat.

They wanted to know who is J. L. Goldman who wrote the story. [He is a pupil in Grade 2 of the Senior Department. Of course the story is a reproduction.]

It may be interesting to know that among the two hundred delegates who came from all parts of Ontario to attend the Bible Conference of the deaf in Toronto, we noticed Mrs. Thomas Crozier, nee Miss Etta Grace, of Waterford, the first girl pupil to enter the Ontario School for the deaf at Belleville; also Mr. Arthur Bowen, who would have been the first boy pupil but was unavoidobly delayed in a train wreck near Trenton. Mr. Bowen is the father of the twins, Esther and Margaret Bowen at present attending the school at Belleville.—F. E. M.

FROM FAR AND NEAR

Mr. William Quinlan, of Stratford, challenges any Deaf player to a game of checkers. "Come and try" he says. This has opened the eyes of the writer who would like to pick up the challenge and see the feathers fly.

Mr. Samuel Hoy, of Avonton, has returned from Port Arthur and intends spending the next few months at home with his mother, Mrs. Mary Hoy. Sam says there is no place like home.

Mrs. Mary Hoy, of Avonton, spent Easter week very pleasantly with Mr. and Mrs. John Fosythe in Stratford.

Mr. David Turrill, of Detroit, was in Stratford and neighborhood lately giving his old friend, Mr. William Quinlan and others a friendly call.

We heard that the aged mother of Mr. William Quinlan was seriously ill lately but we trust by this time the darker clouds have passed away.

Mr. Charles A. Ryan, of Woodstock was up to London to attend the Sabbath services on April 17th conducted by Mr. A H. Jaffray of Toronto.

We all deeply sympathize with Mr. Carl Harris, of Hamilton in the recent death of his father, Mr. Richard Harris, who succumbed to the terrible injuries he received in an automobile accident at Kincardine. He was an engineer in the employ of the Kincardine power plant. The remains were interred near his former home at Mitchell. The deceased was in his sixtieth year.

Mr. David Turrill of Detroit, Mr. William Quinlan of Stratford, and Mr. Mack Hoy of Avonton spent a recent week end with Mr. and Mrs. David Sours in Clinton, and they were a happy bunch.

We were pleased to hear lately from our good friend, Mrs. E. Terrill, of Whitby, who we are glad to say is keeping on fine and has not forgotten her old friends. Her son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Forster, were recently at Preston Springs for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Waggoner, of Hamilton, gave a party on March 12th and a good time is reported. A few Toronto friends were present.—H. W. R.

Montreal News

Mrs. C. Brown, a former resident of of St. John, N. B. was confined to her house for a time by illness and as a consequence her husband was compelled to lay off his duties in order to attend her. We are very glad to know of her speedy recovery.

On March 12th last a very successful party organized by Mr. W. Paterson was held at his mother's handsome residence on Pine Street, just opposite Royal Victoria hospital in honor of his wife's birthday, who could scarcely find words to express her gratitude. Over thirty people were invited. One of those present was Mr. James M. Aird, brother-in-law of the party's organizer who runs one of the largest bakeries in the Metropolitan City in Canada. He always manifests his deep interest in the deaf.

Mr. C. Brown has proudly announced his determination that he will organize a new boating club in Lachine for the deaf only who will be its future members. Although no definite time was given out of its opening, we understand it will begin in the early of June. We hope it will meet with every possible success.

Much has been said of a new location of the church for the deaf, formerly the property of the Presbyterians, which was secured in Westmount within the borders of Montreal, through the patient efforts of Miss J. McFarlane. It is expected to be opened in the first part of September.

Miss B. Holt, our welcome visitor from Ottawa, where she holds a permanent position in the government building, spent her Easter holidays here, being the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charette in Lachine. She appeared to be in a perfect health.

An announcement was made by its officers that Mackay Club will close on April 20th.

In addition its officers declared that they will arrange a party on above mentioned occasion. Their chief wish is that a large number of the deaf will be able to come. The table will be covered artistically with various flowers and delightful food.

On April 9th another linen shower, which was the third in honor of Miss W. Dankson whose marriage takes place quietly on April 22th to Mr. H. Upton, was given by Mrs. C. Brown at her home on Park avenue. This proved that Miss Dankson is a popular lady. She and her future husband both wish to thank the giver of the shower and the guests for their generosity.

Mr. E. Libby was granted leave of absence on Easter holidays to visit his aged mother. He has been engaged at Mackay Institution as carpentry instructor for many years.

Mr. William Roman, formerly resident of Toronto for a number of years, will soon start on a trip through the provinces of Quebec and of Ontario, chiefly the latter, where he has a large number of old friends. It is hoped that he will be improved in health when he returns.

On 21th ultimo there was a pleasant tea meeting held at the Gospel Hall, where the deaf attend regularly. After it, the service was conducted by Mr. Wiggett, Mr. C. Seigler and Mr. C. Mergler. It was surely an enjoyment to the attentive listeners, which were about thirty in number.

Miss P. Sourkes has received a recent letter from Myotte Davies, her schoolmate stating she is expected here next week. We haven't seen her since twelve years ago when her family moved to Winnipeg.

KITCHENER GLEANIGS

Mrs. E. Hough, of Foxboro, visited her daughter, Mrs. William Hagen, for a week early in March.

Mr. Oliver Nahrang, of New Hamburg was here on business on the first of April. He did not fool us this time.

The Misses Margaret and Pearl Golds, of this city, and Mr. Henry Clements, of Galt, attended a Gospel Conference in Toronto at Easter.

Mr. Albert Siess of Detroit was here for a few days early in April, visiting his relatives and friends. We understand he is doing very well across the line.

Mrs. George Elliott of Toronto was in our midst for a few days lately visiting her sister, Mrs. Allan Nahrgang, and other relatives.

Miss Constance Gabel attended the first annual Lenten Conference held in Toronto at Easter.

Owing to slackness at the Huck Glove Factory Mr. William Hagen transferred his activities to the Chrott Peabody Co. as a shirt presser for the time being. However he will go back to his original job when the factory is running full blast again.

For being the most faithful attendants at our mission to the Deaf during the past season Mr. and Mrs. Newton Black won the coveted prizes donated by the Mission, Mr. Augusta Staubits, as chairman, made the presentation. The gifts were complete bound volumes of Pilgrim's Progress and "Grace and Truth." The recipients graciously accepted the gifts with thankful hearts.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Nahrgang and daughter, Ruth, of New Hambrug, spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Augusta Staubits before leaving to spend the summer in Muskoka, stopping over in Toronto, enroute.

We regret to say that Mr. Stewart Robertson of Preston met with a painful accident on March 16th. He fell from a high shelf in the desk factory where he works to the floor below, sustaining many bruises. He is now almost himself again.

Those who attended the 21st annual Bible Conference in Toronto from here at Easter were Mr. and Mrs. Augusta Stanbits and son and Messrs. Newton Black, Allan Nahrgang, Absalom Martin, Chas. W. Golds, Jr., Fred Walker and William Long. All report a satisfactory trip.

Mr. J. B. Wilson, late of Toronto, has obtained a good job in Galt at the Getty-Scott Shoe Factory. However he longs for Detroit and will go there as soon as times get brisk. He gave Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Williams a surprise call on March 6th.—C. W. G.

Harnessing The Tide In New Brunswick

It is expected that the confluence of the Petitcodiac and Memramcook Rivers at Hopewell, New Brunswick, will be the site of the first large successful power station operated by the flow and ebb of the tides.

The suggested scheme at Hopewell takes advantage of the peculiarly suitable local conditions occurring in this district, where the three main requirements for successful tide-power utilisation are all present. These three requirements are two large natural reservoirs, a sufficiently high head and tide range, and a suitably situated population to absorb economically the electricity produced. At Hopewill a population of a quarter of a million surrounds the confluence of the two rivers, and two five-thousand-foot dams with a short wing dam to the peninsula between the rivers, would convert these into two great reservoirs.

By the manipulation of the water level in these reservoirs an immediate continuous motive force of 90,000-h.p. could be obtained, to be increased to 200,000-h.p. at a later date. As the tide rises it would flow through the gates, opening inwards, of one reservoir, but be stopped by the gates, opening outwards, of the other reservoir. It would flow through the turbines from the full reservoir into the empty reservoir until the tide had ebbed sufficiently again to allow of the water being exhausted directly from the turbines to the open river. As the tide fell lower still the second reservoir would empty itself again ready for the repetition of the cycle of operations.

There are tidal possibilities in Great Britain, such as those of the Severn Estuary and the Solent, but it is doubtful whether in any locality in the world circumstances are more favourable than those at Hopewell, where there is a spring rise of 45 feet and a normaneap range of 32 feet, the ebb and flow being of unusual regularity and the other factors exceptionally favourable.

It all were paid only for the pleasure given not a few would soon become too poor to live.

My Hero

I hold him great who for love's sake,
Can give with generous, earnest will,
Yet he who takes for love's sweet sake,
I think I hold more generous still.
I bow before the noble mind,
That freely some great wrong forgives;
Yet nobler is the one forgiven
Who bears that burden well and lives.

It may be hard to gain and still
To keep a lovely steadfast heart:
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and a truer part.
Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
Yet he who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose lustre is not less.

Great may be he who can command
And rule with just and tender sway:
Yet is the divinest wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.
Blessed are they who die for God,
And earn the martyr's crown of light;
But he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in His sight.

Author unknown.

Lawyer Bob's Guardian Angel

(Continued from page 1)

eyes on the following morning, his gaze rested upon an entirely unfamiliar scene. He had never been in a public ward of a hospital in his life, and that was where he found himself, for every private and semi-private ward was full. As is sometimes the case, the lawyer's brain was particularly clear after his spree, and he quickly made up his mind that he had been "up to something," which had ended in an ambulance ride. He tried to "think back," but the events of the preceding day were as a blank wall to him. In passing his hand over his forehead, he had touched the dressing of a wound, which was very sensitive. "Ha-ha!" said Lawyer Bob, "a broken head, eh? Now I wonder how I got that cut, and if there's a wild story to go with it."

A nurse passed on the other side of his screen at the moment, and he called out softly, "Just a minute, nurse—one wee minute."

The nurse came quickly forward, and seeing that the patient was about to speak again, held up her hand. She took his temperature, felt his pulse, and then remarked in a professional but very kind tone; "So, quite normal this morning, sir. What do you want to ask me?"

"I want you to tell me how I came here," said her patient. "To be frank, I haven't the faintest idea."

"Why, yes, I'll tell you. It was in this morning's paper. The Kay Block was burned last night; you were found in your office by your office boy, about ten o'clock come Saturday-smoke. He gave the alarm and rescued you. In the rescue you got a nasty cut on your head, became unconscious, and were brought here. That's the whole story."

"The paper speaks very highly of Tom Bryan," went on the nurse; "and indeed, it is quite evident that but for him" you would have perished, as no one knew you were there."

"It looks just like that," said the lawyer. "I would have been snuffed out—and no loss to society either."

"Oh, come," said the nurse cheerily, "we all have our work to do in the world, and no one can drop out without being missed."

Mr. Drew lay quiet and very thoughtful during the remainder of the morning. In all his life he had never thought so seriously before, for his was a light, fun-loving disposition, albeit clever.

Mr. Drew was considered well enough to leave the hospital that afternoon, and seemed quite eager to depart. As the nurse was applying a fresh dressing to the wound on his forehead, he said, in his accustomed lively way:

"Nurse, did you ever see a guardian angel with red hair and freckles?" The nurse laughed heartily.

"No, I never did," she replied; "did you?"

"Yes," said the lawyer gravely, "and now we're on the subject, tell me, who is your idea of a guardian angel?"

The nurse considered a moment, then, "An angel who is appointed to watch over one; see that he is guarded—ah, well—from evil, and—" Here she hesitated.

"I know," said Mr. Drew, "a celestial being with wings, who sits on your bed-post, and fans mosquitoes away while you sleep, and gives pleasant dreams. I used to have that idea myself, but I've changed my mind."

"What idea have you now?" asked the nurse, somewhat amused.

"Just this," said the young man, "a human being, who, seeing a fellow creature coasting down hill to destruction, jumps aboard, takes the rope in his hands, and swings the toboggan into the ditch, turns the sleigh around, and hauls all hands up to the level again—right up to the level. That's a guardian angel."

"Mr. Drew," said the nurse, impressed by her patient's earnestness, "if your description has a personal touch, and you know of one who has been drawn to the level again, I hope you will persuade him to remain there."

"I will," said Lawyer Bob earnestly. "I'll answer for him; no more coasting, everything strictly on the level." So saying, he bade the nurse good-bye and departed.

"Now I wonder," said the nurse to herself, "if he means it."

Yes, Lawyer Bob meant it—every word. Tom Bryan, who was sent to school at his behest; the young lady who changed her mind when he changed his style of living; the clients who after a time flocked to his office; and the townspeople generally, all testified to the fact that he meant it. And the lawyer tries to follow Tom Bryan's example, and succeeds. He holds the theory, which he has put into practice more than once, that to arrest a man in his downward course and swing him upward, into right paths, is to be in truth a "guardian angel."

How Much is a Boy Worth?

A temperance lecturer seeking to impress his thought about the worth of a boy as compared to the profit of the liquor traffic challenged his audience to say what a boy he pointed out on the front bench was "worth." Some way in the audience said, "Thirty cents." There was a laugh, apparently at the expense of the speaker. He waited his turn. In the meantime some man said the boy was his, and there wasn't enough money in the audience to buy the boy.

By this time the speaker had control of the situation and taking advantage of the turns in affairs, said, "That's it, men, you know the value of a horseor a hog to the dollar, but a boy is rated at thirty cents." Under that standard which in practice is more commonly used than we think, is it any wonder people place communing before conscience, or stocks and shares before the needs of the child?

How much is a boy worth? Some see his value too late—like David with Absalom. Some wait until he grows up before seeking to train him in the way of life. Save the boy, and save a host. His worth is beyond compute. —Onward.

WANTED

A deaf man on my farm and threshers by next May 1st. Apply Magnus Johnson, GULL LAKE, Sask, Box 187

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send me the name and post office address of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them, so that I may forward to them particulars concerning this School, and inform them where and by what means their children can be instructed.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

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SCHOOL POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED and distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go away, if put in box in office door, will be sent to city post office at 1.40 p. m. and at 4 p. m. of each day (Sunday excepted). The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for Delivery, for any one unless the same is in the locked bag.

LETTERS---PACKAGES---BOXES.

If parents or friends send letters, packages or boxes to pupils, address as follows:

[name of pupil]
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

☞ Prepay postage, express or freight charges in all cases.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION

WEST—3.15 a. m.; 7.40 a. m.; 11.40 a. m.; 3.00 p. m. 4.20 p. m.
EAST—1.25 a. m.; 1.56 a. m. 11.10 a. m.; 12.11 p. m.; 4.36 p. m.
MADOC AND PETERBORO' BRANCH—5.30 a. m.; 12.10 p. m.; 5.45 p. m.

Canadian Northern Railway.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS

For Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points: 8.10 A. M. (Except Monday), 9.25 A. M. and 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday).
For Trenton, Picton, and Intermediate points: 7.40 A. M., 12.05 P. M. and 5.15 P. M. (Daily Except Sunday).
For Maynooth, Bancroft and Intermediate points: 7.00 A. M. (Except Sunday).
For Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
For Frankford, Marmora, Coe Hill and Intermediate points: 7.00 A. M. and 12.05 P. M. (Except Sunday).
For Napanee, Deseronto, Harrowsmith, Kingston and Intermediate points: 7.55 A. M., 1.25 P. M. and 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday).
For Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate points: 8.10 A. M. and 1.25 P. M. (Except Sunday).
For Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk: 8.10 A.M., 7.55 P.M., 1.25 P.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
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From Trenton, Picton and Intermediate points: 7.55 A.M., 1.25 P.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sundays).
From Maynooth, Bancroft and Intermediate points: 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. and 5.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Kingston, Napanee, Deseronto and Intermediate points: 8.10 A.M. (Except Monday) and 5.15 M. (Except Sunday).
From Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk: 8.10 A.M. (Except Monday), 5.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).

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THE CANADIAN,
Belleville, Ontario.

TORONTO EVANGELICAL CHURCH OF THE DEAF

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows every Sunday:—

West End Y. M. C. A. Corner of College St. and Dovercourt Rd. at 11 a. m.

Toronto Bible School, 110 College St., at 3 p. m.

Central Y. M. C. A. at 11 a.m. and 7.45 p.m.

Bible Class and Sunday School sending as Central Y. M. C. A., 40 College St. at 9 p. m.

Superintendent MR. P. FRASER, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.

Ontario Mission Committee Convener—MR. F. E. HARRIS, 111 St. Patrick St., Toronto.

MRS. J. H. BYNES, Deaconess, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.

ALL WELCOME

CATHOLIC DEAF ASSOCIATION

Meets every Sunday at 2.30 p.m. and every Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.

At the Loretta Day School
387 Brunswick Ave

Communicate with the priest in charge
REV. J. Kirby, Director
Chancellor of Archdiocese
Wellesley Place
Toronto, Ont.

School for the Blind
BRANTFORD, ONT

THE PROVINCIAL SCHOOL FOR the Education and Instruction of Blind children, is located at Brantford, Ontario. For particulars address

W. R. MACE, Principal.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS—From 9.00 a. m. to 4 p.m., with recess from 10.40 to 11.00 during which lunch is served to the pupils.

AS SOON AS THE PUPILS ASSEMBLE in the class-rooms they will each morning be called upon by prayer. At 4 o'clock the pupils will assemble in the chapel and after prayer may be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner. The prayers are those prescribed for use in the Public Schools of Ontario. Teachers and Instructors are to be in their respective rooms at Opportunity five minutes before the time for the assembling of pupils.

EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8 p. m. Voluntary reading hours for senior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY—Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. General Lecture at 2.30 p. m. Pupils of all denominations attend their respective churches whenever desired by the pastors in charge.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN.—Rev. Ven. Archdeacon Beamish, M. A. (Anglican); Rev. A. S. Kerr, M. A. (Presbyterian); Rev. R. E. Foster, (Methodist); Rev. W. H. Wallace, (Baptist); Rev. Father Kelly, (Catholic).

BIBLE CLASSES, Sunday morning at 9.05: International Series of Sunday School Lessons. Superintendent, Mr. George F. Stewart. Teachers—Mrs. Balls, Mrs. Caplan, Miss Bell, Miss Ford, Miss James, Miss Brown, Miss Paine, Miss Scott, Miss Conroy, Miss Hanley, Miss Panter, Miss Springer, Miss Neve, Miss Stark and Miss Malcolm.

THE CATHOLIC PUPILS receive religious instruction on Sunday morning from 8.45 to 9.30 and on Friday afternoon from 2 to 3 by Teachers, Miss Drennard, Miss Hinchon, Miss Ahearne and Miss Carroll.

☞ *Clergymen of all denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.*

Industrial Departments:

GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday afternoon of each week from 2.15 to 4 o'clock.

THE PRINTING OFFICE, SHOE AND CARPENTER SHOPS from 2.30 to 4.30 for junior pupils and from 2.30 to 5 p. m. for those who attend school; for those who do not, from 7.30 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 2.30 to 5.30 p. m. on working day except Saturday, when the office and shops will be closed at noon.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASSES are now arranged from time to time.

THE SEWING CLASS HOURS are from 8.15 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do not attend school, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons.

☞ The Printing Office, Shops, Sewing Room and Domestic Science Department to be left each day when work ceases in a clean and tidy condition.

☞ Pupils are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments, except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent.

☞ Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work in hand to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the School, will be made welcome on any day except No. 1 Visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is as soon after 2 o'clock p. m. as possible.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the School, they are kindly advised not linger and prolong leave-taking with their children. It only makes for comfort for all concerned, particularly for the parents. The child will be tenderly cared for, and if left in our charge without delay will be quite happy. In the others in a few days, in some cases a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. If parents must come, however, they will be made welcome on the class-room and allowed every opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot entertain lodging or meals or entertain guests at the School. Good accommodation may be had in the city at the Quinte Hotel, Crystal, Queens, City and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. No correspondence will be allowed between parents and officers or teachers except under circumstances without special permission upon application. Every letter addressed to the Superintendent will be promptly answered.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTERS FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE THEY ARE WELL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every three weeks and may write oftener if they wish; letters will be written for those who are not able, or those who cannot write, stating, as nearly as possible, their wishes.

☞ No medical preparations that have been used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the school.

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise medicines and appliances for the cure of Deafness. In 999 cases out of a 1,000 they are frauds and only want money for their trouble and return. Consult well-known local citizens in cases of adventitious deafness and be guided by their usual good advice.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.

THE CANADIAN

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Ontario School for the Deaf, Belleville.

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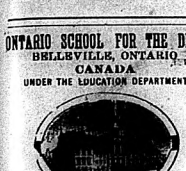
ONTARIO SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA
UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT



Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. R. H. GRANT,
MINISTER OF EDUCATION, TORONTO

Officers of the School:

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., ...Superintendent
J. W. PEARCE .....Bursar
W. W. BOYCE, M. D. .....Physician
DR. J. CHANT, M. D. .....Aurist and Consulting Physician
MISS E. A. WILLOUGHBY .....Matron
MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD .....Assistant Matron

Teachers:

ORAL

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Supervising Teacher Senior Oral Dept.
MISS CATHERINE FORD
Supervising Teacher Junior Oral Dept.

MISS I. B. PALMS	MISS E. SCOTT
MISS B. SIMPSON	MISS E. NURSE
MISS L. DRENNARD	MISS L. CARROL
MISS E. CARTER, B. A.	MISS H. SUNTER
MISS J. CONRAY	MISS I. MALCOLM
MISS G. SPRINGER	MISS A. STIRK
MISS V. HANDLEY	MISS S. E. WARD
	MISS B. A. WILSON
	MISS G. BRADLEY

MANUAL

MISS GEORGINA LIND
Supervising Teacher Manual Department

D. H. COLEMAN, M.A. | MISS ADA JAMES
MRS. SYLVIA L. BAIN | MISS NINA BROWN

MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD
Teacher of Domestic Science
MRS. L. G. WILLIAMS, *Teacher of Sewing*
Teacher of Fancy Work

MISS I. MCBRIDE,
Stenographer & Clerk, Instructor of Printing.

WM. NURSE,
Storekeeper & Associate Supervisor.

ALEX. MORRICE,
Master Shoemaker.

W. SMITH,
Supervisor of Boys, etc.

Engineer.

MISS CLARA COOMBS,
Trained Kindergarten Instructress in Home Nursing.

M. W. PARKS,
Master Carpenter.

J. N. BOYD,
Master Baker.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this School is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, *who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.*

All deaf persons between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious disease, who are bona fide residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $50 per year for board. Tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf persons whose parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT CHARGED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Baking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in General Domestic Work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of Sewing Machines and such Ornamental and Fancy Work as may be desirable. Manual Training in woodwork for boys, and Domestic Science for girls have been introduced.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

☞ The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

POETRY

The Worship of Nature.

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As meek the human knee
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea.

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they fling,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mist-above the morning rills
Rise white as temple fires;
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobs of pain,—
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The dropping tones of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed,
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of flame at Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept, earth and air
The music of its starry march
The chorus of its prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her sighs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

MISCELLANEOUS

"Do Unto Others"

"There's an old cow in the garden again," said Mrs. Smith as she looked out of her kitchen window. "Run, John, and chase her out."

Dropping the paper he had been reading, her son, John, a tall young man of about eighteen, ran out of the house. As he entered the garden, the cow, grubbing off her third head of promising cabbage, started for the farthest corner without a single patch of sweet corn grew. En route she passed across the tomato patch and through the celery trench, her feet sinking deep into the soft earth. She had only a chance for one mouthful of the corn before John's stick descended on her ribs with a thump, and she was off across the garden again wreaking destruction with every stride.

The village streets were dusty and the grass unpalatable. Her own small pasture, whose fetters she had for the time eluded, was cropped close, and not since the lush grass of spring—these many weeks ago—only a fading memory—had she tasted anything half so sweet as Mrs. Smith's corn and cabbage. It was in her eyes a paradise not to be lightly forsaken, so putting on an extra burst of speed she circled John and through with high school!" queried the doctor.

Mrs. Smith, seeing the difficulties her son was having, came to his assistance.

"This old brute is going to get a free trip to pound," cried John, chasing the cow a second time from the corn. "I'll teach old Pete McGovern that he can't let his cow run the streets of this village; he'll have to pay a fine for breaking the law and damages for all this destruction." His face red with anger, John punctuated each emphatic word by a blow on the cow's back, and headed off by Mrs. Smith, she was soon forced out on to the street.

"Now, John, that wouldn't do at all," said Mrs. Smith. "It would only create a lot of ill-feeling. Neighbors must give and take a little with each other."

"That's the second time she has been running the street this week," answered John. "It's all with old Pete; he wouldn't care if he ate everything in our garden. I'll put her in pound, and he'll find it's dear pasture."

"No, John, you just drive her up the road and put her back in her own field; it won't be half as far as pound," said his mother.

"Do you think I'd do that for old Pete when he turns his cow out on the road to rip around in his neighbors' gardens to save the trouble of driving her to pasture?" said John.

"Well, do it for me, John," said his mother. "You will now, when I ask, won't you?"

John thought a great deal of his mother and well knew how any trouble with her neighbors would grieve her more than the loss of her garden, but the difficulty he had had in driving the cow out, together with the damage she had done, had roused his quick temper. Now, with his mother's words, the storm was rapidly subsiding, but he could not resist saying, "Well, mother, you are the greatest person I ever saw to let people impose on you;" the last sentence was the cow, driving her toward her pasture field.

He only took a few minutes to reach the field on the outskirts of the village. The cow, away from the garden, was easily driven, and following habit, swung in through her half-open gate. A piece of barbed wire, lying on the ground had evidently been used to fasten the gate shut, but at least, grown rotten with sun and rain, it had parted under some strain and allowed the gate to swing open and the cow to escape. Some hair caught in the slivers of the cross pieces showed that she had rubbed against it, and in this way had probably broken the wire. Seeing that it was due to accident, and not to deliberate intention, that the cow was running the streets, John felt glad he had followed his mother's advice.

Finding an old piece of wire in the fence corner he securely fastened the gate shut. Turning back towards the road again, he stood and watched a tumbling tolled by a cloud of dust, which was rapidly approaching from the village.

With a rattle of gears Dr. Brown checked his car as he approached him. "Hello, John; going for a walk in country?" he said. "Climb in and have a ride."

"Thanks doctor; I'll be glad of a ride with you, although I was'nt going anywhere in particular," said John, climbing into the seat as the car gained momentum on its journey again.

"All through with your exam?" asked the doctor, a genial old man, always interested in the village boys, their games, their progress at school or their ambitions in life. He was a friend and companion, often taking them with him for a ride when making a call in the country.

"Yes, I just finished the last one yesterday," answered John.

"How did you find them?"

"Oh, not too bad" said, John; "but the Latin composition was stiff and I am afraid of it."

"Well, I suppose you have your career all mapped out now you are through with high school?" queried the doctor.

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"They telephoned in that Jim's leg was broken," said the doctor, "so I may be some time, but I guess you can amuse yourself. If I need any help I'll call you in."

Taking his black bag from the floor of the car, the doctor hurried through the small gate and up the path which led from lane to the door of the house, around which three men were standing. Two of the men followed the doctor into the house while the third, a young fellow of about John's age, came out towards the car.

"Good-day, Jack," he said.

"Hello, Bob, has there been an accident here? The doctor said that Mr. Black had a broken leg," said John, recognizing him as Bob McDonald, the son of a farmer who lived directly across the road from the Black farm where they had stopped.

"Yes, I'm afraid it's broken," answered Bob; "it's too bad. He and Bill Young were having a tussle and he came down across a good-sized rock in such a way that with Bill's weight on top of him, it snapped the bone."

"How in the world did two old men like Jim Black and Bill Young come to be wrestling?" inquired John.

"As nearly as I have heard," said Bob, "Jim and his boy Charlie were hoeing back in the root field, when they noticed that a couple of their cows were over in Bill's oats. They started to chase them back home, but before they had them rounded up, Bill came along and informed them that they were trespassing and would have to get off his place at once. Jim said he was after his cows, but Bill told him that he had rubbed against it, and in this way had probably broken the rope. Seeing that it was due to accident, and not to deliberate intention, that the cow was running the streets, John felt glad he had followed his mother's advice.

"Finding an old piece of wire in the fence corner he securely fastened the gate shut. Turning back towards the road again, he stood and watched a tumbling tolled by a cloud of dust, which was rapidly approaching from the village.

"With a rattle of gears Dr. Brown checked his car as he approached him. "Hello, John; going for a walk in country?" he said. "Climb in and have a ride."

"Thanks doctor; I'll be glad of a ride with you, although I was'nt going anywhere in particular," said John, climbing into the seat as the car gained momentum on its journey again.

"All through with your exam?" asked the doctor, a genial old man, always interested in the village boys, their games, their progress at school or their ambitions in life. He was a friend and companion, often taking them with him for a ride when making a call in the country.

"Yes, I just finished the last one yesterday," answered John.

"How did you find them?"

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THE CANADIAN

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At the Ontario School for the Deaf

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

GEO. F. STEWART, ... EDITOR.

OUR MISSION:

First—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

Second—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf subscribers.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils now in the School, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

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THE CANADIAN,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO.

MONDAY, MAY 2nd, 1921

Deaf Bishop

The following item, which is a literal translation from Le Peuple, Brussels, shows the high standard of perfection which may be attained in the acquisition of speech and lip-reading. The Roman Catholic church is very strict in its regulations against admitting to the priesthood anyone suffering from any physcial defect to such a degree as to be detrimental to the discharge of his duties, so Abba La Fonta must have become so proficient in speech and lip-reading as to place him practically on a plane of equality with hearing priests in his ability to converse with other people. The Le Peuple says:

An event without precedent in the history of the church has occurred at Bordeaux. A young priest of the Order of the Assumption, M. Jean Marie Joseph Charles La Fonta has been ordained auxiliary bishop of Bordeaux. The Abbe La Fonta is since the Church exists, the first deaf-mute from birth admitted to the priesthood. Taught artificial speech the Abbe La Fonta has been for two years under special observation at Rome, after which a decree of the Holy Office and a special rescript of the Pope opened to him the doors of the priesthood.

Musings by the Way

The death of Dr. Argo, for twenty-three years Superintendent of the School for the deaf at Colorado Springs, leaves a vacancy in the ranks of the profession that it will be hard to fill. He was one of the best known and most highly esteemed educators of the deaf in America. Even more, he was not only one of the most outstanding and successful men in the profession, but he well-merited that highest enconium that can be passed upon any man in any walk in life—he was a Christian gentleman.

There are many differing ideals and conceptions of life, and its reponsibilities and duties, that animate men. To some, yes many men, money is the summum bonum. Their biographies can be adequately written in very few words—they are born, grow up, get rich, and die, leaving the world no better, often much the worse by their life and influence. Others crave fame, or at least notoriety, on which to feed their petty vanity. The promotion of their own selfish interests is their sole purpose in life. "They live for themselves, they think of themselves, of themselves and none beside." When they die—they are dead. That is the end.

But there are others—and an ever-increasing proportion—who, while having a due and necessary regard for their own interests, yet are actuated chiefly by the ideal of service for others, and whose lives are a benediction to the world. Such an one was Dr. Argo, whose demise is noted above. He is dead, we say, yet to such as he, death is immortality—not just other-world immortality, but of this world. For during the last quarter of a century, many hundreds of pupils have passed through his hands, on everyone of whom he has left an impress that will endure for all the years to come, conducing not only to their mental development, but to high ideals, to nobility of character, to truest success in this life, and to their brightest hopes for the life to come.

From one of Dr. Argo's latest contributions to the press we quote the following true and wise words:

"With the new era that we firmly to believe is coming soon, the teacher will receive for her work as much as she could probably earn in any other line where the responsibility is as great, but with this larger pay will come a correspondingly larger obligation to those who employ her. When a man pays for any service all that it is worth, he is likely to look into the quality and quantity of that service more closely than when he is getting much for a very little. Under the new regime, the teacher without personality, the teacher without adequate preparation, and the teacher without approved habits will likely have to go into other business. One who seeks the higher wage must expect to earn it by an unselfish and undivided devotion to the work of teaching; she must attend summer schools, go to conventions, read, and do everything possible to keep abreast of the times, and even then she will be left off the list, if the results of her labors are not perfectly apparent and entirely satisfactory."

We feel sure that we do not differ from the spirit and intent of first sentence quoted above when we express dissent from the letter. Most assuredly teachers should be better, much better, paid than they now are or ever have been, but to this there must be a reasonable limit. Many teachers could earn twenty to a hundred thousand dollars a year, or more, in some other professions or avocations, as many people are doing who are in no respect of superior intelligence or ability. But of course it would be absurd to expect people to pay such salaries to teachers. It may be said that no class renders a higher service to the community, or is worthy of a higher remuneration, which may be quite true. And who dares say that a splendid remuneration is not ours? For after all, despite the meagre pittance of a salary most of them get, the teacher's reward is greater than comes or ever can come to people of most other avocations, no matter what their monetary income may be. The mistake is in the false and degrading standard by which the value of service is generally estimated, which s solely from the standpoint of dollars and cents. These are very necessary, and should come to the teacher in much greater measure than now, but there are things of immeasurably greater value and importance than these. After all, no teacher enters the profession with the remotest expectation of ever getting rich thereby, or even of accumulating a comfortable competence. No person who has no more than the mere mercenary motive is fit to be a teacher at all. There should and must be some vastly higher aim than this, and to the teacher comes that greatest of all rewards—the joy of helpful service rendered to others, the consciousness of having assisted to fit and train boys and girls for their work in life, of arousing in them noble aspirations and impulses. Than this what greater reward can any one have or desire?

TORONTO TOPICS

Nearly all our friends here voted yes on April 18th and they voted not in vain.

On April 20th a little girl came to gladden the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Smith, late of Peterboro, but now of Toronto. As you know, Mrs. Smith was formerly Miss Helen Fraser youngest daughter of Mr. P. Fraser. The little tot will bear the name of Catherine Alice Isabella Smith here after.

Mr. Harold Tait of Lynden called on friends here over the week-end of May 1st.

Mrs. E. Peterkin has returned from a very pleasant visit to New York and other parts down that way.

Mr. James Mosher of Hamilton was in the city over the week end of April 23rd, having come to see his aged father. We were glad to see Jim.

Messrs. Ernest Johnston and Russell Ormiston have completed their final examinations for this season at the Ontario Veterinary College but the result will not be known for some time. Mr. Johnston, after a business trip to Bobcaygeon, left for his parental home at Carp, where he will open an office for the summer. Mr. Ormiston left immediately for Winnipeg and the west to continue practising his profession. Both will again return to college in the fall.

Mr. R. C. Slater of King was down in our midst for the week end of April 23. We are always pleased to see his Scottish smiles.

Mrs. Sidney Heaslip accompanied by Mr. Gordon Heaslip and Miss Rhoda Anderson all of Wellandport, motored up and spent the week end of April 15th with Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Scott. On their return they were accompanied by Mrs. Scott, who spent a week down at her old home among the peach blossoms.

Mr J. B. Stewart of Hamilton has returned to this city, and resumed his old job. He is some hustler.

Mr. Russell Ormiston was out in Port Perry on Apirl 25th attending the wedding of one of his college chums.

Mr. Millard Power Fallis, a veteran of the World War, was in the city for a week lately visiting his uncle, Mr. A. W. Mason. He had been teaching school at Morengo, Alberta, until recently when failing health compelled him to return with his wife and child to his parental home near Burketon, Ont. His wife was formerly Miss Edna Ferguson, a trained nurse at the Hart House. Mr. Fallis had his military button stolen while watching the crowd of unemployed in the front of the city hall. On Sunday, April 24th, he called at our meeting to see his cousin, Mr. J. T. Shilton, whom he had not seen for several years. Both Mr. and Mrs. Fallis are becoming popular among the deaf here.

The deaf in Parkdale will miss the pleasant company of Mr. and Mrs. George Elliott, who have been residents of that part of the city for the past three years. They have now moved into their new home along the highway in New Toronto. They have taken the right course for that is the best way of getting rid of the profiteering landlord. It may be a little expensive at the start but will well pay in the long run.

Remember the box social under the Auspices of the Brigden Club on May 14th and the club, first annual picnic at High Park on May 28th. Everything is being done to make them the greatest treats the Club has ever had so come and enjoy yourselves. The picnic will be for the members only, but visitors from outside points will be made welcome.

Miss Florence DeLong was lately out to Oakville to see her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Thomas.

Mr and Mrs. Samuel Avarell of Aurora motored down to our meeting here on Sunday May 1st, accompanied by Messrs. Herbert McKenzie and Eli Corbieri. They were a merry bunch and we were glad to them.

Mr. David Lawrence was out at Scarboro for a week lately, painting and decorating the club rooms of the City Golf Association. Dave is some artistic designer, mind you.

We are pleased to say that Mrs. R. Mathison, who has not been in the best of health lately has improved to such an intent as to take occasional strolls out in the balmy sunshine. We hope she keeps on gaining.

We regret to say that Mrs, Muckle and Mrs. Frank E. Harris, have been very ill lately but at time of mailing they were on the sunny side of recovery. They are beloved by all the deaf. for their bigness of heart.

Mr. David Tatarinsky, of the Montreal post office staff, visited his fiancee and other friends here for a couple of weeks prior to his marriage on May 8th to Miss Lena English. He is a fine young gentleman with a good education. A full report of their wedding will appear in your next issue. Congratulations.

The Board of Trustees of the Toronto Evangelical Church of the Deaf had their photo taken in a group lately. It may appear, along with a well written up history of our Church in some leading religious publications shortly.

Mr. and Mrs, Charles R. Ford have moved into their new home which they recently purchased at 78 Frizzell Ave., and like it fine though it is so far down in the east end. May they continue to prosper.

We were very glad to see Mrs. J. R. Byrne at our meeting on May 1st for the first time in an official capacity since her recent serious indisposition. She assisted Rev. Mr. J. L. Forester with his sermon that afternoon. He gave a very explicit address on the meaning of Faith which all greatly appreciated. We trust Mrs. Byrne will continue to gain in strength for she is loved by all.

Mrs. Gregg left on April 20th for her old home in Cornwall, England, where she will spend some months. She was accompanied by her father-in-law. We wish them a pleasant sojourn beyond the herring pond and a safe return.

The eighth of May is mothers's day this year and I thus dedicate these lines to my dear departed mother:

Where have you gone, dear mother?
  I am wondering night and day,
Since that sad gloomy morning
  When God called you away.

Oh! mother dear, where are you?
  I am downcast and alone,
Because I cannot find you;
  O, tell where you've gone.

You were my dearest mother,
  And yours I hope to be,
And every time I saw you
  You flashed a smile at me.

Oh, how I often kissed you,
  And played down at your feet,
And often sat beside you
  Till you gave up your seat.

And oh, your happy sunny smiles,
  Those smiles I can't forget,
And though it was so long ago
  I can remember yet.

Long as I live, twill cheer me,
  But oh, how deep my sighs.
Because you have in tender sleep
  Forever closed your eyes!

But yet in all my thinking
  I am at a loss to see
That such a loving mother
  Was born to smile on me.

Higher, higher, will we climb,
  Up to the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
  In our country's story.

—James Montgomery.

The yearly course that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holiday.

—Shakespeare.

PUPILS' PAGE

On April 22nd, Mr. Parks went to Toronto to see some new machines and to learn how to run them. We did not work in the carpenter-shop when Mr. Parks was in Toronto. We carpenter boys helped Mr. Smith rake leaves. In the carpenter-shop three of us carpenter boys worked at a dinner wagon and lamps for Dr. Coughlin. I like the cabinet work.—C. Barbour.

—It is hard to find any news to write for the Canadian but I shall try to write a few lines. I am going to tell you about our drilling. Every Tuesday for an hour, we practice drilling with the clubs in the Main Building with our teacher, Miss Scott. We learn many different new ways of drilling and some dances. I think we are improving. When we drill with the clubs, the music is begun. When I go home, I will show my mother how I can drill.—Dorothy Foster.

—I cannot tell you much news because I cannot think of anything to write about, and so will write a little news about my father being a juryman in court. He went to court for three weeks. Every day I get a newspaper, "The Hamilton Herald." I found father's name in the court news. For the first time he is a juryman so mother told me. I am surprised that he never was a juryman before. He is a clerk in the Westinghouse in Hamilton.—Muriel Allen.

—The other day I received a long letter from my mother stating that she saw some deaf girls working in the General Post Office in Toronto. She talked to them for a while and asked them if they would come to see me next summer. My mother says that she would like me to work in the General Post Office when I get through school. I will try to do my best with my lessons so that I can go there to work and then I will go to Alberta to see my Uncle Walt. He is a cattle-raiser in New Norway.—Iona Osborne.

—The new building in front of our old main building is built up about twelve feet high. All the men, who work at it, seem very industrious. The men are building walls and the basements of it are nearly done. In hope that I will be in it after it is finished before I leave here. If not, I hop that I will be able to visit it later. The latest report I heard about the new Albert College is that it is to be built this year. I hope our new building will be finished before it and hope it will be beautiful when it is finished.—Maude McKee.

—I would like to tell you a story of Clovis and his kingdom. A chief named Clovis, built a little home on the River Seine. He married a Christian lady named Clotilda. One day Clotilda told him a story about the life of Christ. He was angry with the Jews. He had a son named Clovis. The second Clovis was kind hearted. He was very kind to the poor people. He sold his jewels, gold, silver and many other things to help the poor. He made them happy. One day the Emperor went into a church. He saw many pictures on the wall. He became a Christian. The Second Clovis married a lady named Bertha. They were both happy. After a while Clovis died. Have you read this story?—M. E. Egginton.

—I read in the Golden Rule Book about "Allan's Dollar." Every time Allan shovelled the snow off the path he got five cents. He marked the date each time he shovelled the snow. When the card showed twenty times, his father gave him a dollar. One day when Allan was going home from school, the boys began to throw snow balls at him. He made a hard snow-ball and threw it back them. The ball missed them and struck a window plane and broke it. The boys ran away but Allan ran home and got his dollar and went to the people's house and told them that he was sorry that he broke the window. He paid the people for it. He ran home and told his father about it. His father was glad that Allan was not a coward.—Russell L. Groves.

—I will tell you a story about a man who lived in Philadelphia named Benjamin Franklin. One day a thief stole a watch from one of twenty persons in the sitting-room in a hotel. The man who lost his watch told Benjamin Franklin that some one stole his watch. He said that he could find the thief. He got a rooster and a kettle. He put the rooster under the kettle up side down and blew out the lights. He told the men to walk around and touch the bottom of it and that if the thief touched it, the rooster would crow. All the men except one touched it and their fingers were all black. Franklin knew the man who stole the watch because his fingers were not black. He searched the man and found it. He gave it to the one who owned it.—Michael Coules.

—I will tell an interesting story to you about a sly dog. One day some children were playing near a river with a big Newfoundland dog when one of the little girls fell into the river. The dog saw her and then he jumped into the river. He seized her and brought her out. The other children were delighted. They hugged and patted the dog. Then they went to a store to buy some candies and gave them to the dog. He ate them up. The next day the children were playing near the river again when the dog wished that one of them would fall in the river but they did not. After awhile one of the little girls was standing on the edge of the river and the sly dog walked along and he pushed her into the water. He jumped into the water and brought her out. But the boys and girls saw that it was his fault. They scolded him and they sent him home. The dog thought that they would give him more candy but he was mistaken that time.—Fred Suddy.

—I read an interesting story in a book about "The Monkey and The Hawk." A gentleman had a few servants. A monkey belonged to one of them. The cook gave two chickens to the monkey to pluck off the feathers. The monkey took them to the window-sill to pluck. When one of the chickens was plucked, the monkey put it on the window-sill. Then he began to pluck the other chicken. Just then a hawk stole the chicken from the window-sill. The monkey was angry with the hawk. He got an idea. He plucked the other chicken. When it was finished, the monkey put it on the window-sill and he hid in the curtains. The hawk flew down to get the other chicken and the monkey seized it by the neck. He killed it. Then he plucked it. He gave the one chicken and the hawk to a cook. The hawk looked strange to the cook. A gentleman came and told him how the monkey caught the hawk. They both had a good laugh at the monkey's trick.—Robbie Crowe.

—I am going to tell you a story about "Rhodopis", which I read in Highroads of Literature. Once upon a time, there was a very beautiful woman, named Rhodopis, who lived on the banks of the Nile River. One day Rhodopis went down to the Nile to bathe. She undressed and left her sandals on the bank. A crow flew down and picked up one of the sandals and flew away with it. It flew over a great city where the king was sitting on a judgment seat and he dropped the sandal into his lap. He said to himself, "I love the woman who owns the sandal and I cannot live without her." So he sent a messenger to find the owner of the sandal. For many weeks he travelled around but could find no one the sandal fitted. At last he went into Rhodopis' home and it fitted her well. She told the messenger about the crow and her sandal and showed him the other one. He told the king and soon afterwards he went to fetch Rhodopis and made her his wife and they were happy.—Gertie Christian.

—I read in the Toronto Daily Star that Oslers team, Champions of the Playground and holder of the Toronto Daily Star Trophy, will be stronger than ever. They have two new players from the United States, Joe Spring and Bill Buchannan, the two batteries will not retire from the Oslers Club but no one in the Toronto Amateur Baseball Association will use these two batteries for the coming season. I hope that Oslers team will give Hillcrests of the Western League another surprise for the Toronto Daily Star Trophy next fall. The Classics, Champion of the Riverdale Senior League, will be stronger than ever. They will not use Chuck Glover and Vic Vallant because they were turned over to the Simcoes of the Riverdale Senior League. I was surprised that my brother, Everett has donned the Simcoes uniform again and George has donned the Simcoe's uniform but my third brother, Herbert will play in the R. C. B. C. or Strollers team in the Riverdale League. He was a former Athenanen player in the City Amateur League. Who will win the Toronto Star Trophy and Ontario Amateur Baseball Association Cup next fall?—Victor Reading.

—I read a story in the Roman History. I will tell about Octavius. He was nephew of Julius Caesar. Julius Caesar was murdered by a friend, Brutus, and some other men. Octavius and Mark Antony were then the leaders of the Romans. War broke out and Octavius fought against Antony. Octavius won and became the most powerful man in Rome. He led an army and fought against Brutus in Greece who was beaten. Then Brutus killed himself. Mark Antony took the Eastern part of the Empire and Octavius took the Western part. Antony went to Asia. When he saw Cleopatra who was the queen of Egypt, he fell in love with her. When the Romans heard about it, they grew more angry with him. Cleopatra lent him her fleet and went to battle against Octavius. When Antony's navy was beaten Cleopatra and he fled. Octavius followed them. When he arrived at Egypt, Antony called a slave and asked him to kill him. Cleopatra died from being bitten by a serpent in her bosom. Octavius became emperor of the Romans. He ruled all the countries of Europe, Asia and Africa which border on the Mediterranean Sea.—Alton Dick.

—I suppose that you would like to have me to tell you about a wonderful piece of news that came from South Africa that a bright comet had been discovered there. It is known as "The Great Comet of 1919." A comet means a bright hairy star. It went very swiftly and it show very bright. It had a tail, which reached about 100,000,000 miles across the sky. Many years ago the anceint people thought that the comets were sent to foretell all sorts of dreadful things as plagues, earthquakes and wars. The comets did not fade away but always wandered around the sun. Halley, the English astronomer, saw it in, 1682 so it was called "Halley's Comet." This same comet has appeared three times in 200 years. So Halley thought that it was the same comet which came back every seventy-six years. He said that it would come back in 1759, but he did not live long enough to see the return in 1759. Halley's comet will return in 1989. I would like to see it but I suppose that I will not live long enough to see it. I would be 81 years old then. The comets are the real wanderers of the heavens. A total eclipse of the moon will occur at 2:23 a. m. next Friday.—Melvin Cole.

—I read some interesting Roman stories, so I will tell you about one which I have chosen. One day the Romans marched to fight with the Albans. The King of Alba asked the King of Rome, "Why should many men die on the field? You choose three men to fight for Rome, and I will choose three men to fight for Alba. If the Romans win, Rome will rule Alba. If the Albans win, Alba will rule Rome." The King of Rome agreed and chose three Romans. They were brothers and were named Horatii Then they began to fight with the three Alban brothers, before a great crowd who saw them fighting. Soon two Romans were killed and all the Albans were wounded. Suddenly the one Roman turned and fled. Many Romans believed that he was running away. They shouted to him, "Coward." But he only pretended to be afraid. He wanted to separate Albans, so he ran away, the Albans followed him, but they could not run fast on account of their wounds. One of them who was least badly wounded, was running ahead and the Roman suddenly turned and killed him and then he slew the second when he came up and then the third. So the Romans won and then they ruled Alba. The Romans shouted for victory and gave the winner great praise. They welcomed him marching through the gates proudly.—J. R. Tate.

—I would like to tell you about the story of Octavius as I read it in "New Age History Readers." We generally call him Augustus. He became the first master of the Roman World when he was thirty-two years old. He was a clever man. He ruled all the countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa, bordening on the mid'and sea. There were a hundered million people, who lived in these countries, belonging to a hundred different nations. Many great nobles were slain in the wars and those who were left did not care to seek power so that they let Augustus be master of the Empire. He was Caesar's heir. Caesar was a real Emperor but he was never called anything but the First Consul. The Empire was well ruled by Augustus. He made a great change in Rome itself. It it said that "he found the city of brick and left it of marble." Many splendid buildings were built. When the work was done, it was the wonder of the world. The most beautiful temples were built in his time. Augustus tried to make the Romans love learning and all the things that would make their life good and happy. In his time, the greatest event was "The Birth of Christ." Jesus Christ was born in that part of the Roman Empire known as Syria. Augustus was the first and greatest of the Roman Emperors. He reigned forty-five years and was seventy-two years old when he died.—Blanche Brewer.

—A young knight named Sir Launfal lived in a castle. He was a strong, brave and very proud man. He was a good young knight. He did not know how to be kind enough to the poor people. He travelled the world over to see all he could. The castle was surrounded by a ditch which was crossed by a draw-bridge. Sir Launfal rode across the bridge the next morning. The sun shone upon his armor and it looked like gold and he felt strong and happy and that it was good to be alive. He thought of some great victory in battle over many enemies. He came out from the castle, he came to a poor leper who was sick with the dreadful disease. He was lying on the side of the road. The very poor people begged for food and money. Sir Launfal saw that the poor beggar was down. Instead of helping the man, he gave him a piece of gold and turned away. The leper did not pick up the gold. Sir Launfal rode on looking for great adventures. He wandered every where for some years. He fought many battles. He spent all his money and had only his horse, his armor and crust of bread. The people thought that he was dead and took the castle from him. When he returned and tried to enter his castle they turned him away. The wind blew loud and cold. Sir Launfal had no home and was a poor man. He sew a great fire burning but could not get warm. He saw near him the same poor leper who had begged for help, when he rode away from his castle that summer morning. So he divided his crust of bread with him. Then he broke the ice on the brook and gave the leper a drink. The leper had never tasted anything so good. He ate the bread and drank the water. Sir Launfal awoke and found that all this had been a dream and that he had never ridden out from his castle. But he felt sure that the dream was sent to teach him not to be proud and selfish.—N. Nowak.

—I want to tell you about the Kind-Hearted Policeman. There were two little sisters who lived in a town in sunny England. Their names were Ellen and Mary. They are fond of walking outside of town in the meadows, and gathering buttercups and daisies. One day they forgot about their home and wandered far from the town. They wandered until they found a beautiful land where the wild roses and the bushes were white and fragrant and full of the songs of birds. Mary happened to hear some boys saying that the gypsies were about. She feared them as she heard that they would steal the children. Mary said to Ellen "Let us go back," as she was afraid of the gypsies. They decided to go to the town and they carried their flowers. They were frightened that the gypsies might try to catch them. Finally they walked back towards the town, walking past many houses, but they saw that they must have taken the wrong road. They were tired; Ellen fell fast asleep against her sister's shoulder. Mary wondered how they could find their home when a policeman came around the corner. At last, Mary heard a loud voice saying, "Hello little tots! better run home!" It was the policeman's voice. He walked to them and they smiled at the kind policeman. She told him that they were lost and asked him to please not lock them up as they might never go home again. Then the policeman laughed at them and told them that he would find their mother. Mary told him that they lived on Durby St; and their father was Mr. Benton. They reached home. Their mother was anxious about them and had just telephoned to the police for help to find their children. They were very thankful to the policeman for bringing them to their home safely and they had learned that he is a very friend indeed. If children are lost, we should take them to their home. Their parents will be glad for their children to come there. Their parents will be thankful to us if we take them home safely.—Joseph John Meyette.

Saving the Dike

Little Peter went one evening to take some cakes to a blind man, who lived in the country. He spent an hour with the old man and then set out for home.

As he walked along the banks of the canal, humming to himself, he saw that the water was very deep from the rains that had fallen. The storm was not quite over yet, and he could hear the wind blowing from the sea.

Night began to fall as Peter left the canal. Soon he was walking along by the foot of the great dike, where it was very dark and lonely. All of a sudden he stopped, for he heard the sound of falling water. Where could it be? The sound seemed to come from the dike, so up he went.

Half-way up the bank, he found a tiny stream of water flowing out of a hole. It was a leak in the dike! Peter knew well how great was the danger. Should he run on to the village and bring help? There was no time, for the tiny stream would grow big before he could be back. It must be stopped now while it was little, and Peter must do it himself.

So the little boy sat down on the bank, and pressed his hand to the hole. The water stopped at once, and could not flow so long as his hand was there. But as hour after hour went by, poor Peter grew cold and weary. He longed to fall asleep, but bravely kept his eyes like a soldier on duty.

When morning came at last a man was walking along the dike and heard a moan from below. He looked down the bank, and there he saw a little boy lying on the ground. It was brave little Peter, very cold and stiff, but still holding his hand to the hole. Help was brought at once, and Peter was taken home. He did not mind the cold and pain now, for he had saved the dike.

Little hero of Japan

Once there was a poor widow with three boys. She was ill and could not work, so her three sons worked for her in the fields. But they could not earn enough money, and they were sad when they saw their poor mother hungry.

At that time Japan was full of thieves. So the Emperor said he would give money to any one who caught a thief. The three brothers wished they could win the money for their poor mother, and the youngest boy thought of this plan.

"I am little," he said, "and can't earn much in the fields. So tie my hands and take me to the judge. He will think I have been stealing, and will give you the money. I shall be killed as a thief; but who would not be proud to die for his mother?"

The other two boys wanted to give themselves up, instead of their brave little brother. But he said they must stay, and help their mother; and at last they agreed. So they tied the little boy's hands, and took him to the law court.

The little boy was shut up in a dark prison. But when the judge saw the two older brothers going so sadly home, he went after them. "Why are they so sorry for a thief?" he said to himself.

When the boys got home they burst into tears, and told their poor mother what they had done. But the judge was standing behind the door of the house, and heard all they said. He was so pleased with the story that he told the Emperor. So the little boy was free and the Emperor gave him a bag of money for his poor mother.

It is always good to know, if only in passing, charming human beings. It refreshes one like flowers and woods and clear brooks.—George Eliot

Miss Scott's class

I saw a red and purple bird. I saw a brown and black cat. I saw a brown cow. I saw a white duck.—Joseph Julien.

I had a book. I have a cat.—Kenneth Andrews.

I saw some yellow flowers. I have a new purse.—Esther Bown.

I have a book. I saw a black bee. —John H. Roberts.

I saw a cat. I saw a bird. I threw a ball.—Harry Dennis.

I saw a white bird. I saw a yellow flower. I have a white pencil.—Harris Maw.

I ate some cake. I saw a red bird.—Jay Davis.

I saw a cat. I held a grey and white cat. I have a brown and white dog.—Margaret Bowen.

I fished. I had a pole.—Charles Lee.

We have dolls. We saw a white and brown cat. I saw a grey and black bird. I saw a black and red bird.—Jean Thompson.

Miss Curry's class.

I got a post card from my mother last week. She told me that I shall get money next week. I shall be happy. I shall thank mother.—Leonard Brown.

I have a Meccano box. I like it. I play with it. I got it at Christmas.—Lawrence Roach.

Jack, Joe and I rolled on a hard floor. We played on the floor. I hurt my head.—I did not cry.—Elwood Bell.

I have two new balls. Marie and I played with one of them on Saturday. Miss Curry gave an orange to me yesterday.—Shina Bluestein.

I have a lock. A boy bought it for me. I paid five cents for it. It is black and yellow. It is pretty.—Carman Quinn.

I have a new ball. Elsie Luke and I played with it. We had a good time. Shina and I played on the sidewalk.—Elsie Wright.

I got roller skates from my mother. I like them. I played yesterday. I had a good time. It rained yesterday. —Nellie Black.

We walked to the barn last week. We saw many cows. We saw three calves. We saw a dead grey cat. We saw a blackbird. It was pretty. We saw robins. We saw blackbirds. They wers big. We climbed a fence. Elwood climbed a tree. Carman caught a black cat. We patted it.—Joe Carriere.

I got a box from my friend, Ethel. I got pop-corn. I gave some of it to Mary, Ellen, Gwen and Shina. We did not play yesterday. It rained.—Dorothy Standish.

We went for a walk. We saw two crows. We saw many pigs. We saw many cows. We saw a blackbird. We saw a grey cat.—Gordon Meyer.

I got a post card from mother on Monday. I shall get a box. Shina and I played a ball on Saturday. We had a good time. We saw a bluebird. We saw many cows.—Marie Smith.

Miss Rierdon's class

A robin built its nest under the eave on the bake shop, this spring. It made the nest of grass and strings. We hope there will be some baby robins in the nest after a while. A bird built a nest in the same place last year.—Mary Harris.

Our teacher promised to have a picnic for us in May. I think we shall have some nice things to eat. Perhaps we shall invite some other boys and girls to our picnic. We shall play games and look for pretty flowers.—Viola Johnston.

The twenty-third of April was my birthday. I received a box from my mother. I opened the box and found a white middy and a blue skirt. They both fit me very well. I liked the blue ribbon, the cake and the candy, too. Drusilla sent chocolate and seventy-five cents to me. I enjoyed my birthday.—Caroline Buchan.

We shall go home in fifty days. We shall be glad. Our mothers and fathers will be happy to see us again. We enjoy going home. Perhaps my mother will let me make toast and tea for her. I like to cook very much.—Ethel Bishop.

We shall have sports on the twenty-fourth of May. I hope that the girls in my class win all the prizes. I won three prizes last year. The prizes were oranges, bananas and all-day suckers. We always have ice-cream on Victoria Day.—Nellie Laughlin.

The twenty-eighth of April will be Sylvia's birthday. I hope she will get a nice box from home and many presents. Perhaps she will have a birthday party.—Irene Foster.

I went to the city with Charles Meyett last Saturday. I bought some candies. I paid five cents for them. I went to Griffin's theatre. I paid sixteen cents to a woman for a ticket. Charles Meyette and I looked at many thieves. They were very naughty. We enjoyed the pictures very much. We walked home after the show.—Roy Antaya.

Roy Antaya works in the carpenter shop evening morning. He is learning to make many things. Last week he made something to hold a bottle of ink and many pens. We think that Roy is very clever.—Alcide Audet.

I read in the Globe that the Baltimores played baseball with the Torontos last Thursday. Larry Doyle is the manager of the Torontos. Jack Dunn is the manager of the Baltimores. The score was five to three in favor of Toronto. I hope that Toronto will win the championship next October.—Charles E. Meyett.

We have some pieces of moss and some bark on our shelf. Charles Meyett pulled the bark off a tree. We have some bulrushes too. They are brown and very pretty. A boy got them in the marsh.

One day we went out to look for cocoons. We found many on an old apple tree. We brought them to our schoolroom.—Jean M. Garvin.

The boys picked up some wood and put it into a wagon and took it to Mr. Smith's home. I ran and caught two pigeons. They could not fly away, because Mr. Smith cut their wings. I patted them and I dropped them on the ground and they walked very fast into the house and stood very still and looked at the boys. The boys asked Mr. Smith if he had a big white rabbit. We wanted to pat it. Mr. Smith opened the door and caught it and put it on the house and the boys patted it. I asked Mr. Smith why he cut the rabbit's ear. He told me that if the boys stole it, he would look for it and he would remember that his rabbit's ear was cut. I threw the wood on the ground, near the fence.—Douglas J. Rivet.

Miss Panter's Class

Maud and I got letters from mother last Saturday. My mother will send me a new dress and many more things next week. We shall go home in June. We shall be glad. We shall run races on May 24th We shall be hot. We shall have some oranges, some bananas and some candies. We shall have a good time. We shall play football this afternoon. We like it.—Gwen Egginton.

My grandfather and my brother came to see me on Saturday. They brought some funny papers, a can of tomatoes, candy, nuts, some cakes and some oranges for me. My brother threw my ball to me.—Bruce Yerrow.

I got a Bible from my sister a while ago. I thanked her. Grace and I got two letters from father and mother. The sun shines every day. It is bright. It is warm. It rained last Saturday. It is not raining to-day. I got a box from my father. I got ribbons, stockings and bloomers. I thanked him. We shall go home in June. We shall be glad.—Beatrice Moors.

I got a letter from my brother Eddie last week. We shall go home in six weeks. We shall be glad. Florence was sick yesterday. She is better now. We shall run races on May 24th. We shall have a picnic in May. We shall carry our lunch in a basket. We had pie for dinner yesterday. We liked it. Louis went home April 21st. I played with Edna, Freida, Maud, Mary Tate and Mary Whalen last Saturday evening.—Lucy Wright.

Bruce's grandfather and brother came to see him last Saturday. Bruce threw a ball to his brother. The boys and girls went for a walk yesterday. We shall go to the city in May. Louis went home last Thursday.—Frank Radmore.

The big girls did not go to the city last Saturday afternoon because it rained. The boys and girls went to church yesterday. We had pumpkin pie for dinner. We liked it. I shall write a letter to my father next Monday. I got a letter from my brother. last Monday. I was glad. We shall go home in seven weeks. We shall be glad. My father will send five dollars to me. Lucy's mother sent a picture to me last month. She was kind.—Edna Young.

I got a new suit a while ago. I am wearing it to school now. I got a letter from my sister last week. She said she will be glad when I go home in June.—Cecil Murtell.

The girls did not go to the city last Saturday afternoon. They went for a walk yesterday. We shall run races on May 24th. We shall go home in seven weeks. We shall be glad. We had pie for dinner yesterday. The girls will play football in the summer. The big girls will play baseball.—Alina Olson.

I shall dance with Inez this summer. We shall run races on May 24th. The sun shines every day. It is not raining to day. I played football with Beatrice last Saturday. I like her. We shall go home in June. We are very glad. I got a letter from Stanley. He wrote a nice letter.—Cylene B. Young.

I shall write a letter to Lucy's mother. Lucy and I played with cards last Saturday. My chums are Lucy, Maud and Florence. Lucy got a letter from her brother last week. I tore my dress. Evelyn Durant mended it. Louis went home last Saturday. He was glad. We shall run races on May 24th. The big girls and big boys will play baseball and football. We shall have a good time. I shall see father and mother in June. —Freida Decker

Lucy's mother and brother came to see her at Easter. She gave ten cents to Lucy, Maud, Freida and me. She gave a candy basket, a candy egg, a cake, beads, a box of candy and six oranges to Lucy. She was kind. I got a box from my mother at Easter. Perhaps I shall get a box in June.—Florence Roberts

Miss Brown's class

Iona Osborne invited six girls to her birthday party on April 16th. Her mother sent her a birthday cake. When the girls were eating the cake, Madeline Dubois found a pretty ring and thimble and Iona found five cents. They were very much surprised.—Maisie Fairful.

I heard that my cousin Daisy was run over by a taxi in Toronto some weeks ago. She went to the hospital. She has been there a long time. I am so sorry. I hope that she will be all right soon. Her clothes were spoiled. Miss Scott teaches the girls to drill every Tuesday.—Edith Ballagh.

I got a letter from my mother and sister. They wrote me that my father has a sore leg. He has rheumatism in it. I am sorry. My friend Dolly Dibbley has a little baby sister. She is proud of it.—Ada Goodison.

We all went for a long walk yesterday afternoon. The sun shone. We saw some leaves beginning to grow on the trees. We are glad that the leaves are beginning to grow now. We had to walk part of the way on the road because they have taken up the old side-walk. I think that they will make a new side-walk.—Ella Johnston.

The deaf team will play baseball with the Albert College team next Saturday afternoon. We hope that the deaf team will win. We were glad to hear that there will be a new electric car. I got a box from my parents last Thursday. There were a pretty tie, a pair of stockings, two soft collars and a suit in it. I think tha my parents are very kind to me. —Chas. Robinson.

Saturday afternoon April 16th George and I went to the city. George went to the movies but I did not go. I went shopping. At 4 o' clock Lawrence Guy's father and mother invited George and me to their home in Belleville. They have a pretty home. We read many books and funny papers. We enjoyed reading them. Then we had supper. We had a grand supper. We thanked them for their kindness. Lawrence's mother is my friend. We came back to school in the evening.—Clifford Hunter.

Saturday afternoon April 18th it sleeted. The trees were covered with ice. They looked very pretty. We had a snow storm April 17th. The Albert College team did not come here to play a baseball match yet, because it was too cold. Perhaps the Albert College team will come here to play next Saturday.—Douglas Peel.

I did not get any letter from my brother Leonard for nearly seven weeks. I think that he went away from Pembroke. The big boys went to Victoria Park. Walter Patterson took their pictures with his camera. They all sat on the grass to have them taken. They had a jolly time yesterday afternoon.—Milton Schnider.

Ontario Association of the Deaf

OFFICERS.

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THE CANADIAN

SCHOOL MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

MONDAY, MAY, 2nd 1921

HOME GOING

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS:

The present term will close on Wednesday, June 15th, 1921. An officer of the School will accompany those who are to travel on the Main Lines of Railway, taking care of them and their baggage to the points agreed upon.

The Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern Railway Companies have liberally agreed to issue return tickets at single fare, good until Sept. 14th, 1921.

It is important that parents or friends be standing on the platform of the station when the train arrives. If your child does not arrive on the train stipulated, telegraph this office promptly at our expense.

The fare is the same whether the child returns to school or not. **Remit amount of fare to J. W. Pearce, Bursar, by Post Office Order, Postal Note, or Registered Letter. This is important.** The earlier you send the money the more you will assise us in making our arrangements here.

The next term will begin on Wednesdays, Sept. 14th, and I trust all pupils will be sent back promptly. Leave the red ticket on the trunk—it enables us to trace missing baggage.

Your faithfully,
C. B. COUGHLIN,
Superintendent.

SCHOOL WILL CLOSE JUNE 15

Parents of pupils will please keep in mind that all pupils twelve years of age must pay full fare for their railway tickets. Every year we get letters from some parents complaining of the increased amount they have to pay for tickets. They seem to forget that the children are a year older than they were last year at this time. All boys and girls under twelve years travel at half fare. All who have passed their twelfth birthday must pay full fare.

Peterboro pupils will go home on Saturday, June 11th. Toronto and Hamilton pupils will go home Tuesday, June 14th. Pupils going east to points on the Main Lines G. T. R. and C. P. R. will also go home on June 14. Parents or guardians are requested to read carefully the notice sent to each and to note the time of arrival of trains. Do not fail to meet pupils

Baseball

O. S. D. 7 — ALBERT COLLEGE 5

Last Saturday afternoon our boys were able to have their long waited for chance to meet their college athletic rivals on the ball diamond and the result was very satisfactory to our players. Our team travelled out to the college grounds accompanied by a band of enthusiastic rooters, and they came home a happy bunch of boys because they had won over the heavy hitting collegians. Our pitcher, Pye, held his opponents scoreless until the fourth inning, when the Alberts scored three runs in a bunch. In the second inning, Dick fanned, Meyett walked then J. Tate came to bat driving a long hit over the centre fielder's head and scoring Meyett and himself. In the sixth the college boys scored one more run, making the score 4 to 2 against us, but in the seventh and last innings our boys wielded their bats to good effect and won the game. L. Patterson was out at first, Pye singled to right, McGovern walked, Nouak singled over second base, scoring Pye, Laporte walked, Dick flied to left field, Meyett singled, scoring McGovern, Tate doubled scoring Nouak, Laporte and Meyett, a total of five runs, making the score 7 to 4 in our favor. In their last half Albert scored one more run and the game closed.

Notes

The game closed in the seventh innings as the Alberts had arranged to play with the Deseronto Collegiate the same afteroon, keeping their best pitcher for the last game. The last game was 30 to 5 in favor of Albert.

Rodger Pye, our pitcher, did fine, striking out eight of his big opponents and holding them scoreless except in the fourth, sixth and seventh innings.

James Tate was the hero of our team, as he drove in four of the seven runs.

Alton Dick's play at 1st base was a feature. Marritt, the college pitcher, put up a fine brand and Guest was a star player.

One of the college boys fell a victim to the hidden ball trick; our boys did it so neatly that he was astonished when he took a lead off the bag to have the ball clapped on him.

We think we have a better team than last year. Our boys certainly played a nice game and it was very interesting to the spectators.

Our boys hope to get a game with the St. Micheals, one of the best local teams in the city.

Rev. Mr. Foster, pastor of west Belleville Methodist Church was also a spectator of the game and rooted for our boys.

The Collegians have still to get even with us for that 7 to 0 hockey game last winter. We know they will try to win the next game, so our boys had better practice up for.

HOME NEWS

A large number of the most unprofitable fruit trees in our orchard have been cut down and stumped and the ground will be used for crops. Nearly 1,000 young raspberry plants have been put out this spring.

Two of the senior boys in our shoeshop each spent a Saturday in shops down town and their work gave good satisfaction and they received benefit from the experience gained. We would like to have them spend a day in The Natural Tread Shoe Factory and observe the methods there.

Miss Deannard and Miss Ford are each spending a forequent afternoon in the shops and in conjunction with the instructors, teaching the boys orally the names of tools and trade language and it is doing the boys much good.

The teachers of the junior classes are making up little books printed on the hektographs embodying part of the work the children have gone over during the term and, if it can be arranged each book will contain a class photo, making them interesting souvenoirs of their school days in years to come.

Some of the small boys are training for the coming sports on May 24th. They are jumping around in old bags to learn the trick of sack-racing.

On the afternoon of the 5th, school and shops closed early to give the pupils of the senior classes an opportunity to see the moving pictures representing "The Last of the Mohicans" which was being shown in the Belleville opera house.

Our new school building is going up fast now and unless there are unavoidable delays, we expect to have the roof on before school opens in September.

We very much regretted to see in the papers that the little deaf daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Charbonneau, of Windsor was killed by a truck while playing on the streets. Both parents were former pupils of our school. Mrs. Charbonneau was Miss Matilda Berthauime. We expected the girl, who was a very bright child, to be at school with us this year. All our officers and teachers, who know the afflicted parents well, deeply sympathize with them in their heavy loss.

Our Windsor correspondent speaks of this as "one of the saddest and most heart-rending accidents that ever occurred in this community." He continues:

"Although little Loretta was congenitally deaf, she was one of the brightest little children we have ever met. On this fatal morn' before she went to play on the street with other children in front of her home, she pushed her younger sister, who is in possession of all her faculties, inside the gate and securely fastened it for fear anything might happen to her. Mr. and Mrs. Charbonneau, who are former pupils of the Belleville School, and who lost another child a few months ago, have the deepest sympathy of all the deaf of the Border Cities."

Under our new time table there two classes each day in the shops, one class working in the morning before school and the other in the afternoon after School in over, giving the instructors smaller classes to supervise.

The whole of the sidewalk from the city to the pump house has been torn up, forcing foot travelers to use the road. We understand the city is going to build a cement walk but the work has not yet commenced. When our pupils go down it is hard to keep them off the road and there being so many passing autos there is danger of accidents. We shall feel easier when the walk is completed.

—If our boys and girls put as much energy into their school work as they do in their sports, they must be doing well. Our spacious playgrounds are interesting spots to watch every fine afternoon after 4.30 p. m., when work is over and several spirited ball games are in full swing.

—The pupils of the Jewish faith who were allowed to go home for the Passover week have all returned to school again.

—We are now well into the home stretch and in a few fast flying weeks the exodus will begin. The small boys and girls are all interested in the classroom calendars and like to mark off the days as they pass, each one taking them nearer home. Our children are all happy here and are having a good time, but the call for home and the loved ones from whom they have been parted for nine long months, is strong.

—We expect in a short time to have a complete set of woodworking machinery put into our carpenter shop. Arrangements are being made to that end and the boys will then be instructed in their use for carpentry and cabinet work.

—About sixty of our small boys were given a trip down town and a visit to the movies last Saturday. They went in charge of the supervisors and of course enjoyed themselves.

—Misses Palen and Sunter took their classes for a long walk out into the country last Sunday afternoon.

FROM FAR AND NEAR

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas D. Crozier of Springvale recently attended a wedding of a niece near Hagersville. It should be remembered that Mrs. Crozier was the first female pupil to enter the Belleville School when she was Miss Etta Grace, a daughter of a former Mayor and Clerk of Waterford. Mr. and Mrs. Crozier are doing very well on their farm and have two grown-up children, a son at home and a daughter, now Mrs. Charles Saunders of Hamilton.

We regret very much to say that at time of writing the aged father of Mr. J. R. Newell of Milton is hovering between life and death, with chances bordering on the darker side.

A very pleasant and enjoyable birthday party was given by Mr. Edward Paul at his parental home in St. Thomas in April. It was gotten up in honor of the natal days of the Misses Hazel Isles and Rita Windrim of London and was a very pleasant affair in which all kinds of fun predominated. Among those present beside the Paul family were Mr. and Mrs. John Smalldon, and son, Mr. and Mrs. George Munroe, Miss Caves and Mr. G. W. Walter and his brother Harry, all of St. Thomas; Mr. and Mrs. John Fisher, Misses Hazel Isles and Sadie Hodgins, and Mr. Gilbert Henderson all of London, and Mr. Charles A. Ryan of Woodstock. All regretted that Miss Windrim was unable to be present, but Miss Isles was the recipient of a nice mesk purse, a stirling thimble and a pair of dolls. All report a glorious time.

Mr. Ernest A. Lawson of Hamilton was up in London over Sunday, April 17th and attended the service conducted by Mr. A H. Jaffray of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fisher of London and Mr. C. A. Ryan of Woodstock were guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Munroe in St. Thomas on Sunday April 17th.

We regret to hear of the painful accident that befel the father of Mr. Edward Paul in St Thomas. A heavy piece of iron fell on his leg while at work, painfully lacerating the limb, but he is now around again.

Messrs Isaiah Nabrgang and George A. Dickson of Fraserburg were up in calling on friends in Toronto enroute. New Hamburg lately whither they went to fetch Isaiah's mother's car.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Avarell, late of Cookstown, are now living in their new home in Aurora and will make interesting acquisitions to the deaf colony of that town.

We regret to hear of the death of our old friend and former teacher, Prof. Paul M. Denys. Though we had only recently obtained accurate information of the melancholy news, it was back in last November, when he entered on his long journey. No doubt many of our old friends will be surprised and sorry to learn of the passing away of their old friend and good teacher.

In a letter just received from Willie Kay, of Stevens Point, Wis., he asks if any one knows where Miss Annie Gilchrist is of Glammis, Bruce Co. Ont., who on entering your school long ago was thirteen years old and weighed 313 lbs. and was six feet tall.

We were sorry to hear of the tragic death of little Loretta, the six years old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Charbonneau, who was instantly killed by a motor car, while playing on the street near her home in Windsor on April 30th. The bereaved parents have our sympathy. Little Loretta was totally deaf.—H. W. R.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank our relatives and many friends for their sympathy and kindness shown us, and also for many floral offerings, during their recent sad bereavement in the loss of our loving daughter, Loretta Mary Charbonneau.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Charbonneau,
275 Hall Ave,
Windsor, Ont.

The Givers

One gave of gold, since he possessed
So many precious things;
Gift after gift robbed him no more
Than land bestowed of kings.

One gave of time, since on his heart
The hours so heavy lay,
That he might thank the least who begged
A portion of his day.

And one, with time nor gold to spare,
Gave only sympathy—
And yet men found his gifts by far
The greatest of the three!

—Charlotte Becker, in the New York Sun.

"Do Unto Others"

(Continued from Page 1)

nearly he had came to doing a smiliar thing that very morning.

"Yes," said Bob; "but he has a quick temper and acted without considering. Bill is not quick-tempered, but he holds a grudge a long time. I think he is sorry for what happened to-day, although he never said a word. He just helped carry Jim here, and then went off home without speaking, but he put Jim's cows back in their own field and you can hear him hammering now. I guess he is fixing the fence where they broke through to-day."

Just then the door of the house opened and Dr. Brown, Mr. McDonald, and Ralph Dodds came out.

"How long will Jim be laid up?" asked Ralph.

"He can get around a little with a crutch in three weeks," answered the doctor; "but it will be twice that long before he can commence to use it."

"It's just the worst time to be laid up, too," said Mr. McDonald, "with the harvest coming on and no help to be hired for love or money, except the most inexperienced kind."

"Yes, it certainly is tough luck," said the doctor as he cranked the car. "Well, I must hurry back to town. Good-day, all," and amidst a chorus of "good-byes" he turned the car and started homeward.

On the road home John gave an outline of what Bob had told him, as the doctor had been too much occupied in setting the leg to learn the particulars.

"There will likely be a law-suit over this broken leg," commented the doctor when John had finished, "with dear knows what results. Jim and Bill will never get much pleasure out of life as long as they live beside each other in that spirit."

They were now nearing John's home and with a word of thanks for the ride he jumped off the running board, when the doctor slowed down a little, and ran into the house.

"Where did you get the cherries mother?" he asked, stopping adminration before a small basket of fine English cherries which were sitting on the kitchen table.

"Pete McGovern brought them over a little while ago," answered his mother.

"He said he was sorry to see his cow had done so much damage in our garden."

"How did he know about it?" asked John.

"He was up in his cherry tree," answered his mother, "when he saw you chasing her out. H got down to come over, but when he saw you drive her up to her pasture field he finished filling the cherry basket and brought it over as a peace offering. He said she had broken through the fence a few days ago and must have done so again, but that he was going right up to try and make a thorough job of fixing it to see if he couldn't keep her in in the future."

"It wasn't the fence this time," said John, taking a cherry, "it was the rope on the gate."

"Well, it's a good thing you didn't take her to pound, isn't it? asked his mother.

"It certainly is," he replied.

It's All in the Mind

If you think you're beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't;
If you like to win, but think you can't,
It's almost a cinch you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you're lost;
For out in the world, we find,
Success begins with a fellow's will—
It's all in the state of the mind."

We know not who wrote these rollicking lines. They might have been written by a Burdette or an Edgar Guest. No matter who their author was, they contain some sound philosophy. The trouble is, we are often willing to admit the truth of such statements, but very slow to make an application of them in our life.

The mind is a mighty dictator. We are continually either served or deceived by the view of things which it presents to us. Our thoughts are entities. They are like the chariot drivers of the old Roman days. They are soon masters, and we are often their slaves. If a young man thinks he is going to be a failure, he will surely be one. We can't think in terms of failure and have success. No one can think cowardly thoughts and be a brave man. Character is the expression of what it feeds on. Nothing is more important for any one who wants to reach a goal than to believe in the probability of his reaching it. Doubts always throw shadows over the brightest prospects.

"Then take this honey for the bitterest cup;
There is no failure save in giving up;
There's no defeat, in truth, save from within;
Unless you're beaten there, you're bound to win."

Three Boys

"Watch that boy, now," said Phil.

"Which boy?" said Ned.

"That boy which was playing with us down on the sand." His name is Will. He knows how to look out for himself, doesn't he?"

Phil and Ned, with their parents, had been spending some time at the seaside. Will was a boy who had come to pass the evening in the parlor of the boarding house. Here it was that Phil and Will saw him.

First he had hunted out a large, easy chair, and was tugging at it to get it to the table.

"There! He's got it squared around just to suit him," Ned said.

"Now he's moving the lamp nearer to it," said Phil. "Well, did I ever! If he isn't putting a footstool before it. I suppose he's all ready to enjoy it."

It was plain that Will was. With a pleased look he gazed around the room until he caught sight of a lady who was standing. He darted toward her and said, "Come, mother, I have a nice place for you." He led her to the chair and settled the stool at her feet as she sat down.

Phil and Ned looked a little foolish. Presently Phil sprang out of his chair as his mother came near. "Mother, take my chair," he said.

Ned stepped quickly to pick up a handkerchief which a lady had dropped and returned it with a bow.

There are wise boys who profit by a graceful lesson given by a true gentleman.—Apples of Gold.

WANTED

A deaf man on my farm and threshers by next May 1st. Apply Magnus Johnson, GULL LAKE, Sask, Box 187

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send me the names and post office addresses of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them, so that I may forward to them particulars concerning this School, and inform them where and by what means their children can be intructed.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

SINGLE OR DOUBLE
Alphabet Cards and Writing Pads
FOR SALE
2 for 5c., postpaid 7c.
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Agents wanted or send order direc to the following address. Ask for price list.
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SCHOOL POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED and distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go away, if put in box in office door, will be sent to city post office at 1.00 p. m. and at 4 p. m. of each day (Sunday excepted). The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any one unless the same is in the locked bag.

LETTERS---PACKAGES---BOXES.

IF parents or friends send letters, packages or boxes to pupils, address as follows—

———————— (name of pupil)
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

☞ Prepay postage, express or freight charges in all cases

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION

WEST—2.15 a. m.; 7.50 a. m.; 11.40 a. m.; 3.00 p. m. 4.58 p. m.

EAST—12.35 a. m.: 1.56 a. m. 11.10 a. m.; 12.11 p. m.; 5.26 p. m.

MADOC AND PETERBORO' BRANCH—5.30 a. m.; 12.10 p. m.; 5.45 p. m.

Canadian Northern Railway.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS

For Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points: 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday), 1.25 A.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).

For Trenton, Picton, and Intermediate points: 7.10 A.M., 12.25 P.M. and 5.15 P.M. (Daily Except Sunday).

For Maynooth, Bancroft and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. (Except Sunday).

For Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).

For Frankford, Marmora, Coe Hill and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. and 12.45 P.M. (Except Sunday).

For Napanee, Deseronto, Harrowsmith, Kingston and Intermedaite points: 7.55 A. M., 1.25 P. M. and 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday.)

For Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermedaite points: 3.10 A. M. and 1.25 P. M. (Except Sunday.)

For Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk. 3.05 A.M., 7.55 A.M., 1.25 P.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).

From Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points: 3.10 A.M., 1.25 P.M. (Except Sunday) and 9.35 P.M.

From Trenton, Picton and Intermediate points: 7.55 A.M., 1.25 P.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).

From Maynooth, Bancroft and Intermediate points: 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).

From Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. and 5.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).

From Kingston, Harrowsmith, Napanee, Deseronto and Intermediate points: 5.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).

From Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate points: 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday) and 5.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).

From Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk: 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday), 5.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).

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THE CANADIAN,
Belleville, Ontario.

TORONTO EVANGELICAL CHURCH OF THE DEAF

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows every Sunday:—

West End Y. M. C. A., Corner of College St. and Dovercourt Rd. at 11 a. m.

Toronto Bible School, 110 College St., at 3 p. m.

Central Y. M C. A. at 11 a.m. and 7.45 p. m.

Bible Class every Wednesday evening at Central Y. M. C. A., 40 College St. at 8 p. m.

Superintendent MR. P. FRASER, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.

Ontario Mission Committee Convener—MR. F E. HARRIS, 114 St. Patrick St., Toronto.

MRS. J. R. BYRNE, Deaconess, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.

ALL WELCOME

CATHOLIC DEAF ASSOCIATION

Meets every Sunday at 2.30 p.m. and every Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.

At the Loretta Day School 387 Brunswick Ave

Communicate with the priest in charge
Rev. J. Kirby, Director
Chancellor of Archdiocese
Wellesley Place
Toronto, Ont.

School for the Blind

BRANTFORD, ONT

THE PROVINCIAL SCHOOL FOR the Education and Instruction of Blind children, is located at Brantford, Ontario. For particulars address

W. B. RACE, Principal.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS—From 8.00 a. m. to 1 p.m. with recess from 10.40 to 11.00 during which lunch is served to the pupils.

AS SOON AS THE PUPILS ASSEMBLE in the class-rooms in the morning each teacher will open by prayer. At 1 o'clock the pupils will assemble in the chapel and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner. The prayers are those prescribed for use in the Public Schools of Ontario. Teachers and Instructors are to be in their respective rooms and departments five minutes before the time for the assembling of pupils.

EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8 p. m. Voluntary reading hours for senior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY—Sunday School at 9.05 a. m. General Lecture at 2.30 p. m. Pupils of all denominations attend their respective churches whenever desired by the pastors in charge.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN.—Rev. Ven. Archdeacon Beamish, M. A. (Anglican). Rev. A. S. Kerr, M. A. (Presbyterian); Rev. A. H. Foster. (Methodist); Rev. W. H. Wallace, (Baptist); Rev. Father Killeen, Catholic).

BIBLE CLASSES, Sunday morning at 9.05; International Series of Sunday School Lessons. Superintendent, Mr. George F. Stewart; Teachers—Mrs. Balis, Miss Linn, Miss Bull, Miss Ford, Miss James, Miss Brown, Miss Palen, Miss Scott, Miss Curry, Miss Handley, Miss Panter, Miss Springer, Miss Nurse, Miss Sunter, Miss Stark and Miss Malcolm.

THE CATHOLIC PUPILS receive religious instruction on Sunday morning from 8.45 to 9.30 and on Friday afternoon from 2 to 2.30. Teachers, Miss Deannard, Miss Rierdon, Miss Ahearne and Miss Carrol.

☞ *Clergymen of all denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.*

Industrial Departments:

GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday afternoon of each week from 2.15 to 4 o'clock.

THE PRINTING OFFICE, SHOE and CARPENTER SHOPS from 2.30 to 4.30 for junior pupils and from 2.30 to 5.30 for senior pupils who attend school; for those who do not, from 7.30 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 2.30 to 5.30 p. m. each working day except Saturday, when the office and shops will be closed at noon.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASSES as may be arranged from time to time.

THE SEWING CLASS HOURS are from 8.15 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do not attend school, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons

☞ The Printing office, Shops, Sewing Room and Domestic Science Department to be left each day when work ceases in a clean and tidy condition.

☞ Pupils are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments, except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent

☞ Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work in hand to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, destrous of visiting the School, will be made welcome on any day school. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is as soon after 9 o'clock a. m. as possible.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the School, they are kindly advised not linger and prolong leave-taking with their children. It only makes discomfort for all concerned, particularly for the parents. The child will be tenderly cared for, and if left in our charge without delay will be quiet happy with the others in a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. If parents must come, however, they will be made welcome to the class-room and allowed every opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodging or meals, or entertain guests at the School. Good accommodation may be had in the city at the Quinte Hotel, Crystal, Queens, City and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. No correspondence will be allowed between parents and officers or employees under any circumstances without special permission upon each occasion. Every letter addressed to the Superintendent will be promptly answered.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTERS FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE THEY ARE WELL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every three weeks, and may write oftener if they wish; letters will be written by the teachers for the little ones who cannot write, stating, as nearly as possible, their wishes.

☞ No medical preparations that have been used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the school

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise medicines and appliances for the cure of Deafness. In 999 cases out of a 1000 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well-known medical practitioners in cases of adventitious deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice

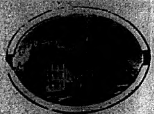
C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.

THE CANADIAN

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Ontario School for the Deaf, Belleville.

VOL. XXVIII BELLEVILLE, MAY 16, 1921 NO. 16

ONTARIO SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA
UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT



Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. R. H. GRANT,
MINISTER OF EDUCATION, TORONTO.

Officers of the School:

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., ... *Superintendent*
J. W. PEARCE ..... *Bursar*
W. W. BOYCE, M. D. ..... *Physician*
DR. J. CHANT, M. D. ..... *Aurist and Oculist*
MISS K. A. WILLOUGHBY ..... *Matron*
MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD..... *Assistant Matron*

Teachers:

ORAL

W. J. CAMPBELL
Supervising Teacher Senior Oral Dept.
MISS CATHERINE FORD
Supervising Teacher Junior Oral Dept.

GEO. F. STEWART	MISS K. SCOTT
MISS I. B. PALEN	MISS E. NURSE
MISS B. RIERDON	MISS L. CARROL
MISS L. DEANNARD	MISS B. SUNTER
MISS E. PANTER, B. A.	MISS I. MALCOLM
MISS F. CURRY	MISS A. STIRK
MISS G. SPRINGER	MISS S. E. WARD
MISS V. HANDLEY	MISS B. A. WILSON

MISS G. BRADLEY

MANUAL

MISS GEORGINA LINN
Supervising Teacher Manual Department

D. R. COLEMAN, M.A.	MISS ADA JAMES
MRS. SYLVIA L. BALIS	MISS NINA BROWN

MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD,
Teacher of Domestic Science
MRS. L. G. WILLIAMS, *Teacher of Sewing*
———— *Teacher of Fancy Work*

MISS I. MCBRIDE, *Stenographer & Clerk.*	———— *Instructor of Printing.*
WM. NURSE, *Storekeeper & Associate Supervisor.*	ALEX. MORRICK, *Master Shoemaker.*
W. SMITH, *Supervisor of Boys, etc.*	———— *Engineer.*
MISS CLARA COOMBE, *Trained Nurse and Instructress in Home Nursing.*	M. W. PARKS, *Master Carpenter.*
	J. N. BOYD, *Master Baker.*

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this School is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, *who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools*

All deaf persons between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious disease, who are *bona fide* residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $50 per year for board. Tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf persons whose parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT CHARGED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Baking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in General Domestic Work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of Sewing Machines and such Ornamental and Fancy Work as may be desirable. Manual Training in woodwork for boys, and Domestic Science for girls have been introduced

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

☞ The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent,
BELLEVILLE, ONT

The Passing of Nature's Poet

Serene I fold my hands and wait
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea,
I rave no more gainst time nor fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays;
For what avails this eager pace!
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night by day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone!
I wait with joy the coming years,
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good in equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave comes to the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—By John Burroughs.

The General and the "Non-Com"

Over at Camp Dix, New Jersey, the other day the crack Sixteenth Infantry of the famous First Division, one of the units of the first American forces sent to France under the leadership of General Pershing, "first to fight and last to quit," swept across the parade grounds in a regimental review. Overseas veterans, every one of them, faces bronzed, guns lying back in even windrows, not a foot out of alignment—what a spectacle for the military man!

The regimental band was playing. Grouped about the parade grounds were the wives and sweethearts of the doughboys. It was a holiday setting, a gala affair that a Rudyard Kipling could have set to the music of poetry.

It was the first review of the Sixteen since it moved into Camp Dix, just home from the Rhine Valley, six months ago. Wonderful old regiment and grand old First Division! These were the boys who slipped quietly out of New York harbor three years ago bound for the western front. One morning the American people were told the first of the American Expeditionary Forces were "over there" and in battle array.

It was all true. This was the division that accompanied Pershing when he went across to join hand with Foch and Haig in the new allied triumvirate. They went in first on the Sommerviller front in the Lorraine sector near Luneville. They were the first American troops under fire. Some of the First Division were at Cantigny in the first engagement fought by American troops. The first American troops killed by the Huns in combat were of this gallant old First. You remember the circumstances--how three Yankee lads, reconnoitering the German position at night, were captured and ruthlessly put to death, their throats cut from ear and ear. Later the French erected a monument on the spot at Bethelmont to commemorate the sacrifice.

Wonderful record has this First Division; glorious traditions stand back of them. No wonder these khaki clads hold their heads so proudly as they swing now across the parade field at Camp Dix.

But why the parade? Reviews of this kind are usually put on in honor of some dignitary visiting the camp. Presidents, cabinet officers, generals, foreign ambassadors or royal visitors are sometimes honored in this way. Perhaps in this case it is the new secretary of war in the Harding cabinet who may have slipped into Camp Dix unheralded; or, perhaps, a titled visitor from abroad. It might be General Pershing himself, for it has been reported he is shortly to visit the New Jersey camp.

In close column of masses, with Major Smith's second battalion on the right, Major Jones' first battalion in the centre and Major Davidson's third battalion on the left, the Sixteenth Infantry falls into line, right dresses, and stands motionless awaiting developments. What is coming? There is Colonel Lacey in command of his regiment. There also is Major General C. P. Summerall, veteran leader of the First Division. Surely something special is up.

While the troops stand at attention eyes front, ears alert to hear what is said, Lieutenant G. T. Phipps' lips begin to move. He is reading General Orders No. 5. And what do you suppose General Orders No. 5 is all about? Nothing about a new President or a new general or a distinguished foreign visitor or a new assignment for service. These general orders are announcing the retirement from the United States army after a long period of service of a solitary sergeant major—a non-commissioned officer who has toiled away down in the ranks for more than twenty-three years!

Shades of democracy! Can it be possible that all this fuss and feathers is in honor of a single soldier of the line—a non-commissioned officer!

True enough; there he stands by the side of Colonel Lacey. He is Sergeant Major William F. ("Jack") Brannan, of regimental headquarters, forty-nine years and four months old, a sturdy son of the western plains and a soldier in the United States army in almost continuous service since 1898. From the beginning of the Spanish-American war until well after the wind-up of the World war this taciturn, grizzled old veteran has stuck to his job—true to his ideal of service.

And this ceremony is all in honor of Sergeant Major ("Jack") Brannan. They are telling the story of his life to all this great assembly on the parade grounds.

They are telling the world how faithful this man Brannan has been. Never once has he flinched. On all his honorable discharge he has received character "excellent." From the day his regiment was thrown into the advance against the Hindenburg line at Chemin-des-Dames on through the Argonne campaign until the Germans were given refuge in armistice just as the doughboys were prepared for the last grand assult on the last line of Hun fortifications around Metz and Sedan, Sergeant Major Brannan was in the thick of the fighting.

For conspicuous bravery in battle he was awarded the French Croix de Guerre with palms. His life was continually endangered but he escaped it all with nary a scratch. Now he has reached the end of his contract of service and is going to retire. He has served in all, including double time for foreign service, twenty-three years with the army of Uncle Sam. Now he is leaving for the West to pick up his mother and sister back home in Cherokee, Iowa, and take them with him out to California, where he is to invest his nest egg in a farm "and live happily ever afterward."

One of the things they are saying about him now as he stands there modestly, with an honest aversion for all this pomp and heraldry, is that, although he is close to the half-century mark in point of age, "he has never been grouchy on account of age." Thinking of all the toil; of the long hours on the trail; of the monotony of camp life; of the perils and tribulations of service abroad; of the years piling up on his shoulders—not a poor encomium for honest "Jack" Brannan.

"No army is stronger than its non-commissioned officers," says General Edwards, late commander of the Twenty-sixth Division, and lately mentioned in Washington dispatches as a likely candidate for the postion of chief of staff of the United States army, to succeed General March.

"In his humble capacity this man Brannan has served through all these years. None of the glitter and glory has been his—just plain every-day, old-fashioned hard work. All honor to the non-coms! They are the chaps who build patriotism, who uphold morale, the very sinew of the army. That's why they are honoring Brannan in this way."

A sergeant-major! Here is a veteran who has never risen above that rank. He started as a private in the ranks. Next he was a corporal and then a sergeant major. What a lesson for all that army of plain workers in civilian life, the toilers in the mills and shops, the mothers in the homes, the millions of humble artisans who contribute to the maintenance of the material world, Sergeant-Major Brannan has never grumbled or complained; "he was never grouchy."

"We are honoring service," says General Summerall.

The lieutenant has stopped reading general orders No. 5. He turns to Sergeant Major ("Jack") Brannan. From his pocket the commissioned officer extracts a wallett which he in turn hands to the humble "non-com." It is a purse of gold—some hundreds of dollars in all. Every man in the gallant Sixteenth and many more friends through the First Divison have contributed out of their pay. It is their way of expressing esteem and friendship for "Jack" Brannan. The hand of the veteran trembles a bit as he accepts. The moisture of the eye is more eloquent than the words that fall from his lips—for he is not given to speaking. His long suit is service.

"Attention!" the cry swings out over the review field. At word of command, the band begin to play and at the call of "Shoulder arms," hundreds of rifles swing into position. In another moment the Sixteenth Regiment is on the march. They are passing in review before Sergeant Major ("Jack") Brannan. He who has served unostentatiously in the ranks all these years is standing by the side of his colonel watching his comrades of the world war swing by in review! These boys who helped hurl back the minions of German autocracy and then passed in review before the crowned heads of Europe are now passing in review before a "non-com" sergeant major!

Company after company they are coming on. They give him the "eyes right" as they pass before him. But Sergeant Major Brannan's eyes aren't "right." He who has laughed at the whine of a Heinie's shell or stood impassive before the spectacle of his pals struck down in cold blood or stolidly served on the lonely watch through all these years without the flicker of an eyelash, now stands with great tears coursing down his cheeks.

Soon it is over—and then comes the flood. As though he were one lone "enemy" against thousands, these doughboys of the Sixteen swarm about him. They salute him, they grasp his hands, they wish him good-bye and good luck. The good right arm is pumped until it is sore and aching. The general himself comes to salute this veteran "non-com." It was the general himself who ordered the demonstration.

"We are honoring service," said General Summerall.

"For it is as when a man, going into another country, called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods. . . . Now after a long time the lord of those servants cometh, and maketh a reckoning with them. . . . His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things. I will set thee over many things; enter into the joy of thy lord."—Sunday School Times.

Without the love of books, the richest man is poor, but endowed with the treasure of treasures, the poorest man is rich. He has wealth which no power can diminish, riches which are always increasing, possessions which the more he scatters, the more they accumulate, friends who never desert him, and pleasures which never cloy.—John Alfred Langford.

THE CANADIAN

Eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Ontario School for the Deaf

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

GEO. F. STEWART, ... EDITOR.

OUR MISSION:

First—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

Second—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf subscribers.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils now in the School, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

SUBSCRIPTION:

Fifty (50) cents for the school year, payable in advance, postage prepaid by publisher. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postal notes, or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us, that mistakes may be corrected without delay. All papers are stopped when the subscription expires, unless otherwise ordered. The date on each subscriber's wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

☞ Correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted —if we know it.

ADVERTISING:

A few select advertisements will be inserted. Rates made known on application.

Address all communications and subscriptions

THE CANADIAN,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO.

MONDAY, MAY 16th, 1921

Superintendent's Annual Report

The Annual report of the Superintendent of the Ontario School for the Deaf for the year ending October 31st, 1920, have just been received. It is a clear but concise review of the past year in regard to all matters of sufficient general interest to justify inclusion in a governmental document, and from it we reproduce some of the salient paragraphs. As this is the fiftieth annual report, appropriate reference is made to the half-century mark in the history of the School, as follows:

The late Mr. J. C. McGann opened the first school for the education of the deaf in this Province in Toronto in 1858. This school he carried on with varying degrees of success and always under great difficulties, first in Toronto and subsequently in Hamilton, until the present school was opened by the Ontario Government on October 20th, 1870, under the superintendency of Dr. Palmer, with a teaching staff consisting of Mr. McGann, Mr. Green, Mr. Coleman, and Mrs. Terrill. Dr. Palmer was superintendent from 1870 to 1879, when he was succeded by Mr. R. Mathison. Of the original teaching staff of four only two are now living, Mrs. Terrill and Mr. Coleman. Mrs. Terrill, a daughter of the late Mr. McGann, before the opening of this school, assisted her father in the management of his school in Hamilton. She retired from our staff about ten years ago and is now enjoying a well earned rest after having served over forty years the cause of the deaf in Ontario. Mr. Coleman came from North Carolina, where, after going through the United States Civil War, he settled down to teaching the deaf in his native state. Mr. Coleman is still a member of our staff, though he has been recently relieved of most of his active duties. Two more teachers were added to the staff during the first session, Miss Perry and Mr. Watson, a son-in-law of Mr. McGann. Mr. McGann died ten years after the opening of the school, and Mr. Watson, who left the service a short time afterwards and was subsequently superintendent of the Winnipeg School for the Deaf and different schools the United States, died last year at the home of his son-in-law, Mr. Tillinghast, the superintendent of the Oregon State School for the Deaf.

To these pioneers the deaf of Ontario feel a deep sense of gratitude.

It is very satisfactory to state that the splendid progressive and humanitarian spirit that made possible the establishment of the school fifty years ago still obtains, as shown by the generous appropriations for the ordinary maintenance of the school and, more especially, by the carrying on by you of the construction of the new modern main building which, when completed, will give us an adequate supply of well appointed up-to-date classrooms and, when the building programme is finally completed, will give to most of the present and all the future deaf children of our Province a residential school equipment equal to the best in any land.

The Report refers briefly to the work of the session, and the attendance, which was 241 pupils on the average, about the normal number. Some changes in the staff are noted:

At the close of the school session Miss Mary Bull, for thirty-eight years a teacher in our school, retired to take a well-earned rest. Miss Bull was a faithful and efficient teacher and a splendid member of our residential staff. Miss Irene Aherne, who had been five years on our staff, resigned to be married. Miss Aherne was a very capable teacher, and her resignation was a distinct loss to the teaching power of our staff. Mr. Coleman has been placed on the supernumerary list, and, while not in charge of a class, is still a member of our staff. These teachers' places have been filled by the appointment of Miss B. Wilson, formerly principal of the Orono Public School, Miss S. Ward, a well-known teacher of Collingwood and Walkerville, and Miss Bradley, of Newcastle.

The following reference is made to the expenditures for the year in explanation of some unavoidable increases:

The financial year ending October 31st, represents the peak in high prices, the result of war and post-war conditions and, under the circumstances, the increase in our expenditure was unavoidable. The economy of the war years, when all but the urgently necessary supplies were cut out, left us short in many lines, and renewals had to be made at a time of very high prices. This makes the increase more marked than if rigid economy had not been exercised in those years, but even now we have only reached an expenditure which similiar institutions in Canada and the United States had reached years previous. With the exception of two items the expenditure has increased over that of the previous year less than $5,000, an amount very moderate when the prevailing purchasing power of the dollar is considered. The two items which are responsible for most of our increased expenditure are salaries and wages, and fuel, light and power. In the first of these, salaries and wages, our staff had been for years on a wage scale very much below that obtainable in other fields of work for similar services, and it was necessary, if the efficiency of the staff was to be kept up, that their salaries should be adequate for the services rendered. During the year what was known as "perquisites" was done away with, and nearly all members of the staff receiving "perquisites"—free houses, board, etc.,—were charged for the same at prices set by the Civil Service Commissioner and, as these items or "perquisites" had always been part of the salaries, an amount equal to the charge of "perquisites" was added to the salary. The sum thus collected and returned to the Provincial Treasurer was $6,151.38. This amount, which in reality is only a cross entry, must in all fairness be deducted from the total increase in salaries and wages. The increase in the item of fuel, light and power was from a number of causes, the chief of which was the extraordinary conditions prevailing during the year. The shortage of coal and the difficulties of transportation made it absolutely essential that a supply sufficient to carry us over the winter months be provided. Coal dealers refused, to make contracts owing to the unsettled conditions and the existing high prices and the only alternative was to purchase on a commission basis. This was done to ensure a supply, but the price paid for slack coal was nearly double that of last year and nearly four times the price of 1913. Other factors which enhanced the cost were an unusually severe winter, the poor quality of the coal obtainable, and the difficulty of procuring competent help in our boiler room, and, in addition to these, the contractor for 1919 was unable to deliver all the coal contracted for during the financial year, and a great part was delivered and paid for out of the 1920 appropriation, thus making an extra load on the appropriation for 1920. Under these circumstances no other result than that this item would be abnormal for the year could be expected. Now that the time has come when the peak of high prices has been passed and declining prices are the rule, we can confidently look forward, so far as the purchasing of supplies is concerned, to a reduced expenditure.

Appended to the Superintendent's own report is the report of H. J. Clarke, B. A., the Literary Examiner, which is as follows:

In accordance with your instructions, I have conducted an inspection of the literary classes at the Ontario School for the Deaf: I also spent some time among the trades.

This school is really two schools under one head, constituted as follows: (1) The Manual Department of five classes under the supervision of Miss Linn, who also teaches the highest grade in this Department; and (2) the Oral Department, which is by far the larger proportion of the school and is subdivided into Junior Oral under the supervision of Miss Ford, and Senior Oral under the supervision of Mr. Campbell. Mr. Campbell also teaches the senior class in this department. Miss Ford, the supervisor of the Junior Orals, has had expert training for this work at Northampton.

While every effort is made to select the very best teachers available from the Public Schools of the Province, for this work, from the nature of things the Normal Schools can give no special training in teaching the deaf, consequently the teachers, however expert they may be in the ordinary school, require special training for this work, and this expert training devolves upon Miss Ford.

I spent six days in the Literary Classes, visiting every class except one. Miss Brown was ill during my visit.

The course of study is based largely upon that of the Public School, with, of course, such modifications as are necessary with these children, where language has to be stressed far more than in a speaking school, or rather a hearing school, for this is very largely a "speaking school." The great handicap of the deaf is the lack of language. They come to school in most cases without any knowledge of language. They have the natural signs, with which to express some of their ideas, but without any knowledge of language proper. It takes years of careful training to give them the command of language that a hearing child would have acquired before entering school, and that without apparent effort. From this it is readily seen that the Public School Course of Study must be remodelled so that every subject will offer the maximum of training in language. It is surprising what is accomplished, and in order to assist the parents to keep up the language of their children during the long vacation, each child takes home with him, in a neatly prepared booklet, the work he has covered during the year. This will enable the parent who is sufficiently interested in his child's progress to keep up his language so that the child may return to school ready to go right on where he left off. The pupils in the Oral Department are able to speak and recognize all the words that appear in these booklets, and a little care on the part of the parent will greatly assist the child in his effort to to acquire the ability to communicate with people, by speech and lip-reading.

I do not consider it necessary to give a minute account of what I observed in the several classes, but if this is required, it can be supplied, and the results of the final examinations are on file in the Superintendent's office. Suffice it to say that in almost every class I would grade the work of a high order of proficiency. I was particularly struck with the improvement in the ability of the several pupils to take conversation from the lips. This being the thirteenth inspection that I have made, I am beginning to feel that I am in a position to judge of this work with some measure of authority, and I know that great progress has been made this year in the Oral Department. The Manual Department has not been able to make so great an improvement, consisting as it does of pupils who either entered very late in life, or who from defective sight or otherwise could not profitably be handled in an oral class. Every effort is made to give oral instruction where it is possible. In fact, it is a question whether there are not some now in oral classes that are unable to measure up to the requirements. However, they are given the chance, for the child who leaves the school with the ability to read the lips with some freedom has an immense advantage over one who cannot do so. The matter of speaking, while it is greatly to be desired, is of less importance than the ability to read the lips. I might say, however, that I have little trouble to follow the speech of these oral pupils. Another point that is very noticeable is the improvement in the use of language since I first inspected here. The "deafisms" so noticeable at that time in their written compositions is rapidly disappearing, and while they still make mistakes, they are far less frequent and readily to be accounted for. Should your official duties permit you to visit this school, you will at once be struck with the character of the handwriting and spelling even in the junior grades. Depending as they do so largely on sight, these children attain a proficiency in these subjects that well might be the envy of some hearing schools. Speaking generally, I might say that all the subjects of the Public School Course are receiving satisfactory attention except Art.

After completing my inspection of the purely literary classes, I spent some time visiting the "shops." The instruction given in the various trades is, I believe, good, and every effort is made to impart the language peculiar to the trade in question. These trade instructors have an opportunity of teaching this particular language that is not possible in the regular literary teacher. There is a great temptation to "sign" the instructions to these boys, rather than take the time to commit the instructions to written or spoken language, but following out the idea that language is of the first importance to these children, the instructors are urged to make every lesson one in language. Should you again entrust me with this work, I shall look forward to noting the progress that has been made in this department.

Due to the care that is taken to safeguard these children, they have been remarkably free from contagious disease. While surrounding schools have been seriously interrupted by disease of various kinds, this school has practically escaped.

I note with pleasure the progress that is being made on the new school building, which, from the blue prints shown to me, will be a thoroughly modern structure. A visit to the present class-rooms would convince anyone familiar with school requirements that the expenditure on this new school is amply justified. It speaks well for the staff that so much has been accomplished, considering the conditions under which they have laboured.

Some changes have been made in the teaching staff during the year. As these appear in the official paper published by the school, it is not necessary to go into details here. I may say, however, that I observed the new members of the staff somewhat closely, and it is my opinion that they will be a source of strength to the already strong teaching staff.

In closing, I wish to thank the Superintendent and officers of the school for the many kindnesses shown to me during the discharge of my official duties. Every opportunity was given to me to see things as they are, and I am pleased to certify that I believe that the institution is in most capable hands."

The Mystery of the Seals

No one knows where the seals go in the winter. In Alaska they begin to appear on the Islands of St. Paul and St. George about the end of April or the first of May, and toward the latter part of August or in the first weeks of September they disappear as strangely and mysteriously as they came. This is one of Nature's secrets which she has kept most successfully hidden from scientists as well as the prying eyes of the merely curious and inquisitive.

Even in the days years ago, when the seals numbered 5,000,000 or more, apparently some signal unknown to man would be given and the next day the fog-wreathed rocks would be bare, the seals having deserted the islands. With their slipping off into Bering Sea all trace of them was lost until their return the following spring. Then some morning they would suddenly reappear, disporting themselves in the water or on the shore.—Ex.

PUPILS' PAGE

—On May 7th, the deaf boys played baseball with the Albert College boys at Albert College. Rodger Pye was the pitcher. The game was interesting. James Tate made a homerun. We cheered him. The score was 7 to 5. Our team won. The Albert College boys were very much disappointed. We had a good time.—Jack Moreland.

I heard that the Prince of Wales will come to America this year again perhaps. He said that he would like to see his ranch in Alberta. The Prince of Wales is a very young gentleman and he is popular with the people all over the world. He is the future king of Great Britain when his father, George V dies. I hope that he will be a wise and good ruler over the British Dominions.—R. Pye.

—Yesterday was Mother's Day. The Methodist pupils went to the church. We did not wear flowers but we saw many people with flowers on their coats. A white flower means that the mother is dead. A red one that she is alive. There were a great many flowers in the church. They were on a table near Rev. Mr. Foster's seat. They were in beautiful vases. Mr. Foster told us about Mother's Day.—Flora Leeder.

—On Sunday afternoon, April 24th, Mr. Boyd took the Intermediate boys to Zwick's Island. We threw some stones over the water. Some of the boys took some pictures. After awhile Mr. Boyd told the boys to follow him. We followed him everywhere. I was in seven pictures on the island but I did not take any. I hope that they will be good. We came back to school at four o'clock. We enjoyed the walk to Zwick's Island very much.—Albert Hodgins.

—On May 5th the Sisters came to our class room to see us. They live in Belleville. The Sisters in Peterboro take care of my sister. She is in the convent. They have taken care of her for about seven years. About three years ago my father, brother and I went to Peterboro to see her. She was little then. I think that she is about twelve years old now.—Frank Bealer.

—On May 8th, Sadie Little and Estella Gerow went to ride with Mrs. Coughlin in her auto. They liked it very much. They saw many people gathering wild flowers. Helen, Vincent, Sadie and Estella walked through Thrasher's woods. They picked some wild flowers. They saw many of them, also many trees and other things. They arrived at the school about five o'clock. They thanked Mrs. Coughlin for her kindness and they liked it very much.—Maud Edna Egginton.

—About two weeks ago, some men pulled up Dundas Street to make a new pavement. The road from Belleville to Trenton will be made of pavement next year. Now people who are going to the city have to walk on the road as they have no side-walk. It is very dusty and besides, it is rather dangerous as there are so many autos on the road. We hope there will soon be a good side-walk for us to walk on.—Tom Goulding.

—I cannot think of much news to write for the Canadian but I can try and gave a little news. Well spring is here again. The trees are growing taller and the grass is becoming green. The fruit trees and flowers have not begun blooming yet. The farmers have begun to plough the ground for the spring crops. The pretty birds have come here from the south. I got a letter from home informing me that I might go to Muskoka next summer if I want to. Yes I surely want to go there, as I want learn to swim, to paddle a canoe, etc and have a good time.—H. Middleton.

—Last Friday we larger girls and boys did not have to go to school in the afternoon as Dr. Coughlin kindly premitted us to go down to Griffin's Threate to see some moving pictures of Cooper's great novel "The Last of the Mohicans". The events told in the book took place during the last war between the French and English in America. We were glad that we saw the pictures and hope to read the book some time. Did you ever read this book?—G. Christian.

—Last Sunday, May 1st., some other boys and I went for a walk to the woods. There were many pines, maples, and spruces in the woods. There were a few dead trees on the ground. There were many flowers near the brook. The water was not deep. It was about two feet deep some places. We picked some marshmarigolds, jack-in-the-pulpits, hepaticas, bloodroots, dog-tooth violets, mandrakes and white trilliums. We took the wild flowers to school. Albert Hodgins and I put them into a bowl. Next morning Miss Sunter came to school and saw them. Albert and I thought that she was very pleased to see them.—Dennis Laporte.

—I am going to tell about Lloyd George. He is the Premier of Britain He is a Welshman. When he was a small boy, his family were very poor. His father died, when he was two years old. His uncle, Mr. Richard Lloyd was very kind to the family. They were so poor, that Lloyd and his brother thought it was fine to have half an egg each once in a while for breakfast. Lloyd was a very bright boy. His uncle was anxious that he should have a good educotion. When he was twenty-seven years old he became a Member of Parliament. In 1916 he became the Premier of Britain. He has made many good laws for Britain. —Willie Miller.

—Last night on May 8th, the hot water tank in the girls' building burst and the water flowed all over the basement. The water was about one foot deep in the basement. Mr. Scott, one of the engineers, came over to the dormitory and turned off the water; all except the water in the pipes for the fire hose. This morning we girls were busy carrying pails of water to wash ourselves. After breakfast, I went to the basement to look at my trunk. It is wet and also three articles of clothing. Madeline Dubois helped me put them on the grass to dry. Some of the pupils' trunks and clothes are wet but we hope they will soon dry.—Norma Smith.

—I read in a book about "The Two Foxes." Would you like to hear the story? There were two foxes. They lived in a forest. They had never spoken a cross word to each other in their lives. They saw people quarrel. They thought that the people had a good time. They wanted to fight and quarrel, too. They tried to quarrel. The foxes had two smooth stones. The first fox told the second fox that they were his. The second fox said "All right you are welcome to them." They could not quarrel because one of them was polite. They tried again. One said that all of the forest was his. The other fox said that he would go away. The first fox told him to stay with him. They could not quarrel because they were both polite.—Florence Bagby.

—Last Sunday Iona Osborne's cousin invited Iona, Maude McKee, Myrel and me to her home. Her cousin's name is Myrtele Andrews. Myrtle went to church. She looked for us in church but we were not there. We went to her home. After church she came home and found us there. She shook hands with us. We were glad to see her. We had our dinner, and it was fine. After dinner we went to Sunday School with Bessie Holsey and Myrtle. After Sunday School we went to the park where we saw Iona's uncle in a boat. We had a ride in the boat. We passed around the lighthouse and went east and saw the hospital in Belleville. We had a good time riding in the boat. Then we had our supper. We came back to school at 8 o'clock. We had a grand time all day.—Leone Jackson.

—I would like to tell you a story about Laura Secord. She was the wife of a British officer, Captain Secord. They lived at Queenston. This officer had been wounded at the Battle of Queenston Heights. At Beaver Dams, twenty miles from Queenston, there were an English officer with a few soldiers and a few Indians. Captian Secord heard that the Americans were going to attack the Canadian forces at Beaver Dams. He was too ill to go himself to warn the Canadians, so his wife offered to go. She walked twenty miles through the woods. In those days there were wild animals and snakes in the wood and perhaps American soldiers and Indians. She arrived safely at Beaver Dams and warned the English officer. He prepared for them and the Canadains won the Battle.—Archie Charlton.

—We are reading our Highroads of Literature book, No. IV. and I would like to tell a little about William Shakespeare who is described in it. He was the greatest literary genius that ever lived, but we do not know much about him. He was born in Stratford on the Avon in 1564 When he was a small boy, he did not have much education because his father was poor, and he was rather wild. When he grew to be a big boy, he attended the Grammar School at Stratford. He got much of his education by wandering in the woods and fields and observing nature. At twenty-two years of age, he worked around the theatres in London, and became an actor and while there he wrote many plays. Some of his plays were Merchant of Venice, Taming the Shrew, Love's Labor Lost, Comedy of Errors, Is You Like It, The Tempest, Pericles, Hamlet, Macbeth and many others. He died in 1616 and was buried at Stratford.—M. E. Whalen.

—On Sunday afternoon May 8, about two o'clock, Misses Sunter and Palen invited twenty-one pupils, eleven pupils from Miss Palen's class and ten pupils from Miss Sunter's class to go in a bus to the woods. A man drove Aseltine's bus from Belleville to the School for the Deaf, and we got into it. We rode quite fast about two miles. Then we got out and climbed over a rail fence and went down the hill. We went through the woods and the girls picked some flowers and the boys found some things in the water. They were called crayfish or crabs, tadpoles and snails. The girls picked marsh marigolds, white wood-voilets, yellow voilets, wild gooseberry blossoms, elderberry blossoms, wild currant blossoms, catnip, sumac twigs, ferns, raspberry twigs, everlastings and hepaticas. Miss Palen told the boys and girls to sit on the grass on the hillside and Miss Sunter took a picture of us. We walked back to the school about four o'clock.—John Davey.

—I read a story in the Golden Rule Book about the "Litte Pine Tree." A little pine did not like its long needles. It wished for leaves of shining gold. In the morning it had leaves of gold. It thought that it would always be happy. It was not happy long. In the night a man came to the woods with a bag. He picked off all the leaves and took them home with him. Then the poor little tree had no leaves. It cried because it wanted to have beautiful leaves. It would not wish for gold leaves again. It wished that it could have leaves of glass. It got them. The little tree was happy all the morning. Then the rain came down. The tree shivered in the wind. When the shower was over, the wind had broken all the leaves and they lay on the ground. A man took its leaves of gold. The wind broke its leaves of glass. It wished that it had its long green needles again and it got them. The birds flew to the tree the next morning. They made their nest in its needles. Gold leaves or glass leaves are not so good as needles for a little pine tree.—Lorenzo Martel.

—I would like to tell you a story about Brock. During the years 1812-1814 there was war between the United States and Canada. The Americans wanted to conquer Canada. General Brock was one of the leaders of the Canadian troops. The American soldiers crossed the Niagara River and they reached Queenston in the early morning of October 13th, 1812. The Canadians heard that the American soldiers had seized Queenston so they tried to drive them back but the American forces succeeded in climbing up the Heights of Queenston. Brock was at Fort George, seven miles from Queenston. When he was at Fort George, he could hear the firing of cannon and immediately he galloped to Queenston in a hurry to call the Canadain forces to help to take back Queenston Heights. He started to ride up the hill while his soldiers followed close behind. The Americans fired on the Canadain forces from the heights. Brock was killed by the Americans in the morning. In the afternoon, more Canadain forces went to help Brock's men. Afterwards the Americans gave way to Brock's men. The Battle of Queenston Heights was won by the Canadians.—Madeline Dubois.

—On Thursday afternoon Dr. Coughlin kindly allowed us to go down to Griffin's theatre to see some moving pictures of Cooper's great novel, "The Last of the Mochicans." The real events told in this book took place during the last war between the French and English in America. It tells about the Capture of Fort Edward on Hudson River by Montcalm. Montcalm promised the British that if they surrendered, they would be allowed to go back to New York safely but he broke his word and allowed his Indian allies to kill all the British except a few who escaped in the woods. The leading characters in the story are Natty Bumpo, a white hunter, who was called Hawkeye and Long Rifle and Leather Stocking by the Indians; Uncas and Chingachgook, two good Indians and friends of Hawkeye; Magua, or Le Renard, a wicked cruel Indian; Colonel Munro and his daughters, Cora and Alice; Heyward and Duncan, two British officers. The story is chiefly about the adventures of Cora and Alice and their friends. Several times they were captured by Magua and each time they were rescued by Hawkeye, Uncas and Chingachgook. Some of the incidents were very exciting and we learned much about the habits of the Indians. It was wonderful how they could follow a trail for days. Some of the pictures showed the Indians fighting and scalping their enemies and many other exciting things. We were glad that we saw the pictures and hope to read the book some time.—E. N. Patrick.

—One night we went to chapel to see the lantern-pictures about "Hamlet" and "Enoch Arden." We all enjoyed seeing them. One of the teachers, Mr. Stewart, explained the pictures to us. I liked them so much. I think I would like to tell you the story about Enoch Arden. In a village in England, there were three children who lived near together and were playmates, Annie Lee, Enoch Arden and Philip Kay. Annie was a very pretty girl. Enoch was the son of a sailor and was big and strong, Philip more gentle and shy. When they grew up, both Enoch and Philip loved Annie. She really loved Enoch, but she pretended to like both the same. Philip was shy and Enoch was bold so at last Annie and Enoch got married. Enoch was a sailor and fisherman and did well for a time, but he got sick and lost most of his business and then he became poor, but they lived together happily and for seven years and had two sons and a daughter, but one son was sickly and died after he left. When he got well, he had a good offer to go on a ship to Asia as an officer and decided to go, as the pay was good. Annie begged him not to go, but he thought he should do so for the sake of his family. He sold his boat and stocked a small store so Annie could earn money to keep her and her children while he was away. The ship he was on was ship-wrecked on the way back and all were lost except Enoch and two other men, who reached a small, fertile but uninhabited island on the east coast of Africa. There was plenty to eat there, but no ships came that way. For twelve years Enoch lived there. In a few years the other men died, so for several years Enoch was all alone. Annie did not do well in her store and soon became poor. Philip, who still loved her, and was rich, asked her to let him send the children to school and educate them. He was a noble man, and helped Annie in every way he could and the children loved him as if he was their own father. After ten years passed, everybody was sure Enoch was dead and Philip asked her to marry him. She told him to wait another year and if Enoch did not return, she would marry him. Then they were married and he took her to a beautifu home. One day after Enoch had been there over twelve years, a ship stopped at the island for water, so he got a chance to get back home. He was changed so much that people did not know him. He found his old home empty and offered for a sale so he went to the inn, where he stayed. He heard that Annie and his children had a good home and all were very happy and also Annie had a baby. He knew if Annie found out that Enoch was alive, she would be heartbroken and the happy home would be broken up. One night he went quietly up to their house and looked through the window and saw Philip with the baby on his lap, Enoch's beautiful daughter playing with it, his son, a fine tall boy, looking at them and Annie was looking happy and well, so he decided never to let them know that he was alive, for the sake of his wife, his children and also for Philip, who had been good to them. So for two years he lived at the other end of the village, doing different kinds of work for a living and telling no one who he was. Then he got sick and knew he could not get well. Three days before he died, he told the kind lady with whom he boarded who he was and asked her, when he was dead, to tell his family and let his son and daughter look at his body, but did not want Annie to look at him, as he knew it would trouble her all her life; but he told her to give Annie the curl she had cut from the baby's head before he went away, so she would know for sure that he was really Enoch. Then he died and when the people heard of it, Enoch had the richest and largest funeral any man there ever had, because of his noble and heroic act.—Catherine Tuchope.

Mr. Squirrel's Visit

Mr. Squirrel lived in the woods. He was afraid of people. When he heard anyone walking through the woods, he ran away to the tree where he lived and hid himself.

But one day Mr. Squirrel grew quite brave, and went to make a visit. Not far away, on the shore of a pretty lake, was a little house. Some people were living there for the summer.

Mr. Squirrel liked those people. They never tried to catch him.

On this day Mr. Squirrel's bright eyes saw them all go out to sail on the lake. So he started over to see what kind of a house the nice people lived in.

He scampered across the grass, then up the steps, and in at the open door. There was a large cool room, and in it was a table.

On the table was a dish. "What is in that dish?" thought Mr. Squirrel. "I'll jump up and see."

He got up on a chair, then on the table, and peeped into the dish. It was full of nuts.

Oh, how glad Mr. Squirrel was! It not the season for nuts, so he couldn't find any out doors.

He broke the shells and ate a great many. Then he filled his cheeks and ran home.

When the people came back, they wondered who had been there eating their nuts.

Mud Pies

Bell and Nan were in the garden making mud pies. "I wish they were real pies," said Bell.

"So do I," said Nan. "I'm hungry. I wish Grandma would make some pies for us."

"We must not ask her. She has too much to do."

"Let us go and get some bread. Grandma always lets us have bread if we are hungry."

So the girls went into the house. They did not have to ask Grandma for bread. They knew where it was kept.

When they went back to the garden the mud pies were gone. But there were some real little apple pies.

It is fun to have make-believe pies turn into real pies.

A Rabbit and a Squirrel

A rabbit has long ears and a short tail.

A squirrel has short ears and a big, bushy tail.

The rabbit hops.
The squirrel runs and jumps.
The rabbit eats clover.
The squirrel eats nuts.
The squirrel climbs trees.
He lives in a hole in a tree.
The rabbit digs in the ground.
He digs a little house in the ground.
The rabbit sits on his long hind legs to eat.
He nibbles the clover on the ground
The squirrel sits on his hind legs, too.
Sometimes he sits up in the tree.
Sometimes he sits down on the ground.
He holds the nuts down in his little paws.
He hides some of the nuts in his hole in the tree.

The Meadow Larks

Up, up in the sky
The meadow larks fly,
Up in the air so high.
Down, down on the ground
Is a meadow lark found.
Down in a nest so round.
As they go to sleep.
The birdies say, "Peep!"
Down in the grass so deep.

Sheet-iron can now be rolled so thin that it takes 15,000 sheets to make a single inch in thickness. Light shines as clearly through one of these sheets as through ordinary tissue paper.

News Items from the Junior Department

Miss Wilson's class

I ran. I laughed.—George Faucett.

I saw a boy. I saw a bird.—Leslie Proctor.

I have a pencil.—Alex Glennie.

Two boys have ties.—Elmer Franklin.

I saw a woman.—Walter Scott.

A boy has a box.—Douglas McMillen.

I ran. I fell.—Hughie McMillan.

Two girls have ribbons. I have no ribbon.—Irene Stoner.

I spun a ball. I spun a top.—Grace Dart.

I spun three tops.—John Boyle.

I have a coat.—Julia Anderson.

Miss Bradley's Class

I have a box. I have two pies. I laughed.—Bert Richardson.

The sun shines. I have a cup.—Gladys Clark.

The sun shines.—Doreen Storks.

I have a ball. A woman came. I saw a plate.—Pearl Liddle.

I saw the sun. I saw a woman. A woman laughed. We have boots.—Jean Green.

I have a doll. We have boots.—Kathleen Gwalter.

I saw a woman. I saw a man. A boy has a ball. We laughed.—Jimmie Farrance.

I saw a house. We laughed.—Pearl Chambers.

I have a nose. I have a thumb. I saw two cows.—Anna Pembleton.

I has a ball. I love Jimmie. I have two cents. I saw a man.—Carl Bradshaw.

I saw two boys. I saw Anna.—Ruby Snell.

I have some candy. I saw a boy. I saw two men. I saw a house.—Francis Meyette.

I saw a cow. I have shoes. A woman has a fan.—Isabella Laforte.

Miss Nurse's class

I have four sisters and two baby brothers.—William Krick.

I got a box from home. I have rubbers.—Elsie Luke.

I got a post card from my mother. I shall have a new pink dress and black stockings. I am glad.—Almina Wagler.

I got a box from home. I got a new blue dress and a new brown hat. I got a new doll. I saw two nests.—Sadie Little.

I have a new white ribbon. I got a letter from my mother last Saturday. I saw two kittens last Tuesday morning.—Margaret Brent.

We saw a robin's nest. We saw three baby birds. They opened their mouths. Their mother fed a worm to them.—Ada Barnes.

I got a letter from my mother this morning. I shall have a birthday on May 25. I shall have a box from home. —Bessie McGovern.

I got a letter from home. I shall have new boots and a new suit. I have four brothers and one sister. I saw two orange and black birds yesterday.—Walter Daniels.

I do not like mosquitoes. They bite us.—Gordon Webb.

I have one sister. I love her. I shall have a birthday on May 28. I shall be eight.—Jack Angus.

My sweater is red. My eyes and hair are brown.—Sidney Wall.

Miss Malcolm's class

Grace and I went to church last Sunday. We saw two bluebirds and an oriole. They were pretty. Bluebirds are blue and orange. Oriole are orange and black.—Audrey Pittaway.

The boys saw a flicker. It has a nest in a hole in a tree. It eats worms and bugs. It has a red spot on its head, a brown and black back and black spots on its breast. It flies in waves.—Boris Wenzel.

The deaf boys and Albert College boys played baseball last Saturday. Albert College won. The score was seven to fifteen. We shall have races May 24th. Douglas Rivet bought three lemons for me. I gave them to some boys because they were sour.—Harvey Henderson.

Miss Malcolm made some candy for us last week. She put sugar, butter chocolate and milk into a kettle. It boiled for a few minutes. She crack-some nuts and put them into it. After it cooled she beat it with a large spoon. Then she emptied it into a dish. When it was cold we ate it. We enjoyed it. She gave some of it to Miss Ford, Miss McBride and Mrs. Williams.—Grace Moors.

We shall go home in June. We went for a walk yesterday afternoon. The boys went to the city last Saturday afternoon.—George Windsor.

Miss Ford gave our pictures to Miss Malcolm. She showed them to us. We had some pretty lilacs at school. They are purple. They are sweet. Florence Roberts and I take medicine three times every day.—Ellen Donavan.

I saw three robins in a nest yesterday. They were small. They did not fly. I put some water on the plants on the window sill. We saw two boats on the bay.—Gervais Bolleau.

I saw two orange and black birds yesterday. They were orioles. Robins can fly.—Bert Watson.

We shall have a new car on the track between Belleville, and Trenton to-day. We shall look for it this afternoon. Perhaps we shall ride on it some day. We did not go for a walk yesterday.—Nathan Holt.

The boys saw four flickers yesterday. We shall go home soon. The boys went down town to a picture show. We saw some nice and cats. We had a good time.—Walter Gorman.

Miss Hantley's class

I saw a yellow and green bird.

My sister gave twenty five cents to me.

I bought some cakes and some candy.—Margaret Patrick.

I went home. I saw mother, father and Percival. When some calves and baby sheep. I had a good time.—Lera Petch.

I skipped. I played ball. I hopped —Jean Lawrence.

I got a box. I got some candy, cake and orange. I got brown boot. I got bananas.—Carl Enes.

We shall not come to school May 24 th. The girls and boys will run races. They will play. I shall not run. —Madeline Elliott.

I saw two baby birds. I got some oranges. I got a ball. I shall thank mother.—James Reid.

We saw black birds. I got a letter from mother.. The boys went to the city last Saturday. I bought some candy.—Lesley Wilton.

I was some baby birds. I saw some red birds. We saw some hens. We saw some chickens. We saw some roosters. We saw some ducks. I fell. I shall have brown shoes.—Kathleen Webb.

Miss Springer's class

I saw two red headed woodpeckers last week. They made holes in the trees. Seey were looking for something to eat. They find worms in the trees. They were in a tree behind the carpenter shop.—Norman Eickemeyer.

I watched the boys play baseball on the field yesterday afternoon. The field was wet.—Lloyd Thornton.

We went down town and I saw a bluebird. We went to Zwick's Island and took some pictures.—Ray Ford.

I received a box from my mother. It had a new blue skirt in it. I think it is very pretty. My mother was very good to send it to me. I shall write and thank her for it.—Norina Simpson.

Miss Stirk's Class

My father went to a store one day last summer and bought two picture books. He paid twenty-five cents for them. He gave them to Arnie and Frances. They liked the picture books and opened them. They looked at the pictures. My dog got them and tore them. Annie and Frances were sorry. Frances cried. My mother mended a book for her. My dog said, "Bow-wow-wow."—Mildred Volk.

I saw some purple lilacs. Vera and I picked them and carried them home. We gave one to Thelma, one to mother, one to Esther and the other one to father. They said "Thank you," to Vera and me. They put them into a vase. After a while they died. My mother pulled them out of the vase. She threw them onthe ground near a policeman's house. Vera and I saw the dead lilacs. We did not pick them up. I do not like dead lilacs.—Zona Simpson.

My puppy jumped over a car. I love my puppy very much. My cousin said to me, "It can hear And talk." I gave some meat to it. It ate it and liked it.—Blanche Batty.

I have a puppy at my home. It is black and brown. I played with it. I ran after it and it chased me. I stood in front of it and held it in my hands. I petted it and I gave some meat to it. —Duncan McMillan.

Last Saturday I ran into the boys' dormitory. I went up the stairs and opened the door and found a foot-ball under Mr. Smith's table. I walked down the stairs and went out of the door. I played foot-ball with the boys and I kicked the ball into two trees. I won, one to nothing. The boys patted me. We had a good time.—Albert Schwager.

October 22nd was my birthday. I had a party. Nellie Laughlin, Zona Simpson, Thina Bluestein, Mary, —nnie, and Norina Simpson came to the party. We rode in a car. We went to Miss Springer's home. They played cross tag with me. We had ice-cream, birthday cake, bread, butter and raspberries. We ate them. We played games. Miss Springer gave a pin to me. Nellie got prizes. We played games. We came back to school. We had a good time. —Helen McNish

Albert, Lemay and I walked around a maple tree last Saturday. Some big boys will jump over a bench this afternoon. Mrs. Williams and Miss Scott will play tennis this afternoon. Some big boys and men will play baseball next week. The girls came to see us last Saturday. They sat on ten chairs. —Alonzo Wood.

One day last summer father went to a big boat. Gordon, Jack and I washed our hands and our faces. We changed our clothes. We rode in the boat. My father jumped into the water and swam back. A big boy caught a big fish and father gave it to my mother. My mother cooked it. We had it for dinner.—Dorothy Baillie

One day last week, some girls and I saw a robin under a house. It was red and brown. It had four baby birdies in a nest. They were hungry. It flew down to the grass and found a worm and ate it. Afterawhile it flew up to the house and gave a worm to the baby birdies. The hapy birdies were glad.—Lorena Tweedie.

Duncan, Albert, Lemay and I went for a walk. I found some papers and wood. We saw a yellow bird in a tree. It flew down on the grass. It got a worm. It flew to its baby birds in a nest. Afterawhile it flew around a tree.—Abraham Hanna.

Invented by Accident

An alchemist, experimenting in earths for the making of crucibles, found that he invented porcelain. A watchmaker's apprentice, holding a spectacle glass between his thumb and forefinger, noticed that through it the neighboring buildings appeared larger, and thus led to the telescope.

A Nuremberg glasscutter, by accident one day, dropped a little aqua fortis upon his spectacles. He found that it corroded and softened the glass and he conceived the idea of etching. He drew figures upon the glass with varnish, and applied aqua fortis to the drawing. When he removed the varnish the figures appeared, raised on a dark ground.

The process of whitening sugar was never known until a hen walked through a clay puddle and then strayed into a sugar house. Her tracks were left in the piles of sugar and when it was noticed that spots where she had stepped were whiter than the rest, the first step in the use of clay for whitening sugar.

The wife of an English papermaker one day dropped a blue bag into a vat of pulp. When the workmen saw the colored paper, they were astonished, and their employer was so angry at the mischance that his wife did not dare to confess her part in bringing it about. The paper was stored for years as damaged lot, and finally the manufacturer sent it to his agent in London, and told him to try and get rid of it. Fashion at once marked it for her own. It was rapidly sold at a high price, and the manufacturers found it difficult to supply the great demand for colored paper. Thus Dame Fortune looks out for her children, and when they are slow in learning useful secrets and possibilites, drops a word of advice in their way so plain that they cannot choose but read it.—Exchange.

Ontario Association of the Deaf

OFFICERS.

Hon. Patron	R. Matheson, M.A., Toronto
Hon. Pres.	Dr. Coughlin, Belleville.
President	J. Fraser, Toronto.
1st Vice-Pres.	R. Lloyd, Brantford.
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SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Hon. President	Dr. Coughlin
President	Wm. Nurse.
Manager	

THE CANADIAN

SCHOOL MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

MONDAY, MAY 16th, 1921

HOME GOING

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS:

The present term will close on Wednesday, June 15th, 1921. An officer of the School will accompany those who are to travel on the Main Lines of Railway, taking care of them and their baggage to the points agreed upon.

The Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern Railway Companies have liberally agreed to issue return tickets at single fare, good until Sept. 14th, 1921.

It is important that parents or friends be standing on the platform of the station when the train arrives. If your child does not arrive on the train stipulated, telegraph this office promptly at our expense.

The fare is the same whether the child returns to school or not. **Remit amount of fare to J. W. Pearce, Bursar, by Post Office Order, Postal Note, or Registered Letter. This is important.** The earlier you send the money the more you will assise us in making our arrangements here.

The next term will begin on Wednesday, Sept. 14th, and I trust all pupils will be sent back promptly. Leave the red ticket on the trunk—it enables us to trace missing baggage.

Your faithfully,
C. B. COUGHLIN,
Superintendent.

Baseball

Albert College—15 O. S. D.—7

Our boys ran up against a snag last Saturday when the return game with the College took place on our grounds. The first three innings were the limit, the Alberts knocking the ball to all corners of the field, aided by a bunch of errors on the part of our boys and 11 runs were served against us. Our pitcher, Pye, seemed quite unable to hold the heavy hitting collegians. Tate then took up the pitcher's job and during the next four innings held the visitors to one run. Had the full game been played, it is possible that our boys might have overcome the great odds against them, as they were steadily climbing up. To give the visitors time to get home for tea, the game closed. Pye has never been hit so hard before and must have had a bad off day. We hope to have another try at the college before school closes.

HOME NEWS

—Many alterations are being made in the carpenter shop to give more space for the coming new machinery, the first of which arrived the other day, being of Belleville manufacture; the rest is coming from a distance and will probably be a week or ten days later by which time we expect to have the shop in shape to receive it.

SCHOOL WILL CLOSE JUNE 15

Parents of pupils will please keep in mind that all pupils twelve years of age must pay full fare for their railway tickets. Every year we get letters from some parents complaining of the increased amount they have to pay for tickets. They seem to forget that the children are a year older than they were last year at this time. All boys and girls under twelve years travel at half fare All who have passed their twelfth birthday must pay full fare.

Peterboro pupils will go home on Saturday, June 11th. Toronto and Hamilton pupils will go home Tuesday, June 14th. Pupils going east to points on the Main Lines G. T. R. and C. P. R. will also go home on June 14. Parents or guardians are requested to read carefully the notice sent to each and to note the time of arrival of trains. Do not fail to meet pupils

—Our old pupils of the early years of our school will remember Mr. E. Brooks, of Brighton. We are sorry to say that he has met with a serious accident. He was at work in a box factory, lost his footing and fell and a splinter entered his right eye. He is now in the Belleville Hospital under treatment, but it is feared that he will lose his eye and possibly his only remaining one will be injured.

—We sympathize with our former pupil, Miss Elsie Burk, of Port Arthur, in the loss of her mother by death quite recently. Mrs. Burk was very ill from pneumonia last December and she never again recovered her full health but was able to be up in her room. The nurse saw her when she retired and also during the night, but in the morning it was found that she had peacefully passed away in her sleep in the early morning hours.

Mr. Paul Denys

The deaf of Ontario will learn with deep regret and sorrow of the death of Mr. Paul Denys which occurred at Montreal on Nov. 4th last, but the news of which has just reached us. Mr. Denys entered the profession at the Mile-End School in Montreal, where he taught for five years. Then he joined the staff at this school, where he continued for thirty-three years, thus devoting the best years of his life to the work of educating the deaf. He was a skilful, devoted and successful teacher, having a remarkable aptitude for conveying instruction and of arousing the interest of his pupils. But his best and most lasting work was in the realm of ethics and aesthetics. Himself an ideal of courtesy and "gentilhommerie," he ever sought to instil similar ideals and aspirations into his pupils, a well as to inculcate reverence for God and for all sacred things. He became a virtual oracle to the pupils, and his example and advice was their criterion and final court of appeal on all matters of manners and morals. Because of the remarkable and unique influence he exercised over the whole school, his name will long be remembered with gratitude, affection and deepest esteem, and his passing will arouse in all the graduates of his day not only pleasant memories of the past, but a feeling of deepest sorrow at the loss of so true and devoted a monitor and friend.

Mr. Denys was a musician of recognized talent and skill, and while in Belleville he was for many years organist of St. Michael's Church and after his resignation from our staff he had charge of the organ in the Cathedral at Kingston for nine years. He was a lover of all that was best in English and French literature, and was himself a frequent contributor to the periodicals of the day, expressing himself with charming grace of diction and rare literary acumen and insight. We close this slight tribute to his memory with words himself penned near the close of his life:

"With frost upon my hair, and the sun of Hope gradually going down, I love yet to think and rhetorize and keep bright the memory of earlier days, and joy of living. A talk with the past is a solace to solitude, a comfort and a light in the evening of our terrestrial journey. It helps stay the hand of the grim reaper, and lends calm and confidence for the conclusion of our earthly pilgrimage. ..... I pray for when my sun sets, all may be well in that undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns."

That Picnic Was a Success

To the Editor of the Canadian.

There appeared in Toronto Topics in the Canadian, April 15th, an item saying that the picnic of the Toronto Evangelicial Church of the Deaf at Centre Island last year was a failure. I wish to correct the Toronto Correspondent's comment thereon because that picnic was really a great success, judging from the great numbers of the deaf present there, the liberality of refreshments served to them at the expense of our church and numerous happy remarks about the picnic by the deaf. Many deaf outsiders were present and can testify to the success of this picnic. The members of the Social Committee worked very hard to help make that particular occasion very enjoyable for social intercourse and naturally feel annoyed at the Toronto Correspondent's personal opinion put in the "Topics," as that of the Toronto deaf in general. We would appreciate it very much if all the correspondents should refrain from expressing their private opinions on public things, as they are apt to be misconstrued, to the detriment of the well meaning efforts on the part of any deaf committee.

Thanking you for giving this letter space in your valuable paper.

Yours very Truly
W. R. Watt
Chairman Social Committee.
Toronto Evangelical Church of the Deaf.

TORONTO TOPICS

Mr. Roy Cheney, formerly of Petrolia, who has been in this city for the past year or so, has accepted a position in Hamilton.

Messrs J. T. Shilton and H. E. Groome gave two interesting and praiseworthy addresses on the virtues of mother at our service on Mother's Day, May 8th, but there was not as many present as was expected. Except for those who had gone to outside gatherings, many had not only showered their beloved mothers with flowers but had gone themselves to be present in person at their mother's table, so how we can blame them?

Miss Etta Duke of Orangeville has come to this city to work and her services are in much demand for she is an experienced and careful housekeeper. We welcome her.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terrill and two children motored over to Oakville on May 8th and spent the day most pleasantly with Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Thomas.

We sympathize with Mrs. H. Moore in the loss of her brother, Mr. J. W. Cronkwright, who died on May 11th, after an illness of two months.

The Sunday evening and Wednesday evening Bible Classes have closed for the summer, but will reopen again in the fall.

Mrs. R. M. Thomas of Oakville was visiting relatives here for a couple of days recently.

Mr. P. Fraser, accompanied by Mrs. J. R. Byrne and her daughter, Dorothy, motored up to King on Saturday, May 14th, to visit Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Slater. Dorothy remained up there for a short stay while Mr. Slater returned with Mr. Fraser and Mrs. Byrne and spent a few days lately.

Mrs. H. Moore and Mrs. M. Wilson have returned from Philadelphia, to which city they hibernated last fall and after a few weeks stay here left for a visit to Simcoe. They intend returning across the line in July.

We were pleased to see Mrs. William Baillie of Simcoe with us for a few days lately.

A very interesting surprise party was gotten up by Miss Carrie Brethour on May 17th in honor of the birthdays of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Watt who, strange to say, were both born on the same day of the month. It was a very pleasant affair from all angles and those who were there certainly had a good time. Several games were staged and the following were the lucky winners: Mrs. Win Baillie, Mr. J. T. Shilton, Mrs. Shilton, Mrs. G. W. Reeves, Mr. Fraser and Mr. and Mrs. A. McCaul.

On May 15th, Mr. P. Fraser accompanied by Mrs. J. R. Byrne, Mrs. Robinson and Miss Robinson, motored out to Brantford to attend the funeral of their cousin, John Coulter, the well known livery man of that city, who died aged 71.

Mrs. E. Peterkin was presented by her husband with an up to date and elaborate Sedan car of the Oldsomobile type, and it looks very classy on the street. Some flivver.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts spent the 24th of May holidays with relatives and friends in Ottawa and had a good time.

Mr. Wesley Ellis, who has been up at Cobalt all winter, has returned to our midst again looking plump and happy.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Bartley gave a surprise party for Mr. and Mrs. George Elliott, their new neighbors, on May 19th and all report a grand time with lots of fun.

Anival B., the four years old and only child of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Shepherd, was taken to Grace hospital on May 2nd to undergo an operation for the removal of tonsils on his throat which was successfully performed.

On Friday, May 6th, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dicy of London motored down to visit their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts. On the day following the four went motoring through Woodbridge to Mrs. Roberts' old home near Purpleville, then over to to see Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Slater, whom they found very well. On Sunday they motored to Hamilton, where Mr. Roberts, by request of the deaf of the "Ambitious City," gave an address on the significence of mother's Day. Mr. and Mrs. Dicy left for a motor trip next day for Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit.—H. W. R.

Sundown

When my sun of life is low,
When the day shadows creep,
Say for me before I go,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

I am at the journey's end,
I have sown and I must reap.
There are no more ways to mend.
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Nothing more to doubt or dare,
Nothing more to give or keep;
Say for me the children's prayer,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Who has learned along the way—
Primrose path or stony steep—
More of wisdom than to say,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

What have you more wide to tell,
When the shallows round me creep?
All is over, all is well—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

An Honest Exchange

Glancing at the big honest face of the town clock, Mrs. Maitland slackened her pace with a sigh of relief. The afternoon was warm, and she was tired; it was a relief to find that she need not hurry.

"Plenty of time to reach home before the children do," she assured herself. "Marcia will hurry, though, because she will be full of the news of that committee meeting." And a smile of indulgent tenderness replaced the weary look on the mother's face. Then, just behind her, she heard someone say. "Oh, there is Lucy Maitland! Stop, please!" and the big car rolling slowly along the pavement came to a standstill at the curb.

"O Lucy, you are just the one we want! Climb in; we're going out to Lake Harbor for a spin."

Mrs. Maitland looked at the comfortable car and the smiling friendly faces. She was tired, and such light-hearted pleasuring had never become a commonplace in her life.

"Come on! come on!" they cried, and flung the big door open invitingly.

"It is good of you to think of me, and I should enjoy going. But may I telephone to Marcia?"

"Of course," they agreed heartily. "Run in that drug store; we'll all come in and have a glass of grape juice."

"Is this Marcia?" they heard Mrs. Maitland saying at the telephone. "Well, dear, Mrs. Day, Mrs. Fellows, and Miss Ingraham have invited me to go out to the Harbor in the car."

It was a pity that the three at the soda fountain missed the eager, "O good! How delightful!" at the other end of the line.

"Then you don't mind staying at home and looking after things? And you'll be sure to tell the boys where I am? And ask them not to go far away from home, dear."

"Do you always give an account of yourself to your family? asked Mrs. Day when Mrs. Maitland rejoined her friends.

"Always," she answered smilingly. "I expect the children to let me know where they are, and I consider that it's only an honest exchange to do the same by them."

"Suppose you hadn't got Marcia on the telephone?"

"Then I should have gone home; they were excepting me," she said; she knew by their expressions that they considered her as overscrupulous.

The ride to the Harbor was delightful. On the way home Miss Ingraham told of a theft that had mystified her friends in a neighboring town.

"And no one was more astonished when the thieves were caught," she said in conclusion, "than those same boys' parents. No idea what their boys were up to that was just the trouble. Fine families, too; only they didn't bother to keep track of their children."

As the car drew up at Mrs. Maitland's door Marcia waved a welcome from the dining-room window, and Ted stalked out to help his mother from the car. Shouts of joy came from the back of the house, where the two little boys were sprinkling themselves and the garden impartially.

As the car started away, the eyes of the other two mothers met.

"Lucy Maitland is right," they agreed. "It is only an honest exchange, and the children know it."
—Youth's Companion.

Our Mental Viewpoint

Things and conditions are largely the reflection of our mental viewpoint. To one person a dandelion is a tiny sun radiating a glorious golden glow; to another it is a common weed not worth noticing.

An old story illustrates the point: A man who had just moved to a small Pennsylvania town fell into conversation with an old Quaker who was accustomed to sit on a bench in the quiet square in the center of the village.

"What kind of people live here?" asked the newcomer.

"What manner of people didst thee live amongst before?" returned the Quaker.

"Oh, they were mean, narrow, suspicious, and very unfair," answered the man.

"Then" said the Quaker, "I am sorry but thee will find the same manner of people here."

Not long afterward, the old Quaker was accosted by another man who had come to live in the town.

"What sort of people live here? said the man.

"What sort of people didst thee live amongst before? replied the Quaker.

A warm smile spread over the newcomer's face.

"Friend," he answered, "they were the best folks in the world. They were always friendly, kind and lovable, and I hated to leave them!

The old Quaker beamed.

"Welcome, neighbor," he said, "is of good cheer for thee will find the same fine people here!"—Selected.

Plan New Train Ferry

A plan for linking up Sweden with England by means of a train ferry to cost $10,000,000 is being considered by business men of the two nations.

The scheme aims at the establishment of a daily service by at least six 13,000-ton ships of 18 knots speed, each capable of carrying 50 railroad cars. As the gauges of the British and Swedish railroads are the same, rapidity of transportation would be assured. The Swedish Government is understood to be willing to guarantee a 10 per cent return over a given number of years if Britain will guarantee the capital necessary for the initial outlay.

The route suggested runs from Hull to Gothenburg and there is also a suggestion of an extension across the Baltic, so as to provide direct communication between Hull and Petrograd.

There is no half-way honesty
Rare is the man who does'nt like a compliment occasionally.
Know your business and mind it.

In these hallowed seasons it is given
Us to see and feel the presence of heroes
of whom the world was not woathy
—Dr. Hillis.

WANTED

A deaf man on my farm and threshers by next May 1st. Apply Magnus Johnson, GULL LAKE, Sask. Box 187

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send me the names and post office addresses of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them, so that I may forward to them particulars concerning our School, and inform them where and by what means their children can be intructed.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

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SCHOOL POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED and distributed without delay to the pupils to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to be posted, put in box in office door, will be sent to city post office at 1.40 p. m. and at 4. p. m. of each day (Sunday excepted). Pupils expecting not a letter not addressed to employes or parents, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any one unless the money is in the office first.

LETTERS---PACKAGES---BOXES.

If parents or friends send letters, packages or boxes to pupils, address as follows

Name of pupil
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

☞ Prepay postage, express or freight charges in all cases.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION

WEST—8.15 a. m.; 7.50 a. m.; 11.40 a. m.; 3.00 p. m. 4.40 p. m.

EAST—12.25 a. m.; 1.05 a. m. 11.10 a. m.; 12.11 p. m. 4.32 p. m.

MADOC AND PETERBORO' BRANCH—6.30 a. m.; 12.10 p. m.; 5.45 p. m.

Canadian Northern Railway.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS

For Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points: 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday). 1.25 A.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).

For Napanee, Picton, and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M., 12.25 P.M. and 5.15 P.M. (Daily Except Sunday).

For Maynooth, Bancroft and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. (Except Sunday).

For Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. and 2.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).

For Frankford, Marmora, Coe Hill and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. and 12.45 P.M. (Except Sunday).

For Napanee, Deseronto, Harrowsmith, Kingston and Intermediate points: 7.55 A. M., 1.25 P.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).

or Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate points: 3.10 A. M. and 1.25 P. M. (Except Sunday.)

For Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk, 3.05 A.M., 7.55 A.M., 1.25 P.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).

From Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points; 3.10 A.M., 1.25 P.M. (Except Monday) and 9.35 P.M.

From Trenton, Picton and Intermediate points: 7.55 A.M., 1.25 P.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).

From Maynooth, Bancroft and Intermediate points: 3.10 P.M. (Except Sunday).

From Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. and 12.25 P.M. (Except Sunday).

From Kingston, Harrowsmith, Napanee, Deseronto and Intermediate points: 3.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).

From Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate points: 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday) and 5.15 M. (Except Sunday).

From Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk; 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday), 5.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).

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THE CANADIAN,
Belleville, Ontario.

TORONTO EVANGELICAL CHURCH OF THE DEAF

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows in every Sunday:—

West End Y. M. C. A., Corner of College St. and Dovercourt Rd. at 11 a. m.

Toronto Bible School, 110 College St., at 3 p. m.

Central Y. M. C. A. at 3.45 a.m. and 7.45 p. m.

Bible Class every Wednesday evening at Central Y. M. C. A.. 40 College St. at 8 p. m.

Superintendent Mrs. P. Fraser, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.

Ontario Mission Committee Convener—Mrs. F. E. Harris, 114 St. Patrick St., Toronto.

Mrs. J. R. Byrne, Deaconess, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.

ALL WELCOME

CATHOLIC DEAF ASSOCIATION

Meets every Sunday at 2.30 p.m. and every Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.

At the Loretta Day School
387 Brunswick Ave

Communicate with the priest in charge
Rev. J. Kirby, Director
Chancellor of Archdiocese
Wellesley Place
Toronto, Ont.

School for the Blind

BRANTFORD, ONT

THE PROVINCIAL SCHOOL FOR the Education and Inaction of Blind children is located at Brantford, Ontario. For particulars address

W. H. ACKE, Principal.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

School Hours—From 8.00 a. m. to 1 p.m. with recess from 10.40 to 11.00 during which time is served to the pupils.

As soon as the Pupils Assemble in the class-rooms in the morning each teacher will open by prayer. At the close of the day the pupils will assemble in the chapel and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner. The prayers are those prescribed for use in the Public Schools of Ontario. Teachers and instructors are to be in their respective rooms and departments five minutes before the time for the assembling of pupils.

Evening Study from 7 to 9 p. m. Voluntary reading hours for senior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Religious Exercises:

Every Sunday—Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. General Lecture at 2.30 p. m. All Pupils of all denominations attend their respective churches whenever desired by the pastors in charge.

Regular Visiting Clergymen.—Rev. Ven. Archdeacon Bearpish, M. A. (Anglican). Rev. A. S. Kerr, M. A. (Presbyterian); Rev. A. E. Foster, (Methodist); Rev. W. H. Wallace, (Baptist); Rev. Father Killeen, Catholic.

Bible Classes, Sunday morning at 9.05: International Series of Sunday School Lessons. Superintendent, Mr. George F. Stewart. Teachers—Mrs. Balls, Miss Linn, Miss Bull, Miss Ford, Miss Johnson, Miss Brown, Miss Palen, Miss Scott, Miss Curry, Miss Handley, Miss Panter, Miss Springer, Miss Nurse, Miss Sunter, Miss Stark and Miss Malcolm.

The Catholic Pupils receive religious instruction on Sunday morning from 8.45 to 9.30 and on Friday afternoon from 2 to 2.30. Teachers, Miss Leonard, Miss Riordon, Miss Shearpe and Miss Carrol.

☞ *Clergymen of all denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.*

Industrial Departments:

Girls' Fancy Work Class on Monday after noon of each week from 2.15 to 4 o'clock.

The Printing Office, Shoe and Carpenter Shops the pupils from 2.30 to 4.30 for junior pupils and from 2.30 to 5.30 for senior pupils who attend school; for those who do not, from 7.30 to 11.30 to 12 noon, and from 2.30 to 5.30 p. m. each working day except Saturday, when the office and shops will be closed at noon.

Domestic Science Classes as may be arranged from time to time.

The sewing Class hours are from 8.15 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do not attend school, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons.

☞ The Printing office, Shops, Sewing Room and Domestic Science Department to be left each day when work ceases in a clean and tidy condition.

☞ Pupils are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments, except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent.

☞ Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work in hand to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the School, will be made welcome on any day school is in session. Visitors are allowed Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is as soon after 9 o'clock a. m. as possible.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the School, they are kindly advised not linger and prolong the parting with their children. It only makes discomfort for all concerned particularly for the parents. The child will be tenderly cared for, and if left in our charge without delay will be quiet happy with the others in a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. If parents must come, however, they will be made welcome to the class-room and allowed every opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodging or meals, or entertain guests at the School. Good accommodation may be had in the city at the Quinte Hotel, Crystal, Queens, City and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. No correspondence with the children between parents and officers or employes under any circumstances without special permission upon each occasion. Every letter addressed to the Superintendent will be promptly answered.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. In the absence of letters friends or parents may be quite sure they are well.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write letters to their parents and may write oftener if they wish; letters will be written by the teachers for the little ones who cannot write, stating, as nearly as possible, their wishes.

☞ No medical preparations that have been used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the school.

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise medicines and appliances for the cure of Deafness. In 999 cases out of a 1000 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well-known medical practitioners in case of adventitious deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.

THE CANADIAN

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Ontario School for the Deaf, Belleville.

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ONTARIO SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA
UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. R. H. GRANT,
Minister of Education, Toronto.

Officers of the School:

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., ...*Superintendent*
J. W. PEARCE ....*Bursar*
W. W. HOYCE, M. D. ....*Physician*
DR. J. CHANT, M. D. ....*Aurist and Oculist*
MISS K. A. WILLOUGHBY ....*Matron*
MISS A. B. SCHOFIELD....*Assistant Matron*

Teachers:

ORAL
W. J. CAMPBELL
Supervising Teacher Senior Oral Dept.
MISS CATHERINE FORD
Supervising Teacher Junior Oral Dept.

Geo. F. Stewart | Miss K. Scott
Miss I. B. Palen | Miss E. Nurse
Miss B. Hibbon | Miss L. Carrol
Miss L. Deannard | Miss H. Sunter
Miss E. Panter, B. A. | Miss I. Malcolm
Miss F. Curry | Miss A. Stirk
Miss G. Springer | Miss S. E. Ward
Miss V. Handley | Miss B. A. Wilson
Miss G. Bradley

MANUAL
MISS VERONICA LINN
Supervising Teacher Manual Department

H. R. Coleman, M.A. | Miss Ada James
Mrs. Sylvia L. Balls | Miss Nina Brown

Miss A. B. Schofield,
Teacher of Domestic Science
Mrs. L. G. Williams, *Teacher of Sewing*
Teacher of Fancy Work

Miss I. McBride,
Xenographer & Clerk.

Instructor of Printing.

Wm. Nurse,
Worekeeper & Associate Supervisor.

Alex. Morrick,
Master Shoemaker.

W. Smith,
Supervisor of Boys, etc.

Engineer.

M. W. Parks,
Master Carpenter.

Miss Clara Coombe,
Trained Nurse and Instructor in Home Nursing.

J. N. Boyd,
Master Baker.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this School is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools

All deaf persons between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious disease, who are bona fide residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The usual term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $50 per year for board. Tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf persons whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Baking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in General Domestic Work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of Sewing Machines and such Ornamental and Fancy Work as may be desirable. Manual Training in woodwork for boys, and Domestic Science for girls have been introduced

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

☞ The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission, for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent,
Belleville, Ont

POETRY

Like as a Father

Silence reigned within my study
As long years I labored there;
For an hour no sound of door bell,
Nor of sight was I aware.
Save the thought that then possessed me.
And the voices of my books,
With a message each so helpful,
Speakful from their cozy nooks.

'Midst the stillness I heard something,
What it was I scarce could tell.
At the door what music think you
On my ear that moment fell?
'Twas the patter of the baby,
On the staircase drawing near,
And like some bold mountain climber,
On he came, no thought of fear.

Scarce I startled from my reverie I hear me.
Loss his balance, get a fall;
Silent as a ghost I crept me.
Dare not even baby call.
Breathless waited for his coming.
'Till within my outstretched arm.
I embraced the little climber,
Safely then from any harm.

How our heavenly Father watches.
As we o'er life's dangers go;
Stands the guardian angels round us,
Midst the darkness loves us so;
O the welcome he will give us.
When we reach the blessed shore.
Then we'll know the joys celestial
His great heart feels evermore.

Milford, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

Percy's Guests

"Oh, mother, Uncle John says that I may bring two guests with me when we go to the cottage and that they may stay two weeks!" exclaimed Percy Kent as he finished reading a letter that had just come from his uncle.

"I will ask the one who have not planned to go away from town this summer, but I guess they will be hard to find," he laughed. "I would like to take Harry Stout but he goes to Boston next week. Hal Stewart had two cousins visiting him, so he couldn't go," he pouted and knitted his brows in thought.

"It is certainly nice of your Uncle John and Aunt Mary to allow you to bring two friends with you," Mrs. Kent agreed. Now I want you to take some clothes to Mrs. Helm that I forgot to put in the washing this morning. You have time to think about whom you will invite while you are on the way.

Percy got his cap, took his bundle his mother had tied up, and went off whistling cheerfully. Perseveral weeks he had thought and talked of little else than the month that he was to spend with his mother and sister, and his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John Graves. The cottage was on White Lake, where there was excellent boating, bathing and fishing, so Percy planned to have every moment full. He thought about whom he should invite as he went down the street, but a there was something else on his mind, so he was not nearer a decision when he reached Mrs. Helm's than when he left home.

He found Mrs. Helm on the back porch busy over the washtub, while Carl, her son, was bringing water and helping her all he could. Percy noticed the weary look on her face as she took the bundle. "You look tired, Mrs. Helm," he said, pleasantly.

"I am tired," she answered. "Not tired exactly," she corrected, "but I have not been well lately. I could scarcely keep up my work this week if Carl did not help me so much; it is fortunate for me that school is out."

"I am sorry that you are not well," There was a note of genuine sympathy in Percy's voice.

"I will take a short rest if I don't feel better. The doctor says I need a change, and he wanted me to go into the country for a couple of weeks, at least, but we have no friends in the country that we would stay with, and I could not afford to pay board. I think a rest would do me good, even if I just stayed at home," and Mrs. Helm smiled bravely.

"I hope it will," replied Percy. "Mother and I are going up to my uncle's cottage for a month. I can hardly wait for the time to come; we go the last of the week," he added, as he went off the porch.

Percy walked home slowly and thoughtfully, his mind dwelling on what Mrs. Helm had said about not being well and needing a change. When he entered the kitchen his eyes were shining with enthusiasm over a plan he had thought out.

"Mother, I want to take Mrs. Helm and Carl to the cottage with me for two weeks," he said, at once, plunging into the subject that was on his mind.

Mrs. Kent paused with her knife in the potato she was paring. "You want to take Mrs. Helm and Carl to the cottage with you," she repeated.

"I don't understand, I thought you would want to take two of your boy friends." "I would like to take two of my boy friends, but you see Mrs. Helm needs a change, and she cannot afford to go to where she would have to pay board." then he related his conversation with her. "It would do her lots of good, mother, and she is a nice woman; so I know your Uncle John and Aunt Mary would object. I'll write and tell them all about the Helms, and ask if I can bring them. We don't get there until the last of next week, so there will be time for Mrs. Helm to get ready after I get an answer to my letter."

"Thats a very nice idea, and I hope your uncle and aunt will agree with it," was his mother's encouraging reply.

Since wrote a long letter to his aunt and uncle that very day, a letter that showed all the enthusiasm he felt over his plan, and he declared he could hardly wait for their answer. To his surprise, Mr. and Mrs. Graves did not wait to write, but late the next day came a telegram which said: "Bring Mrs. Helm and Carl. We will give them a good time."

As soon as Percy read the telegram he started for the Helms to tell them the good news. "You and Carl are going to my uncle's cottage with me and my mother for two weeks," was his greeting to Mrs. Helm. "Uncle John and Aunt Mary said I could bring two friends, so I am going to take you."

Thinking of Uncle John and Aunt Mary with the big screened porch where they lived during the day, and which was transformed into sleeping rooms at night with all the good fresh air they could breathe; he told of the fish they would have to eat, the boat rides they would take on the lake, the ham mocks swing all the time, the drives in his uncle's machine, and the walks through the shady woods where the birds seemed to try to vie with each other in their singing. When he finished Carl's eyes were big with interest, and Mrs. Helm's face shone with anticipation.

"It makes me feel rested to hear you talk of all those good times," Mrs. Helm declared, "but I can not under stand how you happened to think of asking Carl and me when you have so many friends. We appreciate it, and we would like to go, but we would not want to take the place of somebody you would rather have."

"I want you to go, or I would not have asked you. I thought of you and Carl because you need the change, and the other friends have lots of good times, and you don't." he answered, frankly. And so it was settled.

The following days were very busy ones for Mrs. Helm and Carl, for there were washings to be done and their own clothes to get ready; as they worked they talked happily of the pleasure that was to be theirs for whole long weeks. Friday came at last, although Carl had thought it never would, and the little party went to Carterville where they were met by Mr. Graves. "There is a spirit of restfulness in the air," Mrs Helm declared, when they reached the cottage on the border of the lake. "I like the quiet that seems to bring peace to the tired body and mind," she added.

The good times began that very evening with a long automobile ride over the country roads. The days that followed were a constant source of delight of Mrs. Helm, the experience was so new and wonderful to her. She enjoyed the rest in the morning after she awoke, because she could lie still and listen to the songs of the birds and see the sunrise creep over the hills until it bathed the water with a tinge of red, with no thought of work that must be done. Carl learned to row and swim, and he could catch his share of fish, too. The time he spent in the house was very short. The days together made the boys good friends, and they were sorry that the two weeks were not longer.

"I just could not tell you what these days have meant to me," Mrs. Helm said when she was ready for the drive to the station the day they were to return home. "You have all seen how I have enjoyed every moment of my stay; it has been better for me than medicine. I knew other people had these good times when they got away into the quiet, where they forget care for awhile, but I never expected such pleasure would fall to my lot because I am just a washerwoman. I knew the idea to have Carl and me to come was Percy's, and I am grateful to him for his thoughtfulness and unselfishness and the rest of you have done so much for us, and been so kind. We can never repay you for the beautiful things you have done for us; we hope you will have a good time here the rest of the summer. You all deserve it because of the spirit you have shown in sharing your pleasures with us for a time." It is a case when you have cast your bread on the waters, and I hope it will return to you not after many days, but very soon" and with a smile she went to the waiting automobile.

When Mr. Graves returned from the station he found Percy reading in the hammock, while his mother and his aunt were on the porch busy with their sewing.

"Well Percy, your guests seemed to enjoy their stay with us, and they both looked stronger than when they came. I am sure the rest and change did them both good. Your idea in having them come has given your mother and me a suggestion. We are going to write to our washerwoman and have her come out for two weeks; then we plan to have some girls and boys who work in the factory and can not afford a vacation trip."

"Every other summer we have invited just our special friends out here—friends who have so many others to enjoy that they won't really appreciate an outing like this, but if you can set aside the pleasure you would have had with your own friends to give somebody who need it a chance, so can we. We intend to make our cottage a place, from this time, that will give happiness to people who have few of the good things of life. So you see your sacrifice had its influence, and the example you set by inviting Mrs. Helm and Carl will be the means of some other deserving people having a good time."

Percy's face flushed with gladness under his coat of tan at his uncle words.

"Uncle John, I had such a good time with with Carl because he enjoyeverything so much I was glad I asked Mrs. Helm for she was almost well when she went home; then Carl had never taken a boat ride or gone in swimming before. I am glad I helped to find out how much fun those things are. He will not forget this place or the lake very soon, and he will always remember you and Aunt Mary."

"We will make our cottage a place where the lonely and the neglected people can come and find rest, and to learn that somebody is interested in giving them a little happiness said Mrs. Graves. "I am glad Percy gave us the idea."—Kind Words.

THE CANADIAN

Eight pages,

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Ontario School for the Deaf

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

GEO. F. STEWART, - - - - EDITOR.

OUR MISSION:

First—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

Second—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf subscribers.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils now in the School, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

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☞ Correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted —if we know it.

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THE CANADIAN,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO.

WEDNESDAY JUNE 1st., 1921

Keeping a Proper Balance

How difficult it is for men, even very intelligent men, to take a well-balanced, all-sided view of any subject! The new American Secretary of State, Mr. Colby, recently expressed himself as follows:

"I wish our schools would clean out the rubbish from their curricula with which they agitate the youthful mind without improving it. Better than a smattering of botany, biology, zoology, astronomy, trigonometry, plane, spherical or anything else, the youth of America should be schooled in languages. Language is the key which not only opens the riches and the stores of great literatures, but opens the doors of influential, profitable human contacts with great peoples. The ordinary graduates of an American academy or college knows nothing to do with his smatterings of science except to forget them. We must indeed, and without delay, master the languages of the nations who are our neighbors. Only by so doing can we succeed in cultivating genuine and vital relations with them."

Probably Mr. Colby does not exaggerate the cultural value of a knowledge of several languages, though it would be of practical value to only a limited number of people. The difficulty is to enable students to get more than the "mere smattering" that Mr. Colby deplores in relation to other subjects. In our high schools and colleges most of the students "take up" two or three languages, but very few of them ever become sufficiently conversant with them to enable them to read these languages with facility and and understanding, without which it impossible for them to enjoy "the riches and stores of great literatures." However this is a difficulty that can be surmounted, and no doubt most intelligent people will endorse a modified form of Mr. Colby's views relative to the study of languages. Whatever else this study may or may not do, it certainly helps the student to acquire a better knowledge and a more facile use of the English language.

We must dissent, however, from some of his other remarks. No doubt most curricula are burdened with much that is of no practical or cultural value to most pupils, that contains little mental stimulus and does not conduce to the enjoyment and enrichment of life. Such subjects as advanced mathematics—trigonometry, geometry etc, might well be eliminated except for purposes of technical education. But we are very sorry for the pupil who leaves school without at least a smattering of botany, zoology, geology, astronomy, etc, enough at least to arouse his powers of observation, stimulate his mind and awaken his intelligent interest in the wonders of nature that are constantly before his eyes and the forces and processes of nature which touch him on all sides of his daily life.

We know some will say that it is not botany, zoology, etc. that we are thinking about, but just nature study, of which every one, of course, approves. It is a distinction without any real difference. When we learn anything about plant life, whether by observation or otherwise, it is botany we are learning, for all sure knowledge of plants, however elementary, is botany. And a child is surely better equipped to understand nature and enjoy nature study, if in the class-room he gets a little general insight into the natural sciences—gets some conception, for instance, of the parts of a plant of classification, of the symmetry and balance and adatation of all natural forces and processes. And this, if relating to plants, is botany, even though but "a smattering." For want of this, how many people there are who, having eyes, see naught and having ears, hear naught, as they pass along the way. To such

> "A primrose by the river's brim,
> A yellow primrose is to him,
> And it is nothing more."

But to the well-taught, observant person, there is enjoyment in every object of nature, and quite obviously the more intelligent and scientifically accurate his knowledge, the greater his interest and delight. To such an one there is in very truth "tongues in trees, sermons in stones, books in running brooks and good," yes, God, "in everything." For to the reverent, observant mind,

> "Earth's crammed with heaven
> And every burning bush afire with God."

He who works on material things leaves results that perish. The noblest buildings crumble into dust. The finest picture the artist can put on canvas will fade away. The most perfect productions in marble of a Phidias or an Angelo will disintegate and perish. Nothing done with matter can be immortal, for all matter will perish. But he who works on the unseen, the spiritual, leaves impressions that shall endure forever. The touch of beauty we put upon a life by the earnest word spoken; the new impulse or aspiration started in the heart of a pupil by our own stimulating life and example; the moral, aesthetical and spiritual principles we instil—all this is immortal work wrought into the fibre of immortal lives, which will endure forever. This, after all, is the rich, priceless guerdon of every teacher who recognizes his responsibility and fulfils his trust. Ruskin says: "When we build, let us think that we build forever. Let it not be for the present delight nor for the present use alone; let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay each stone, that a time is to come when these stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labor and wrought substance of them, See this our fathers did for us."

At a father' and sons' dinner a a few weeks ago in Minneapolis, a fourteen year old boy named Harold Conden responded to the toast, "Our parents," in words that it would be well for every boy to read, and remember.

He said that for several years after he came into the world, he thought he was pretty much the whole thing, but he soon found that his brothers and sisters also had a claim. He admits that it cost his folks some trouble and expense to raise him, so he tries to do his part in the home by taking ashes from the furnace, feeding the fire and scrubbing floors. Also he washes his face behind the ears, and is generally able to find his own cap. He considers himself fortunate in his parents, and tries to make their way easier. He concluded as follow:

"I do not know all what my home expects of me, but I have tried to make a start. I know that I bear the name of Condon; that it is a good name, and I want to keep it good. My father and mother have taught me to do right, and I want to do right. When I do not know what to do, I ask them. I feel it is my duty to be faithful, obedient and to make them glad that I am their son. They gave me a Bible for for Christmas, and I like to read it. I pray every day, always before going to to bed, for I have learned that we have a Heavenly Father. I know that if I shall meet the expectations of the home I have here on earth, my Heavenly Father will recognize me, too, and give me a heavenly home.

"I expect to have a home of my own some day. I do not know who Mrs. Harold Condon is yet; but I want her to be as good as my mother is. I do not know whether I can improve on my own home—but I am going to try. I want to become a good citizen, and to serve my God and my Country well."

Our schools are doing a threefold service to the deaf children of Georgia. Our pupils are trained in the dormitories to good habits and good manners, to proper care of their health, to be neat and polite and social. They are trained in the school rooms to the arts of reading, writing, reading speech from the lips of others, working problems in arithmetic, learning geography and history. They are trained in various shops to expertness in some trade through which they will become useful and independent citizens. In addition to this training there are several hours daily in which the pupils are left to their own initiative and given every opportunity for play. Basket ball, baseball, swings, ladders, —all games and the playground apparatus usual in schools and colleges are provided. In addition to these things the best of moving pictures are presented three or four times every week. It is because of these advantages that our deaf children are developing so nicely. They work and study and they are happy.—The School Helper.

There are teachers and teachers just as there are engineers and engineers, farmers and farmers. But the effect of the work of teachers goes on long after those workers have ceased to work.

Teaching is a responsible job, though it is little appreciated by the general public. But those who recognize the responsibility of the work of unfolding to the minds of young people the wonders of the universe and the necessity of buiding up a strong character want to have teachers who will teach, who will give as much of their time as possible to the work to which they are assigned, who will endeavor to preserve their minds and bodies for the sole task they are hired to do and are expected to perform.

There are teachers who love to teach.

There are teachers who teach because they have to.

There are teachers who teach because of the money that is in it.

There are teachers who teach because they believe they can help the deaf get a good education.

There are teachers who teach whether their work for the deaf amounts to anything or not, just so nine months' salary comes to them.

Do the children forget who taught them?

Do the children appreciate honest help on the part of teachers?

Do the children know the sham from the genuine?

We believe they do.

Then wouldn't it be the part of wisdom for the teacher to preserve her mental and bodily equilibrium for the work she is employed to do?

Should she have her mind on something foreign to her work—something that keeps her nerves high strung?

We trow not.

The work is retarded.

The health of the teacher is injured.

The pupils are worse off for having such a teacher.—Deaf Mississipian.

Habits are the result of repeated actions. The sum total of habits, good and bad, is character. If the majority of the sum of habits is bad then the character is bad; if good habits predominate, then the character is good. Often a good character will break down; when such a breakdown does come it is because there has been no steadying influence of purpose. Away back in the heart and mind the break first appeared. The conviction, the will power, must have weakened because there was no purpose. What is a purpose?

A purpose is a determined aim, some times it is the result of the influence of our friends and associates. What the world needs to-day is a class of young people, young men and woman, who are anchored by consecrated, determinded aims, that they may hold out steadfastly to the end. What is your aim, young man, young woman? Do you know toward what port you are sailing? Have you a chart and compass? It your course planned and marked out? Or are you a derelict, lost on the ocean of life, just drifting, drifting, whither the wind and waves are guiding you?

The French at Verdun had as their aim, "They shall not pass," and the enemy did not pass. This aim was their guiding star. The men were willing to make the supreme sacrifice, as many did, for their aim. It pointed the way, they followed and victory was won.—Ex.

We welcome to our table The Austine School News, published at Brattleboro, Vermont. It is unique in that it is printed entirely with an Edison Mineograph, as there is no printing office there. Mr. Weaver, the recently appointed superintendent of that school, was formerly head teacher at Mt. Airy School, and editor of the Mt. Airy World, in both of which capacities he stood in the very front rank. We are confident that he will be a conspicuous success as superintendent and that he will soon be issuing a paper from an up-to-date printing plant, for he'll not be happy till he gets one.

Mr. Thomas Bradshaw is enjoying life in Santa Barbara, California. He is employed at the bench in a planing mill and his hours of work is forty-four per week at the rate of a dollar an hour. His wife has greatly improved in health. His son who is now in New York will finish his course in dentistry this summer and then will join his proud dad in California, where he expects to practice his profession.—The Echo.

PUPILS' LOCALS

—In the carpenter-shop, we moved the stairs to the wall so that there will be a room for the new machines when they come. We will be delighted to learn how to run the machines.—Robert Evan Crowe.

—This afternoon we girls went to Domestic Science class and Miss Schofield taught us how to make Vanilla Cookies. We were very much interested in making them. Miss Schofield told us that we would have them for supper. Leone Jackson went to the dining room and got eight plates for us.—Iona Osborne.

—I will tell you an interesting story of some wise crows. One day some crows flew down on the shore. They saw a shell. They tried to open it but they could not. They walked around it. They tried to think how they could open it. They got an idea. Some of them carried it and dropped it on a stone and it broke open. Then they flew down and ate it.—Fred Suddy.

—On Sunday afternoon, two women came here. We met them and shook hands with them. We had never seen them before. They are my father's cousins. They had never seen my father. Their names are Mrs. Mc Millan and Mrs. Close. They are widows. Mrs. McMillan lived in Queensound before. At Christmas, she moved to Belleville. She asked us to come to her. I was glad to see her.—Raymond Hunter.

—Sylvia Foster's birthday was on April 28th. The girls wished her many happy returns of the day. Sylvia invited seven other girls and me to a party last Saturday night. We had ham sandwiches, peanut-butter sandwiches, ice-cream, lemonade, cake, candies, cookies, bars, gum and other things. We all enjoyed them very much. After a while we played progressive crokinole. We thanked Sylvia for her kindness. We all had a good time and went to bed about 9o' clock.—Florence Davis.

—Last night Miss Schofield fooled Iona. She gave a box to me but it was not for me. It was addressed to Iona and I gave the box to Iona. Then she opened the box and she found a new gold wrist watch in it. She thinks that it was from her grandmother but she is not certain as she did not find any letter or card in the box. The wrist watch is beautiful.—Gladys Blais.

Every Monday afternoon I go to the Fancy Work class. Mrs. Lockwood teaches the girls to do the fancy work. I am making a tea-cosy for the O. S. D. I like to work at it. My cousin, Miss Blanche Iessier is clever at doing fancy work. When I was a small girl, she crotcheted a spread for a bed and I crotcheted a cap for my doll. When I go home, I shall crotchet something for my mother. Every Wednesday afternoon I go the Domestic Science class. Miss Schofield teaches the girls to do the Domestic Science work. When go home, I shall cook some things for my mother. We cooked some macaroni last Wednesday afternoon and ate it for our supper. We liked it very much.—Lauretta Elvira Delinelle.

Sunday afternoon, May 8th,—Misses Sunter and Palen invited us to go to the woods to pick flowers. They hired an auto-bus to take us there but we walked back. We picked flowers and some boys got a crayfish, some tad poles and snails. We put them into water and brought them to school. We wrote descriptions of them in our nature study books. They are living still. We feed them fish-food. The tad-poles are growing nicely and will soon have legs. The crayfish has many eggs attached to its swimmers. We hope they will hatch all right for we want to see the baby crayfish cling to the mother.—Russell L. Groves.

-I dreamed about Nellie Laughlin, Miss Ford and Miss Palen. I thought that Miss Palen invited Nellie, Miss Ford and my class to go to the woods and we went with Miss Palen. We picked many flowers. We each had a bouquet of flowers. Nellie hid in the woods. Then Miss Ford asked me where Nellie was. I looked for her but I could not find her. My classmates could not find her, either. I thought that Nellie looked for some water cress but she did not see a lion and tiger which were in the woods. She shouted. Miss Ford heard the noise. She ran very fast but the tiger sprang on Nellie and ate her up. Misses Ford and Palen were very much frightened and ran. Miss Ford jumped over the fence and tore her skirt. I ran through the woods and looked for Misses Ford and Palen. I met them. They told me about Nellie. We went home. It was only a dream.—Florence Bagby.

—Last night I read a story about "The Clock's Speech," that a boy of ten years of age, wrote. As far back as he could remember, he was in a jeweller's shop with several other clocks of different sizes. There was an old grandfather's clock which was very cross. He often used to scold him and his brothers so they were very glad when he was taken away. One by one his brothers were sold until he alone was left. He began to get very impatient. A man said, "I want a clock for a school room." He chose this clock and it was taken to a beautiful brick school with big playgrounds and flowers around it. He chose a woman for a teacher. She was not cross with the children and they loved her. They were interested in school. There was one boy who always made the girls laugh. One day, one of them laughed aloud. One day he heard the big boys playing base-ball. The window was open. A big boy hit a ball and sent it through the window. It hit the clock and broke its door. The teacher found the ball. She took the clock off the wall and sent it to the jeweller's shop to be mended. The big boy paid the bill.—Harry Sloan.

—Last Saturday afternoon Mr. Smith told us that the Albert College manager telephoned him that they wanted to play two games, one with our team and another with the Deseronto team. We went to the Albert College grounds. At 2 o'clock our team played with Albert College. They played a very hard, clean game. Rodger Pye pitched very well and struck out eight batters and Maritt struck out six. James Tate, our clever catcher, hit a homerun in the second innings. The score was 4 to 2 in favor of the Albert College team in the sixth innings. I thought that our team were beaten but in the seventh innings three deaf boys were on bases. Alton Dick, the star first baseman was at bat. I told him that he must try to hit a homerun. He told me that if he would hit the ball, a player would catch it. He hit a fly to the left fielder. Two boys were out. James Tate doubled. Three boys scored. Victor Reading bunted and was out. At the finish the score was 7 to 5 in favor of our team. The game was off because the Albert College team wanted to play with the Deseronto team. We were glad. The Albert College team defeated the Deseronto team easily by the score of 30 to 5. Guest was the winning pitcher.—Joe Lionel Goldman.

-I read a story about Ali Cogia. I would like to tell you about him. Ali Cogia was a very rich man. First, he put thousands of pieces of gold in a jar and then he put olive over the gold in the jar. He closed the mouth of the jar tightly. He gave it to a merchant, who was a friend of his. He told the merchant to take care of the jar for him until he returned. Ali was away for seven years and the merchant thought that he was dead, so he took the jar and opened it. He found the gold under the olives. He spent all of the gold. Then he bought new olives and filled the jar up again and put it away. In a few days Ali came back and looked for the gold in the jar, but he found only the olives. He asked the merchant if he stole the gold and he told him that he did not. Ali knew that the merchant did not tell the truth. So he took him to the judge. The judge found no fault in him and let him go. But one day Ali's friends saw some boys playing that they were the judge, the merchant and Ali. They had two boys as olive-merchants, who tasted the olives and said they were fresh. The boy-judge said Ali was guilty. They did not see Ali's friends and Ali's friends knew how to find out if the merchant took the gold. They returned to the judge. The judge got the boy to try the merchant and called two olive-men to come and taste the olives in the jar. One of them tasted the olives and told the judge that the olives were only one year old. He also said that the olives would not keep for seven years. The merchant confessed to Ali and paid back the gold. The merchant was put into prison.—Michael Coules.

— I read an interesting story. I will tell you about it. Many years ago a king's three sons went along together till they came to an ant hill. One of the brothers told the other brothers to stir up the ants so that he could see them run away with their eggs. Witling, was a good boy. He told them that he would not let them hurt the ants. Then they went went to a pond. The eldest brothers wished to catch ducks and cook them. Witling told them that he would not let them to kill the ducks. The brothers walked on through the wood and came to a tree in where there was a bee's nest. The eldest brother said that they would make a fire under the tree and the bees would fly away and they could have the honey. Witling told him that he would not let them hurt the bees. At last the three brothers came to a castle. They went into the rooms. Everything in the castle was of stone. They found a large stone table. On the table were written three things that must be done to free three princesses who lay sleeping in one of the rooms. First some one must find a thousand pearls that lay under the moss in the woods. If he did not find all the pearls in one day, at sunset he should be turned to stone. The eldest brother went into the wood and looked under the moss all day. He found only one hundred pearls and at sunset he was turned to stone. The second brother went out the next day to look for the pearls. He found only two hundred and at night he, too was turned to stone. Poor Witling was very sad for he loved his brothers. He thought he would be turned to stone himself. He began to look under the moss for the pearls. He was hunting for the pearls when he came to the King of the Ants. The Ant King told Witling that he saved their lives and they would save him. He called up five thousand ants. They found the pearls. The second thing to do was to get the key of the princess's room out of the lake. Witling came to the lake. The ducks swam to him. They told him that they would help him for he saved their lives. They dived into the water and one of them brought up the key. The third thing to do was to tell which of the three daughters of the King was the youngest and prettiest. They were asleep and they looked just alike. Before they went to sleep the eldest had eaten some sugar, the second a little syrup and the youngest a spoonful of honey. He stood looking at them. A bee flew into the room. It was the queen of the bees that had been saved by Witling. The Queen Bee flew to the lips of the youngest princess and began to sip the honey. Then he knew which one to choose. The spell was broken. The King's daughters woke up. The two brothers ran into the castle to find Witling. The King was very happy. He gave Witling half of his kingdom and he ordered every one to be kind to the ants, the ducks and the bee.—Charlie Davey.

FROM FAR AND NEAR

Mr. W. H. Gould Jr. of London was in Brantford on May 8th visiting friends and attended the meeting conducted by Mr. Frank E. Harris of Toronto.

The many friends of Miss Jennie Dell of Simcoe will sympathize with her upon the recent and sudden death of her brother, Mr. Frank Dell, who passed away on May 12 in the 52nd year of his age. He was just recovering from a serious siege of small-pox when he suddenly dropped dead from a paralytic stroke leaving a wife and eight year old daughter to mourn his loss. He was well known to the deaf through his 32 years' service in the employ of Mr. Wm. Sutton of Simcoe Miss Dell has also been in Mr. Sutton's employ for over 30 years. Strange to say three other brothers of Miss Dell died of a stroke at various times and each in his 52nd year.

The Annual Picnic of the Recreation Club of the Deaf of Winnipeg will be held on June 4 and hopes a are out for a big crowd and a gala time. Our old friend, Mr. Rupert Williams, is the moving spirit and life of this club's prosperity.

Miss Edith Carter of Guelph, sister of our Elizabeth Carter, will be married on June 9 to Rev. Alex Mc Gowan, at also of the Royal City. We offer our congratulations in advance and wish them ever succes.

We regret to hear of the death of Miss Elsie Burke, of Port Arthur, which sad event happened about the middle of April, Elsie has our sympathy. Miss Nicholson, of Winnipeg, was down to cheer Elsie up.

As was forcasted, the aged father of Mr. J. R. Newell of Milton passed to his reward on May 16 in his 85th year. He was one of the oldest residents of Halton County and used to team lumber by oxen locomotive in the long ago before advent of this age of rapid transit. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved ones.

A few months before the convention was held in Hamilton last June, Mrs. Euphemia Terrill of Whitby generously donated two large beautiful oil color pictures, already framed in oak, to the sports committee to be competed for at Dundas Park, as a memorial to her late father Prof McGann, one was for the best lady competitor and the other for the gentleman champion. After computing the merits of the various competitors, we find that Miss Annie Maas, of Hamilton, wins the coveted prize for ladies while the gentleman's prize goes to Mr. Eddie Payne, late of Toronto but now in Walkerville. The prizes, one a "Bouquet of Pansies" and the other a "Bunch of Violets" are both very artistically finished and a treat to look upon. They are in the keeping of the writer at "Mora Glen", who will give them to the successful winners if they will call for them.

Congratuations to Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Rivers of Simcoe on the birth of a daughter lately. Mrs. Rivers is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. William Baillie and their infant becomes a great grand niece of Mr. and Mrs. William Sutton of Simcoe.

Mrs. Howard Lloyd got up a surprise party for her husband on May 7th and in every way it was a complete success. Howard was given a beautiful Bible as a token of love and he said it was the best thing they could give him. Every one reports a great time. Among those present were Howard's parents and sisters, Hazel and Gladys, the former's husband, Mr. and Mrs. Bamber Brown and two daughters. Mr. and Mrs. James Braven, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. H. Baumgart, Mrs. Mitchell, Mr. Teague and the Misses Myrtle and Iva Hughes of Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fisher of London were among those who attended a surprise party given to Miss Caves of St. Thomas on May 7th.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McKenzie and son of Harley and Mrs. A. E. Smith of Burford motored to Brantford on Sunday May, 8th, to attend the meeting conducted by Mr. F. E. Harris of Toronto.

Mr. Alex B. McCaul and the writer were up in Kitchener over the week-end of May 14th, and having had the pleasure of a stroll all over the city were greatly taken up with its quaint and well built homes of the modern type, the wide and grassy lawns, beautiful shaded streets and spacious recreation parks. One thing most pleasing were the beautiful well kept and cosy like homes of all the married deaf of that city who nearly all own their own homes due to their thriftness and foresight. It may be rather too early to speak of our next convention, but should a place be selected to hold it next year why not boost Kitchener, one of the prettiest and most conveniently located cities in Ontario?

We sympathize with Mrs. John A. Moynihan of Waterloo upon the death of her father, who died at Washington D. C. on May 30th at the age of seventy years and eight months. Owing to the illness of her daughter, Mrs. Moynihan could not attend the funeral.

We were all greatly shocked to hear of the death of our old and esteemed friend Mr. George S. MacKenzie, of Moncton N. B. who died of heart trouble on May 26th. Ever since the convention held here in 1908 he has been at every succeeding convention and had endeared himself to all whom he met. He was of a jolly and good natured disposition, always pleasing to converse with. No doubt he will be sorely missed. He leaves a wife and a daughter of about seven years to mourn his loss, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy.

The Deaf of Ottawa got up a very pleasant outing to Rock Cliffe Park on June 4th in honor of Mrs. H. W. Roberts of Toronto and it was a great treat.

We hear that Mrs. W. A. O'Rourke is about to dispose of her property in Ottawa and live in Peterboro here after.

Mr. Reginald Wright, late of Winnipeg, has secured a very lucrative position in the Chemistry dept. of the Dominion Government at Ottawa. He is a very clever and strapping young fellow.

The daughter and only child of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Dubois of Ottawa, who was married a few months ago to Mr. Fortier, is living very happily at the capital.—H. W. R.

HONOR ROLL

The Honor Roll is based not only on the pupils' progress, but their industry and general deportment.

SR. ORAL DEPARTMENT

GRADE IV
Blanche Brewer
Lucy Buchan
Melvin Cole

GRADE III
Olive Johnston
Myrel Jackson
Catherine Tudhope

GRADE II
Lorenzo Maiola
Frank Bealer
Raymond Hunter

GRADE I B
Michael Coules
Robert Crowe
Clifford Barbour

GRADE I A
Madeline Dubois
Dennis Laporte
Erna Sole

JUNIOR ORAL DEPARTMENT

GRADE IV A
George Hirons
Duncan McCallum
Sylvia Foster

GRADE IV B
Clifford Hunter
Charles Robinson
Maisie Fairful

GRADE IV C
Sidney Pack
Norman Eickemeyer
Raymond Ford } equal
Noriune Simpson }

GRADE III A
Irene Robinson
Edyth Bishop
Charles Meyette

GRADE III B
Alma Olson
Cecil Murtell
Edna Younge

GRADE II A
Lorena Tweedie
Albert Schwager
Zona Simpson } equal
Lemay Jette }

GRADE II B
Grace Moors
Harvey Henderson
Audrey Pittaway

GRADE II C
Leonard Brown
Elwood Bell
Nellie Black } equal
Joe Carriere }

GRADE I A
Margaret Brent
Jack Angus
Bessie McGovern

GRADE I B
Kenneth Andrews
Harry Dennis
John H. Roberts

GRADE I C
Margaret Patrick
Lera Petch
Kathleen Webb

PREPARATORY A.
George Fawcett
Walter Scott
John Boyle

PREPARATORY B.
Pearl Liddle
Francis Meyette
Jean Green

PREPARATORY C.
Florence Garside
Stelle Gerow } equal
Rose Benedict }
Robert Thompson
Ian Simpson } equal
Dennis Armes }

MANUAL DEPARTMENT

SENIOR
V. Lagrandeur
W. Tait
M. Kinsman

INTERMEDIATE
Mary Tate
Gordon Henderson
Maud Gilmour

JUNIOR
Nellie Wonnacott
Laura Kuhe
John Roberts

INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

SHOE SHOP
(SENIOR)
N. Nowak
G. Hunter
V. Lagrandeur
(JUNIOR)
T. Goulding
N. Eickemeyer
J. Tate

BAKE SHOP
A. Waldron
C. Meyett

CARPENTER SHOP
(SENIOR)
M. Cole
R. Hunter
C. Barbour
(JUNIOR)
L. Thornton
N. Gura
W. Patterson

PRINTING OFFICE
(Seniors)
Alton Dick
Joseph Meyette
Rodger Pye } equal
W. McGovern }
(Juniors)
L. Maiola
M. Coules
J. Moreland } equal
D. Laporte }

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

GRADE V
(SENIOR)
M. McKee
H. Middleton
L. Whalen
(JUNIOR)
M. Allen
M. Jackson
N. Patrick

GRADE IV
F. Bagby
I. Osborne
N. Smith

GRADE III
E. Durrant
N. Simpson
D. Towns

GRADE II
A. Goodison
M. Kinsman
N. Laughlin

GRADE I
N. Black
L. Tweedie
Z. Simpson

SEWING CLASS

GRADE V
M. Jackson
D. Foster
N. Patrick

GRADE IV
M. Allen
O. Johnston
G. Christian

GRADE III
M. Dubois
L. Petch
D. Towns

GRADE II
M. Kinsman
M. Volk
D. Healey

GRADE I
L. Tweedie
E. Bishop
M. Gilmour

GENERAL DEPORTMENT

GIRLS
L. Whalen
M. McKee
N. Simpson
L. Buchan
F. Kenny
D. Foster
F. Leeder
N. Smith
I. Osborne
F. Davis
E. Bishop
E. Johnston

BOYS
Alton Dick
Nick Nowak
Raymond Hunter
Moses Summers
Norman Eickemeyer
Raymond Ford
Clifford Barbour
Russell Groves
Michael Coules
Victor Lagrandeur
Duncan McCallum
Clifford Hunter

TORONTO TOPICS

Mr. N. A. McGillivary spent the Victoria Day holidays with friends in Montreal and reports a grand old time.

Mr. Alex McCaul was lately out in Oshawa, looking over his property in that steadily increasing city. He is willing to dispose of his holidays there if some one will come forward with a tempting bait. Alex is a very thrifty young man and fast making the grade up the ladder of success.

Mr. Clarence Pinder heard that there was something attractive up in Kitchener so off he struck for that city to spend the Victoria Day holidays and was smiling when he came back.

Two pleasant surprise parties were given in honor of the natal days. One was for Miss Elsie Wilson on May 2nd and the other for her sister, Beulah, on May 13. A very good time was enjoyed by all present on both occasions.

Mr. William Roman, late of this city but now of Montreal, was married on June 2nd at Bloomfield Sta. N. B. to Miss Nellie H. Dixon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dixon, of that place. Quite a few of Willie's friends here got announcements of the wedding. We wish for them every happiness. Mr. Roman first married Miss Ethel Swayze of Tilsonburg who died in this city a few years ago.

On Saturday afternoon May 28th Mr. Phil. Fraser took Misses Ethel Griffith, Muriel Kennedy and Lily Casey and Mr. Ass Forester in his car to Palgrave, where Mr. Fraser conducted the service for our friends up that way next day. They all got home safely Sunday evening despite the terrible cloudburst that brought down such a deluge of rain as to wash away many bridges in that vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pugsley enjoyed the Victoria Day holidays with Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Thomas in Oakville Mr. Pugsley going out to visit friends in Hamilton in the meantime.

Mr. Arthur Bowen of Cookstown was down to attend the funeral of his sister's husband, Mr. J. H. Mason, on May 31st.

Mr. R. S. Edwards was up in Kitchener for the Victoria Day holidays as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Black and had a dandy time.

We were pleased to see Mr. W. H. Gould, Jr. of London in our midst over the 24th of May.

Mrs. H. W. Roberts returned from Ottawa on June 6th after a fortnight's pleasant sojourn with relatives and friends whom she declares are royal entertainers and she certainly is right, for one is sure to get a great time down at the Capital. Mr. Roberts who went down with her on May 21, had to return in the evening of the 24th. They visited such interesting places as Hull, Britannia Bay, Rockcliffe, Napean Point, the Dominion House of Commons and the Senate and many pretty homes of the Deaf.

Mr. Gerald O'Brien has been transferred from the Peterboro to the Toronto post office and we welcome him.

Mr. George W. Ross, of the Post Office staff, recently took his three weeks holidays and spent the time visiting relatives and friends in Bracebridge, Allandale and other parts.

Mrs. W. J. Baird of Beeton was visiting friends here during the last week of May and first week in June.

Mr. William Hazlitt was up in London for a few days over the 24th of May visting friends.

Mr. W. W. Scott, of the postal staff, left on June 4th on his three weeks' annual holiday, accompined by his wife. They left by boat for Hamilton, Niagara Falls, St Catharines and Welland port to spend the first two week and will then go to Shelburne, Riverview and other parts up that way for the last week.

One of our enterprising chaps has purchased a swell canoe which he has named "Pun-gish-i-moo," a word used by the Indians around "Muddy York" years ago. Can you find out who owns this boat?

These are my last items for the season so wish you all a very pleasant vacation during the coming summer. —H. W. R.

LONDON LOCALS

A very pleasant surprise party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Cowan on Birch St., on April 29th, and a grand time was the universal saying of all present.

Mrs. Robert Hoy, her daughter, Mary and her son Mack, of St. Paul, were in this city on May 13th while on their way home after attending the funeral of a brother-in-law of Mrs. Hoy.

Mr. W. H. Gould, Jr., was out to Brantford on a visit to friends on May 8th and returned on the midnight train. Willie is always busy in his shop and meeting with every success.

Mr. Roy Wright and four of his deaf friends motored to Port Stanley on May 14th to put in the day trying to catch the finny tribe, but struck the nemesis of hard luck owing to the wind tossed breakers.

Mr. W. R. Watt, of Toronto, was here for our meeting on May 22nd and had a good turn out.

Mrs. Isaac Cornford and daughter were out in Ingersoll for a week lately visiting the former's parents.

Mr. W. H. Gould, Jr., was in Toronto for the 24th holidays visiting relatives and friends and had a good time.

Those living in this city who were under the tutelage of the late Prof. P. M. Denys were shocked and grieved to learn of his death.

Mr. A. H. Cowan has been giving the deaf here an interesting lecture every Wednesday and Thursday during the past month, which they greatly appreciated.

The deaf here had a good time at a picnic at Springbank Park on May 24th.

Miss Ada Mason, of Hyde Park, is visiting a married sister in this city at present.

There are about half a dozen of our deaf friends still out of a job owing to the continued dull times.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Given of Elmwood was smothered to death under a pillow a short time ago. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved relatives, Mrs. Given is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gustin of this city.

The deaf here were shocked to hear of Miss Jemina Noyes' death on May 14th at her home in Denfield. She was working steadily at her daily toil when the Angel of Death suddenly descended and carried her off at 3 a.m., on that morning. She was 83 years of age and was buried in the family plot at St. George's cemetery in that village alongside the graves of her parents who departed decades ago.

Mr. W. H. Gould, Jr., received a welcome letter from Mr. William Kay, of Stevens Point, Wis., saying he is in prime health living with his sister. He wants to be remembered to all his friends here.

KITCHENER GLEANIGS

Our seventh annual picnic under the County of Waterloo Association of the Deaf will be held this year at Victoria Park in Galt on Aug. 1st and the committee in charge are Absolom Martin, Chairman; C. W. Golds, Secretary, and Newton Black, Treasurer. Mr. Golds will gladly furnish information regarding any arrangements. His address is 121 Weber St. E. It is hoped that this years will be the biggest ever and Galt is easy of access from all directions.

The Kitchener mission to the Deaf has transferred its headquarters from Zion Evangelical Church on Weber St. to the Benton St. Baptist Church. All friends welcome to our regular meeting every Sunday at 3 p. m.

Mr. H. W. Roberts of Toronto came up from Toronto on Saturday, May 14th and gave us a splendid lecture and also gave a fine address on "The virtues of a mother's love" at our Church next day to one of the largest gatherings we have had for a long time. Mr. Roberts was accompanied by Mr. Alex. B. McCaul, also of Toronto, who was greatly enamored with our beautiful city. They were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Black during their stay here. —C. W. G.

Ontario Association of the Deaf

OFFICERS.

Hon. Patron	R. Mathison, M.A., Toronto
Hon. Pres.	Dr. Coughlin, Belleville.
President	J. Fraser, Toronto.
1st Vice-Pres.	H. Lloyd, Brantford.
2nd Vice-Pres.	A. E. Wagoner, Hamilton.
Secretary	Wm. Nurse, Belleville.
Treasurer	Chas. A. Ryan, Woodstock.

SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Hon. President	Dr. Coughlin
President	Wm. Nurse.
Manager	

THE CANADIAN

SCHOOL MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

WEDENSDAY JUNE 1st., 1921

May 24th Sports

We still honor the natal day of good Queen Victoria and the pupils were given a whole holiday from school and work. It was real Queen's weather, ideal for our programme of sports and they were carried out in full, the pupils taking great interest in all of them although the prizes were of little value, consisting mainly of fruit and for the juniors, the addition of candy. Our front grounds must have presented a pretty scene to the many motorists passing along the road. The little ones and their teachers, which made the largest party, had the lawn in front of the boys' residence and had impromptu races got up by the teachers: the only thing that mattered was to make them happy, care being specially taken that each girl or boy got a share of the fruits and candies whether they won races or not. On the other side of the lawn the seniors and intermediates carried out a long programme, much interest being taken by all and it was dinner time when all was finished. In the afternoon the boys and girls had a lovely indoor base-ball games each team having a proportion of both sexes, the boys being restricted to batting with one hand.

The following is a list of the winners among the seniors and intermediates:

GIRLS

Ty yard dash, senior—1. Betty Williams, 2. Muriel Allen, 3. Dorothy Foster
Ty yard dash, intermediates—1. Leone Jackson, 2. Ena McMillan.
Hopping race, seniors, - 1. D. Foster, 2. B. Williams, 3. L. Whalen.
Hopping race, int. - 1. L. Delinelle, 2. M. Eggington.
Three-legged race, seniors, 1. D. Foster and M. McKee, 2. L. Whalen and O. Johnston.
Three-legged race, int. 1. L. Jackson and M. Dubois, 2. M. Eggington and E. McMillan
Sack race, seniors - 1. B. Williams, 2. D. Foster.
Sack race, int. 1. L. Jackson, 2. N. Smith
Spoon and potato race, seniors 1. L. Whalen, 2. L. Buchan.
Spoon and potato race, int. - 1. M. Eggington, 2. M. Dubois.
Running high Jump, seniors -1. M. Dubois
Throwing ball, 1. D. Foster, 2. M. Dubois, 3. L. Buchan.
Tug of War, seniors, -D. Whalen's team.
Tug of War, int.,—Erna Sole's class.
Special prize for girl winning the most events—D. Foster.

BOYS

Ty yard dash, seniors, -1. A. Dick, 2. J. Tate, 2. V. Reading.
Ty yard dash, int. -1 D. Peel, 2. L. Maiola.
Ty yard dash, juniors—1. R. Crowe, 2. C. Robinson.
Wheelbarrow race, int. -D. Peel and C. Robinson.
Wheelbarrow race, seniors, 1. J. Tate and R. Pye, 2. M. Cole and R Crowe
Hopping race, seniors, -1. V. Reading, 2. J. Tate.
Hopping race, int. -1. A. Hodgins, 2. D. Peel.
Running long Jump, -1. J. Tate, 2. V. Reading.
Spoon and potato race, seniors, - 1. M. Cole, 2. W. Tait.
Spoon and potato race, int.- R. Crowe.
Putting shot, 1. A. Dick, 16 feet, 2. J. Meyett, 15 feet 7 inches.
Three-legged race, seniors, -1. J Tate and A. Dick, 2. M. Cole and J. Meyette.
Three-legged race, int.—1. G. Smith and R. Groves, 2. L. Maiola and L. Patterson
Sack Race—1. M. Cole, 2. J. Meyett.
Throwing ball -1. R. Pye, 81 yards, 2. V. Reading, 79 yards.
High Jump—1. J. Tate, 2. A. Dick.
Mile Race—1. J. Meyett, 2. N. Nowak.
Pole Vault, Seniors,—1. A. Dick, 2. J. Tate.
Pole Vault, int.—1. D. Laporte.
Tug of War, seniors—M. Cole's team
Tug of War, int.—D. Laporte's team.
Special prize for boy winning the most events, J. Tate.

Notes

The tug of war between teams of senior boys and girls and intermediate boys and girls were all stubbornly contested and our baker, Mr. Boyd, had to get busy next day to provide special pies for the thirty-two winners.

The pole vault, while it was a good record, did not quite come up to the standard of other years, when we had Eddie Payne to set the pace. D. Laporte is only an intermediate but he was able to equal the best the seniors could do.

We are glad that everything passed off well without accident or unpleasantness of any kind.

Baseball

B. H. S.—6 O. S. D.—4

Our team went out to the city fair grounds one afternoon lately and played five innings with the High School boys. As the game did not begin until 4.30 there was no time for a full game. While our boys did not win, we think that they did well considering that their opponents had two players who are with the senior league clubs in the city and these two were strong factors in the win. In the course of the game Alton P. Dick won glory and applause from both teams when he hit the ball square for a home run. The weakness of our boys was in their batting. Rodger Pye was in good form and kept down the heavy hitters of the H. S. team.

Our trip to the Sandbanks

Last Saturday, a picnic, to which we were invited by Dr. Coughlin whose kindness we appreciated very much, was held at the Sandbanks, situated on the shore of Lake Ontario, a few miles from Picton. The Sandbanks are heaps of sand blown up into great banks by the wind during thousands of years. The sand is so fine that it is easily drifted. We left here about 9 o'clock in the morning, arriving at the Sandbanks about 11 o'clock. The teachers' bus carried the boys and a few girls and five other cars carried the rest of the girls and the teachers who were invited. Nellie, Blanche, Miss Willoughby and I were in Mr. Boyd's car. The auto drove to Belleville, turned south and then went across the bridge over the Bay of Quinte. While crossing the bridge, we could see the tower of this school, and the scenes around the bay are beautiful. The auto drove into Prince Edward County and the roads to the Sandbanks are winding and turn in different directions but they are not intricate. The country is beautiful and we drove through many orchards, farms, grazing lands, and lands covered with forests and stumps, and saw several schools. Some of the houses are beautiful, some are shabby and the others old-fashioned. Along the roads grew many buttercups and some other kinds of flowers. There were many hills over which the car ran and there are some swamps with streams. At a nice farm-house Miss Willoughby bought several boxes of strawberries. When about five miles from the banks we could see them appearing and they looked like mountains covered with snow. After we arrived at the hotel grounds, we strolled to the banks, picking up some shells and snapping pictures. I picked one of the largest shells and am keeping it for a souvenir. The wind had drifted the sand and this made it look like waves.

After having dinner, we played baseball for a while, then we went for a swim but we did not stay long in the water, owing to it being cold and for fear we might catch cold. Then we went up to the top of the banks in our bathing suits and many snapshots were taken. After dressing ourselves, we sauntered along the shore and around the banks. Late in the afternoon baseball was played again. For supper, lemonade fruit and cake were served. About 6.30 o'clock we left the Sandbanks for here, having enjoyed the trip very much.—Lucy Buchan.

Notes

Through the kindness of Dr. Coughlin we enjoyed a "perfect day" at the Sandbanks, and we are also thankful to Miss Willoughby, Miss Deannard and other officers for their hard work in preparing such a fine lunch, also to those who took us over in their autos. —Helen Middleton.

We had a delightful time and thought our trip to the Sandbanks was the loveliest time We ever had. We wished we could go back and stay there for two weeks.—Maude McKee.

Every thing went off pleasantly the only thing that happened on the seventy-six mile trip was that our auto bus, loaded to capacity, came to a full stop on the bridge, gas having been exhausted; enough to bring the machine home was got from neighboring people.

When all the films used up by the many cameras in the party are developed and printed we expect to see some funny pictures.

The older members of the party seemed to quite forget their ages that day and gambled in the sands and rolled down the steep banks as if the day had lopped off 40 years. Human beings are just as children as they feel and all felt pretty young.

— It was rather cold in driving on the trip both ways, but the temperature at the Banks was just right for climbing and rolling around; the bathers, however had to cut their stay in the water short as it was very cold.

After tea Miss Whalen gave Dr. Coughlin a vote of thanks on behalf of the pupils for the very pleasant day they had enjoyed.

—The six heavily loaded autos all left school together but some went via Picton and the others by Bloomfield, the latter arriving first.

Then were not many people at the parks so we had the grounds to ourselves. The season has not opened there yet.

The late Mr. J. H. Mason

In our midst another chair is vacant. God has called home one more of our most beloved friends and left in his wake sorrow and sorrow. On Saturday afternoon, May 28th, Mr. John Harry Mason passed peacefully to his eternal reward in the 68th year of his age. A little over a week previous to his demise he was taken to St. Michaels hospital to undergo an operation for appendicitis, which was successfully performed, and he showed signs of rallying, but a few days later complications set in and he took a turn for the worse and although the best was done for him the seriousness of his case coupled with his advanced age told on him and at 3.15 that very afternoon he fell into the sleep that knows no earthly waking. Mr. Mason was born in Plymouth, Devonshire, England on Jan. 21, 1853, and came to Canada at the age of five years. He was the youngest son of Lawrence and Elizabeth Mason, and was sent to the Belleville School in 1871, the year following its opening, graduating in 1876. At first he settled at Bowmanville but afterwards went to Hamilton where he spent a year learning the blacksmithing business and become a clever machinist. Later he came to Toronto and at once he secured a position with Massey-Harris Co and remained therewith as a faithful employee for the record time of 37 years, retiring two years ago on a pension. On Dec. 23, 1891, he was happily married to Miss Margaret F. Bowen of Penville, who survives him. By this union two children were born, a son, Harry Bowen Mason, who died 26 years ago on March 11, 1895, at the age of thirteen months and a daughter, Myrtle, who passed away on March 15, 1912, in her nineteenth year. Mr. Mason was a man of frugal habits with a genial disposition that commanded respect everywhere. For a number of years he was the gifted treasurer of the Toronto Evangelical Church of the Deaf and always discharged his duties in a highly commendable way. The funeral took place on Tuesday, May 31, to Prospect Cemetery, and was very largely attended, the floral offerings, most beautiful and about 30 in number, testifying to the high esteem in which he was held, not to speak of the scores of messages received by his widow. Virtually every deaf person in Toronto went down to three, Garden Ave., to take a last look on the familiar features of their departed friend. To the bereaved widow and sorrowing relatives we extend our deepest sympathy.

Gone to the blessed land above
Where parting is no more;
We bid you farewell, brother dear,
Bon voyage to the happy shore.

H. W. R.

HOME NEWS

The pupils have usually gone home before our strawberries are ripe in any quantity, but this year the early spring brought them on quickly so we have been able to give the pupils a little treat with them.

Our farm hands treed a big coon a few days ago. They had to saw off the limb of a tree to shake him off his perch, then they had a chase to catch him which was done with a forked stick. He is now a prisoner and will furnish an interesting exhibit for our children.

We were very busy on June 3rd, with final examinations and other work so classes went on as usual during the morning. In the afternoon most of the senior pupils were at the Park where the G. W. V. were holding a celebration, a base-ball game and an exhibition of musical drill by a detachment of the N. W. Mounted Police.

Two of our pupil were taken home by their parents to try to get their hearing restored through the "Faith Healer" who has been holding meetings in Toronto. One of them returned to school no wise benefited; we have not heard of the other.

We are late in getting this, the last issue, out and the children will probably be home as soon as the paper arrives. We wish all our readers "good bye" for the vacation.

We are all busy just now with preparations for the home going; the little ones especially are all anxious to be off to home and loved friends again after nine long months of absence.

Miss Coombs has a tame robin which she picked up and fed when it was a little fledgling; now it makes its home around the hospital and will not go away although it can now fly as well as any. It is interesting to watch it picking up the worms as they are dug up.

We know that many of our old pupils, although far away out in the busy world, still often think of their old school and school days and try to picture the changes that are going on here. They will be glad to hear that our new school building is going on well, in some parts the second story, is on. It will be a beautiful building when complete, up to date in every respect.

Charlie Dorschner dropped in to see us the other day after nearly five years' absence. He was always a popular boy while at school and now, as a young man, he still shows the same bright, happy disposition which made him so well liked by all here during his school days. The men where he worked at Iroquois Falls went on strike so he is at leisure just now. He will stay with us for a few days and has pulled off his coat and dropped into his old job in our printing office to help the boys get out the best issue of the paper and do some necessary job work.

A. H. McDonald, of 387 Strathbrooke Ave., Winnipeg, wishes to announce that he has severed his connection with the Manufacturers Life Insurance Company of Toronto and has accepted an agency with the Sun Life Assurance Co of Canada. Particulars sent on application.

A Recitation

Through you haven't gold or silver,
  Through you've neither lands nor name,
Never dream you are not wanted,
  You are needed just the same.
In this world of change and sorrow
  You may take the valiant part;
And the world will love and bless you,
  If you have a cheery heart.

Do not look at clouds and shadows;
  Watch for sunshine day by day;
Let your tones be full of courage;
  Scatter gladness on the way.
Up and down the teeming present
  Learn the dear and precious art.
How to meet both haps and mishaps
  Ever with a cheery heart.

God forget you! Never, never;
  He will keep you to the end;
If He send a sudden tempest,
  Still His rainbow He will send.
Trust in heaven, and make earth brighter
  For the trust, and let no dart
Of a transient pain bereave you
  Of God's gifts, the cheery heart.

The Crippled Boy

He was little. He was only six years old. His mother was a poor washerwoman, and they lived in a tiny room on a narrow of a great city. All day long he sat in his high chair, looking down into the narrow street. He could see, by leaning forward, a bit of blue sky over the tall warehouse opposite. Sometimes a white cloud would drift across the blue. Sometimes it was a dull gray.

But the street was more interesting. There were people down there. In the early morning men and women hurrying to their work. Later the children came out, and played on the sidewalk and in the gutters. Sometimes they danced and sang, but often they were quarrelsome. In the spring came the hand-organ-man, and then everybody seemed happy.

The boy's sad little face looked out all day long. Only when he saw his mother coming, did he smile and wave his hand.

"I wish, I could help you, mother," he said one night. "You worked so hard, and I can't do anything for you."

"Oh, but you do!" she cried quickly. "It helps me to see your face smiling down at me from the window. It helps me to have you wave your hand. It makes my work lighter all day to think you will be there waving to me when I go home."

"Then I'll wave harder," said the little fellow.

And the next evening a tired workman, seeing the mother look up and answer the signal, looked up too. Such a little pinched face as he saw at the high window, but how cheery the smile was. The man laughed to himself and waved his cap, and the boy, a little shyly, returned the greeting.

So it went. The next evening the workman nudged his comrade to look up at the "poor chap sitting so patiently at the window," and again the gay smile shone out as two caps waved in the air below him.

Days came and passed, and the boy had more friends. Men and women went out of their way to send a greeting to him. Life didn't seem quite so hard to them when they thought how dreary it must be for him. Sometimes a flower found its way to him, or an orange or a colored picture. The children stopped quareling when they saw him watching them, and played games to amuse him. It pleased to see how eager he was to share in their good times.

"Tell the lad we couldn't get on without him," said one of the weary laborers to the mother one night. "'Tis a great thing to have a brave heart. It makes us all brave, too. Tell him that."

And you may be sure she did.

-Selected.

The Birds Set Free

A man was walking one day through a large city. On a street corner he saw a boy with a number of small birds for sale in a cage. He looked with sadness upon the little prisoners flying about the cage, peeping through the wires, beating them with their wings, and trying to get out. He stood for some time looking at the birds. At last he said to the boy. "How much do you ask for your birds?"

"Fifty cents apiece, sir," said the boy.

"I do not mean how much apiece," said the man, "but how much for all of them, I want to buy them all."

"The boy began to count, and found they came to five dollars. "There is your money," said the man.

The boy took it, well pleased with his morning's trade.

No sooner was the bargain settled than the man opened the cage door, and let all the birds fly away.

The boy, in great surprise, cried, "What did you do that for, sir? You have lost all your birds."

"I will tell you why I did it," said the man. "I was shut up three years in a French prison, as prisoner of war, and I am resolved never to see anything in prison which I can make free."
—Reader.

A Young Princess in Britain

—I am going to tell you a story about a young princess in Britain in Britain how she made a friend of the Emperor. There was a young princess named Helena. She was fourteen years old. She knew some languages and could do fine work like other Britons. She often read books about Caractacus and Boadicea. She hated the Romans very much but she could not make her father say that he hated them for he obeyed his Emperor and he would not be disloyal to him. There was a king named Coel and he called the soldiers to attack the Romans. The Emperor of the Romans intended to bring a large army to attack the men and were going to murder them. Helena was very much frightened when she heard it. So she told her father that she would ask the Emperor not to attack the Britons. She wanted to take a message to him. So her father consented to let her go and she went to the Roman camp and asked the Romans to let her see the Emperor. They led her into his tent and she begged him to save the people of her land and the Emperor said he did not want to make war on women and girls. Helena was surprised for the Emperor loved her very much. Soon they were married. The Britons lived peacefully and Helena's father pleased her very much. Then Helena became an Empress and she was gentle and was loved by the people. She gave up the worship of idols and she ordered the people to build churches. She taught them about Jesus Christ. She went to Jerusalem to see the cross of our Lord and the tomb of Jesus. So Helena and her husband became christians and then they lived happily.—Lorenzo Maiola.

He that will believe only what he carefully comprehend must have a very long head or very short creed.—Charles Cable Colton.

Few ladies are aware that they carry some forty or fifty miles of hair on their heads; the fair haired may even have to dress seventy miles of threads of gold every morning

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send me the names and post office addresses of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them, so that I may forward to them particulars concerning this School, and inform them where and by what means their children can be intructed.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

SINGLE OR DOUBLE
Alphabet Cards and Writing Pads
FOR SALE
2 for 5c., postpaid 7c.
12 for 25c., postpaid 28c.
24 for 50c., postpaid 54c.
36 for 75c., postpaid 80c.
48 for $1.00, postpaid $1.06
(No Samples will be Sent.)
Writing pads for sale at the rate of 5c or every three pads for 10c.
Job Printing Neatly and Promptly Done.
The Imperial Press
153 VICTORIA ST., TORONTO, ONT.
J. T. Shilton, Manager

Portraits, Bromides and Solar Prints in Crayon Water Color and Sepia
All orders receive careful and prompt Attention. Reasonable charges. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Agents wanted or send order direc to the following address. Ask for price list.
A. W. MASON
ARTIST,
1 Garden Ave., Toronto, Ont.

SCHOOL POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED and distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go away, if put in box in office door, will be sent to city post office at 1.40 p. m. and at 4 p. m. of each day (Sunday excepted). The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any one unless the same is in the locked bag.

LETTERS---PACKAGES---BOXES.

IF parents or friends send letters, packages or boxes to pupils, address as follows:—

__________ [name of pupil]
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Prepay postage, express or freight charges in all cases

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION

West—2.15 a. m.; 7.50 a. m.; 11.40 a. m.; 3.00 p. m. 4.68 p. m.
East—12.25 a. m.: 1.56 a. m. 11.10 a. m.; 12.11 p. m.; 5.35 p. m.
Madoc and Peterboro' Branch—5.20 a. m.; 12.10 p. m.; 5.45 p. m.

Canadian Northern Railway.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS

For Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points: 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday), 1.25 A.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
For Trenton, Picton, and Intermediate points: 7.10 A.M., 12.25 P.M. and 5.15 P.M. (Daily Except Sunday).
For Maynooth, Bancroft and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. (Except Sunday).
For Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
For Frankford, Marmora, Coe Hill and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. and 12.45 P.M. (Except Sunday).
For Napanee, Deseronto, Harrowsmith, Kingston and Intermedaite points: 7.55 A. M., 1.25 P. M. and 9.35 P. M. (Except Sunday.)
For Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermedaite points: 3.10 A. M. and 1.25 P. M. (Except Sunday.)
For Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk. 3.05 A.M., 7.55 A.M., 1.25 P.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).

From Toronto, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton and Intermediate points: 3.10 A.M., 1.25 P.M. (Except Sunday) and 9.35 P.M.
From Trenton, Picton and Intermediate points: 7.55 A.M., 1.25 P.M. and 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Maynooth, Bancroft and Intermediate points: 9.35 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Tweed, Yarker and Intermediate points: 7.00 A.M. and 5.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Kingston, Harrowsmith, Napanee, Deseronto and Intermediate points: 5.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Smiths Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate points: 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday) and 5.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).
From Napanee, Deseronto and Camp Mohawk: 3.10 A.M. (Except Monday), 5.15 P.M. (Except Sunday).

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The date after your name on your paper tells when your subscription expires. We would like you to continue taking the paper. Our terms are in every case Fifty Cents a Year, Strictly in Advance, which plan is the best for subscribers as well as ourselves. Should you desire to renew, kindly remit your subscription at once, as we hardly think you desire your name taken off the list. When subscribers are good enough to renew promptly it saves them and us delay.

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and you will help us and insure the accurate entry of your subscription and the prompt receipt of your paper.

Remit by Postal Note, Post Office Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter. It is against the law to remit in postage stamps. Address,

THE CANADIAN,
Belleville, Ontario.

TORONTO EVANGELICALCHURCH OF THE DEAF

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows every Sunday:—

West End Y. M. C. A., Corner of College St. and Dovercourt Rd. at 11 a. m.
Toronto Bible School, 110 College St., at 3 p. m.
Central Y. M C. A. at 11 a. m. and 7.45 p. m.
Bible Class every Wednesday evening at Central Y. M. C. A., 40 College St. at 8 p. m.
Superintendent Mr. P. Fraser, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.
Ontario Mission Committee Convener—Mr. F. E. Harris, 111 St. Patrick St., Toronto.
Mrs. J. R. Byrne, Deaconess, 1 St. Vincent St., Toronto.

ALL WELCOME

CATHOLIC DEAF ASSOCIATION

Meets every Sunday at 2.30 p.m. and every Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.

At the Loretta Day School 387 Brunswick Ave

Communicate with the priest in charge
Rev. J. Kirby, Director
Chanceller of Archdiocese
Wellesley Place
Toronto, Ont.

School for the Blind

BRANTFORD, ONT

THE PROVINCIAL SCHOOL FOR the Education and Instruction of Blind children, is located at Brantford, Ontario. For particulars address

W. B. WACK, Principal.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

School Hours—From 8.00 a. m. to 1 p.m. with recess from 10.40 to 11.00 during which lunch is served to the pupils.

As Soon as the Pupils Assemble in the class-rooms in the morning each teacher will open by prayer. At 1 o'clock the pupils will assemble in the chapel and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner. The prayers are those prescribed for use in the Public Schools of Ontario. Teachers and Instructors are to be in their respective rooms and departments five minutes before the time for the assembling of pupils.

Evening Study from 7 to 8 p. m. Voluntary reading hours for senior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Religious Exercises:

Every Sunday—Sunday School at 9.15 a. m. General Lecture at 2.30 p. m. Pupils of all denominations attend their respective churches whenever desired by the pastors in charge.

Regular Visiting Clergymen.—Rev. Ven. Archdeacon Beamish, M. A. (Anglican). Rev. A. S. Kerr, M. A. (Presbyterian); Rev. A. H. Foster. (Methodist); Rev. W. H. Wallace, (Baptist); Rev. Father Killeen, Catholic).

Bible Classes, Sunday morning at 9.05; International Series of Sunday School Lessons; Superintendent, Mr. George F. Stewart; Teachers—Mrs. Balis, Miss Linn, Miss Bull, Miss Ford, Miss James, Miss Brown, Miss Palen, Miss Scott, Miss Curry, Miss Handley, Miss Panter, Miss Springer, Miss Nurse, Miss Sunter, Miss Sterk and Miss Malcolm.

The Catholic Pupils receive religious instruction on Sunday morning from 8.45 to 9.30 and on Friday afternoon from 2 to 2.30. Teachers, Miss Deannard, Miss Rierdon, Miss Ahearne and Miss Carrol.

Clergymen of all denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.

Industrial Departments:

Girls' Fancy Work Class on Monday afternoon of each week from 2.15 to 4 o'clock.

The Printing Office, Shoe and Carpenter Shops from 2.30 to 4.30 for junior pupils and from 2.30 to 5.30 for senior pupils who attend school; for those who do not, from 7.30 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 2.30 to 5.30 p. m. each working day except Saturday, when the office and shops will be closed at noon.

Domestic Science Classes as may be arranged from time to time.

The sewing Class hours are from 8.15 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do not attend school, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons.

☞The Printing office, Shops, Sewing Room and Domestic Science Department to be left each day when work ceases in a clean and tidy condition.

☞Pupils are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments, except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent

☞Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work in hand to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the School, will be made welcome on any day school. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is as soon after 9 o'clock a. m. as possible.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the School, they are kindly advised not linger and prolong leave-taking with their children. It only makes discomfort for all concerned, particularly for the parents. The child will be tenderly cared for, and if left in our charge without delay will be quiet happy with the others in a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. If parents must come, however, they will be made welcome to the class-room and allowed every opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodging or meals, or entertain guests at the School. Good accommodation may be had in the city at the Quinte Hotel, Crystal, Queens, City and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. No correspondence will be allowed between parents and officers or employees under any circumstances without special permission upon each occasion. Every letter addressed to the Superintendent will be promptly answered.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. In the absence of letters friends of pupils may be quite sure they are well.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every three weeks, and may write oftener if they wish; letters will be written by the teachers for the little ones who cannot write, stating, as nearly as possible, their wishes.

☞No medical preparations that have been used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the school

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise medicines and appliances for the cure of Deafness. In 999 cases out of a 1000 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well-known medical practitioners in cases of adventitious deafness, and be guided by their counsel and advice

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.
Superintendent